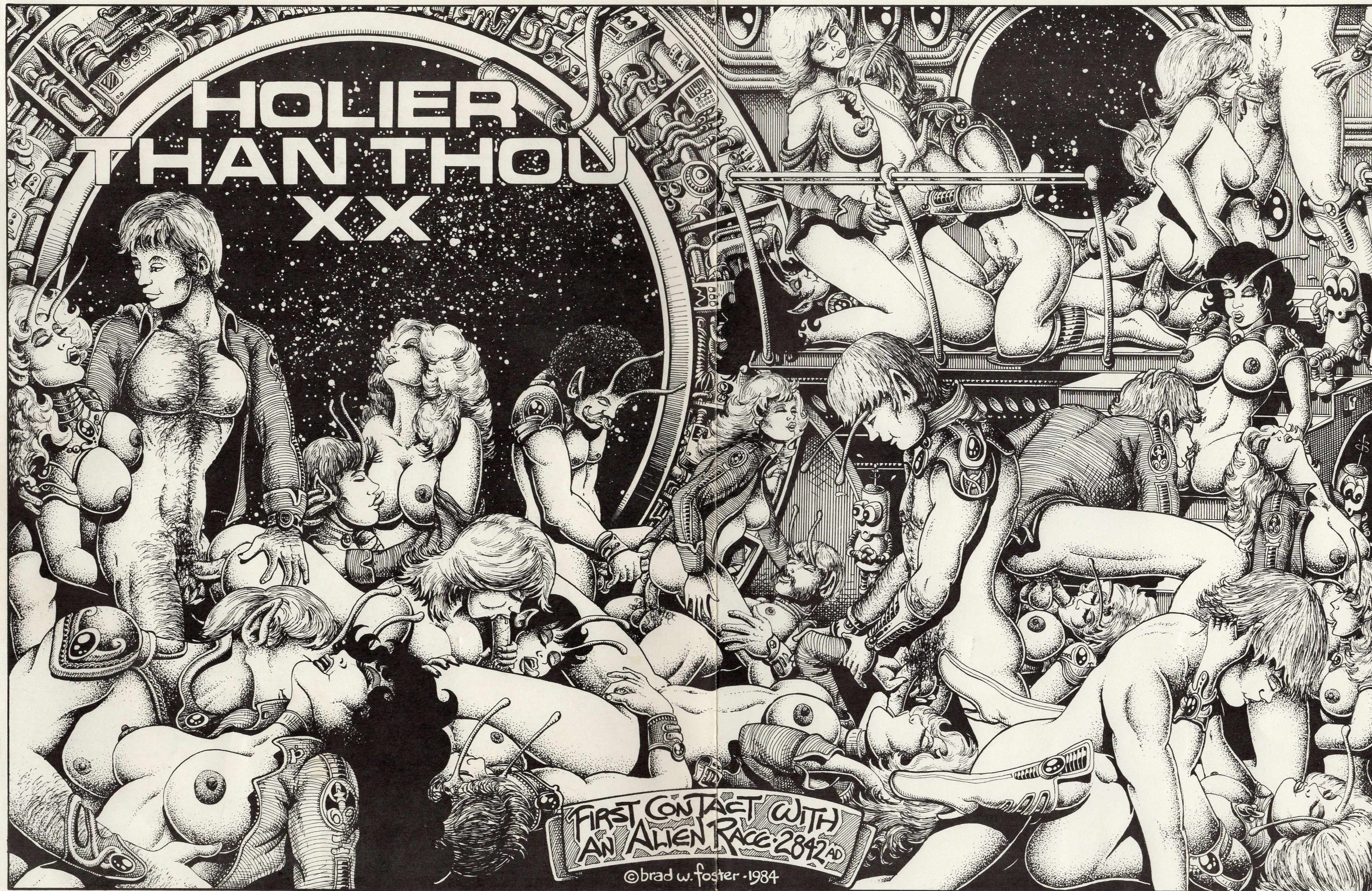


The cover for the following pdf
contains graphic sexual depictions
which some might find disturbing.

It is intended for mature
audiences. Your discretion is
advised.

HOLIER THAN THOU XX



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This fanzine supports:

*Marty and Robbie Cantor for DUFF in '85
Cesar Ignacio Ramos for TAFF in '87
Malcolm Edwards for GUFF in '85*

*Britain in '87
Los Angeles in '90*

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Please note that there is an error in the colophon - there are NO subs available for HOLIER THAN THOU. In the rush to get this issue out the wrong colophon information was copied. Repeat: HTT can no longer be obtained through subscriptions.

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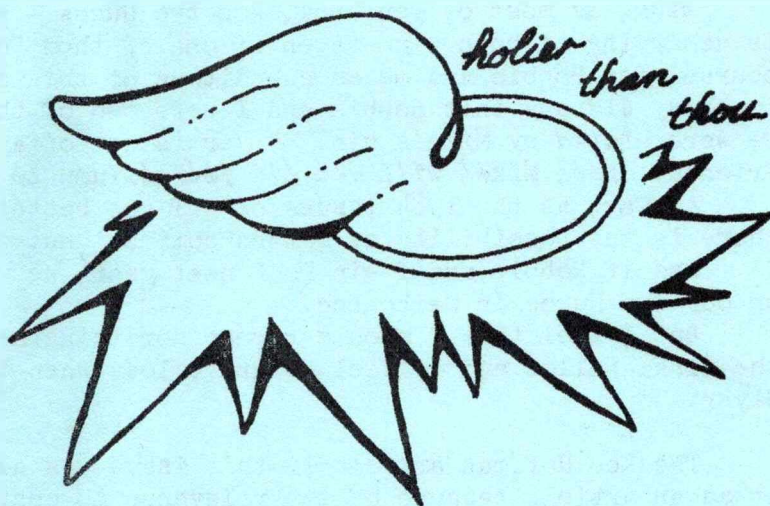
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WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS

- ☒ We trade.
 - ☐ Would you like to trade:
 - ☐ You locced/contributed/sent old fanzines ((many thanks)).
 - ☐ We would like for your to loc/contribute.
 - ☐ Your contribution(s) is/are being held for a further issue.
 - ☐ Surprise! Taral was clearing out his e-stencilled artfile and sent us some of your work. Welcome - and we would like more from you.
 - ☐ You subscribe. ☐ Your subscription has run out. We no longer take subscriptions so you will have to Do Something to continue receiving HTT.
 - ☐ If you respond to this issue we will send you the next one.
 - ☐ You purchased this copy. Thank you. Our psychiatrist will call on you.
 - ☐ You have been ~~reviewed~~/ mentioned in this issue. You have the right of reply.
 - ☐ It has been so long since we heard from you that we will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something soon.
 - ☐ Editorial whim/sher.
 - ☒ Advance thanks if you vote for us for DUFF.
- To continue receiving HTT is helps to Do Something once a year.

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WORLDCON REMINISCENCES

BY

marty cantor

I understand that L.A.Con II was a good con and that the attendees enjoyed themselves. As for me, I worked too damnably long and hard to say that I fully enjoyed myself - I *do* hope that those who came to the Fan Room liked the facilities, the displays, the programming, and the ambience we created.

For some strange reason the con suffered a shortage of volunteers (gophers); so, in the Fan Room, I spent more time doing things than just sitting and talking with fans (as I had been hoping to do). If I was abrupt with any of you please understand that the understaffing kept me busy from the time I got up (7 a.m. each day) until about 9 p.m. most evenings. I did very little partying as I was too tired (except, for my attendance at my own jelly bean party and at the Britain in '87 bidding parties).

I do not plan on running any more Fan Rooms at cons; as I have stated before, I am retiring from Fan Room work after L.A.Con II. I am, however, willing to be (official, this time) TAFF/DUFF liaison for L.A.Con III in 1990. Well, we *are* going to bid for that year, and I *do* want an easy job at the con. I am, though, willing to give any future Worldcon Fan Room managers the benefit of my experience (though only in conversation and/or letters, *not* in the form of actual work at the con). And I do commend to their attention my able staff (Mel White, Neil E. Kaden, Larry Carmody, Don Franson, and Dick Smith (who worked for both Mike Glycer and me), and a too small host of others who assisted the above-named fans) - a good, willing-and-able staff without whom there would have been only a much-diminished Fan Room.

Very special thanks go to Mike Glycer (who would not *dare* to gaffiate because I know where he lives). Mike and I were both department heads in charge of separate departments; still, because his work as Daily Newszine editor kept him mostly in the Mimeo Room (part of the 4-room Fan Room complex), our two areas of responsibilities were intermixed. There were no conflicts between us and we both did things that helped each other.

Mike, as most of you know, won two Hugos - Best Fan Writer and Best Fanzine. He is deserving of both wins (even if one of them "cost" us our own Hugos - one each, of course, for Robbie and me as co-editors of this zine). I am *very* happy for Mike. Somebody did say that Robbie and I were two of the happiest of Hugo losers - well, we were *elated* by Mike's win. Glycer is one offandom's NICE people, one of our good friends. ~~Now, Mike, will you get your column to us so we can print this issue?~~

Anyway, as the 1984 issues of HTT are better than previous issues of the zine there is the possibility of future nominations.

And if Robbie and I win DUFF next year, we will have the opportunity of picking up our own Hugos in Melbourne.

But I feel that I should repeat something here: it is honour enough to be on the final ballot and we feel no great loss when the trophy goes to somebody like Glycer.

The Lee Hoffman article in this issue was actually a letter to Robbie; we used it as an article because of its relevance to certain topics of conversation in Nessie which I felt should be spotlighted in this manner.

The Limey Run concludes with its second part and, after missing an issue, The Law and Order Handbook recommences with Chapter 6.

Terry Carr contributes another Entropy Reprints column, this time bringing back Joe Kennedy's After the Atom. The illos used are those by Joe Kennedy himself, re-drawn on stencil by Robbie.

Mike Glycer continues his fanzine review column (it sez here - as of this typing his column is not yet in hand) and Richard Bergeron's column in itself seems to embody its own definition of its title.

In keeping with one of HTT's older traditions, we present to you Bird Raising for Phun and Prophet.

We are especially pleased to present to you the second chapter of Harry Warner's autobiography, All My Yesterdays. Chapter 1 was pubbed in Warhoon 29; with Warhoon in temporary quietude, both Richard Bergeron and Harry Warner agreed to move Harry's autobiog to HTT where we can guarantee regular pubbing of its installments. Welcome aboard, Harry - we are glad to have you as a regular contributor.

We only wish that we had the room to print many of the other fine articles that are now in hand. Well, there is always next issue. Um - we expect that the next issue will be our largest to date.

We just hope that the Post Office allows *this* issue to get to you. The cover just might not meet with their approval.

One last thing - neither Robbie nor I have taken any position on the controversial TAFF-related material in Bergeron's column. We would like to point out that we give our columnists complete freedom of expression and that the opinions they express may not express our own viewpoints. We do not normally print this caveat; this time, though, we expect this controversy to boil over into Nessie and we want to maintain our neutrality - we are, after all, friends with *all* of the named parties.

--- Marty Cantor

ruminations BY robbie cantor

Both a Worldcon and a Whocon during the past couple of months and I'm bushed! Working L.A.Con II was both mentally and physically exhausting but fun and well worth the effort. As for Timecon, though... Well, I was not *technically* working that con, but it wore me down nonetheless, mostly due to its poor organization (no doubt the anti-media types are cheering, but media cons are usually better run). L.A.Con II was tiring because of its sheer size on the other hand.

The Whocon was fun but it had more than enough problems to almost entirely offset the fun for me. If I had not been a friend of both the fan guest of honour and

one of the guests of honour, the difficulties might not have made themselves as obvious to me as they did. Although, certainly the errors in the Masquerade would have been obvious enough to *anyone* attending, the other problems were background in such a way that the ordinary attendee would not have noticed. But the GoHs did. So I did. So I wore myself out trying to see what could be done to at least sooth the feelings of the GoHs when the opportunity presented itself. I don't know if I fully succeeded but... **sigh** It was a *very* long three days.

And following right on its heels was L.A.Con II. And six nights of little or no sleep. And six days of practically never getting a chance to eat. It *was* a fun con, but, *LORD*, how exhausting! The details of the whole con are relatively uninteresting so I shan't bore you with them.

I will say that I'm still bone-tired and expect to take at least until Christmas to recover (partially due to the fact that I'm working Loscon 11 in November, but not entirely). The upshot of all this is that I'm less than enthused about most fannish activities. Since returning from Timecon I have not done *any work on TIME MEDDLER 4* nor too much on HTT (and that only at Marty's urging; *he's not there* to urge me on with TM, so it suffers). Quite honestly, I'm not fully sure in my own mind that I *want* to work on either.....ever. Hopefully, this is a temporary phase brought on by burn-out.

It might conceivably not be, though. I have been active in fandom for the better part of four years and, most of that time, my activity has been pretty intense and crowded with many different things. Of them all, I have probably enjoyed the "people" activities more (still do, in fact). Not necessarily just parties and club meetings (though they are high on the list), but those things from which I could see the actual effect on people. Conventions which I have worked, clubs I have helped run, like that. I do not believe I'm much for print personalities.

Which is, of course, what fanzines are really about in some ways. Print personalities have much more meaning to some fanzine fans than the real person. This is because they rarely see the real person, but they do interact with the print personality. (Why does this sound like I'm talking about a costumer's or a media-fan's "persona"?) I prefer to see the person I'm "talking" to, even if it's only the mental image created by my memory of meeting the person.

Of course, I have met some of you. But not that many (which is one of the reasons I would like to get to AussieCon 2, as I would like to finally meet a few of the more inaccessible among you). And, yes, I know that the jelly bean party Marty throws every year is where I could meet some people, but I don't feel very welcome in that room. I do not feel like I belong. It's not helped by being tired when I arrive (as I was this year), or by the fact I'm shy, but, even so, last year I spent my time at the party seated in the hall with an Ottawa friend because I was relieved to have an excuse to escape. Everyone in the room was talking with someone except *me*. I could find no one willing to do more than say "hello" (as far as I could determine at least), or decide that I could be one of their adoring audience. Sorry, I'm not good at being an adoring audience. I talk back. Always have, just ask my parents.

This year was a little different. Though there were a couple of people who would have been willing to speak with me, they were *very* tied up by all the people who wanted to talk to them, so I decided it would be better to talk with them at other times when they had more free time. (These were the TAFF, DUFF and GUFF winners, two of whom even spent some time staying at our place before and after the con.)

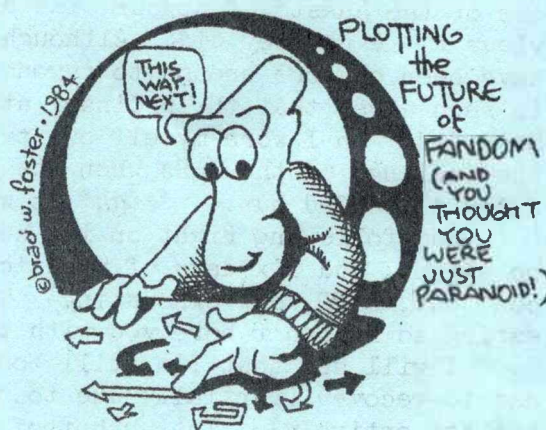
A lot of this may just be my own perception with not much basis in reality, but I can only work from my own perceptions - I cannot read minds. But, just maybe, this is one of the reasons I continue to see myself as a media fan and *not* as a fanzine fan. I am rarely uncomfortable in the presence of media fen (even if they are behaving like assholes - I feel sort of like a tolerant parent around misbehaving children) - I can talk to these people. I'm almost invariably uncomfortable around fanzine fans (at least the ones I've met) on the other hand.

This may or may not be a gafia-warning.

--- Robbie Cantor

great ghu!

BY lee hoffman



In a way I don't understand all the schisms and sectarianism in fandom, and in a way I do. As far back as I can remember (1950) it's been there, just in different guises.

When I came into fandom it was during the transitional period from s.f. fandom to Fanzine fandom. Of course that was only recognized in retrospect by fannish historians, and I didn't realize it myself until I was at Suncon in 1977, and a comment from Ed Wood gave me the sudden insight that I and my crowd had been the period equivalent of the Trekkies.

Looking back, as I see it, fandom began as Pulp S.F. Letterhack fandom, then developed into S.F. fandom, with sercon zines devoted to s.f., and sercon fans devoted to cretiques, bibliographies, complete collections and stuff like that. Even then, there were schisms, as for instance, when certain fans tried to infuse Political Awareness into fandom. And there were the weirdos, the oddballs, the creeps, the unwelcome, most famous of them perhaps, Claude Degler. And there were fannish insurgents, like The Insurgents. People who refused to be solemnly serious about s.f. and/or fandom like Burbee and Tucker.

And then a mass invasion of the Beanie Brigade -- eager young fans to whom the fun and joy and camaraderie of it all was more important than having read and/or collected all-every-one. We were brash, noisy and sophomoric. We ran around in the halls at convention hotels having fun, making noise, sometimes getting drunk and puking. We totally dismayed the sercon fans. We were giving fandom and s.f. a bad name. We were NOT welcome -- except that we outnumbered them and took over, leaving them a sort of sub-fandom of their own which overlapped ours in places occupied by S.F. fans who were also Fanzine fans.

When I attended my first convention in 1951, fandom was happily abuzz about two major s.f. motion pictures ("Destination Moon" and "The Day The Earth Stood Still"). The word was that s.f. had "come of age", and that the masses were beginning to appreciate what we'd known all along was great stuff.

I head a lot of remarkably similar talk at the convention where "Star Trek" and "Time Tunnel" were premiered.

But when s.f. did reach the masses through "Star Trek", and all these new fans who'd discovered audio-visual s.f. instead of our own cherished written word appeared on the scene, among them sundry weirdos, oddballs, creeps, unwelcome and the like, there was much hue and cry about this invasion. Instead of surrendering to the Superior Wisdom of their vocal opponents and either converting to Trufandom or getting out altogether, they did the same thing we of the Beanie Brigade had done years before. They just kept doing their thing. Which left it to the Disgruntled Elder Members of the Beanie Brigade to crawl off into their own sub-fandom all the while mumbling into their beards and/or typewriters about how fandom was going to hell in a bucket. (Maybe Tucker can recall the first time he heard that sentiment expressed. I'm sure it was before my time.)

I note Marty making a semantic distinction: "My wife the mediafan? No - Robbie is a fan whose interests include (but are not limited to) media. anyway, media fen have no imagination to speak of..." He reminds me of someone who once explained to me that there are no "Good Westerns". That if a book is Good, it is automatically

not a Western, no matter what its content. I have also heard this semantic twist used in connection with s.f. Like, if it is *good* it is not s.f. The value judgement is made a part of the definition. (Brings to mind the old saying about the "only good Indian is a dead Indian.") Suppose we apply the same type of criteria to fanzine fans. Would Marty say, *My wife the fanzine fan*? No - *Robbie is a fan whose interests include (but are not limited to) fanzines*. Anyway, fanzine fen have no *imagination to speak of*...

I'm sorry I didn't carry that quote further. Where he says, "*Anyway media fen have no imagination to speak of, else they would be inhabiting universes of their own creation rather than reliving those created by others...*" In transposing fanzine fans, one finds several areas of speculation. Some fanzine fans are indeed "inhabiting universes of their own creation" -- universes that have only the most tenuous relationship to *reality* as others know it. The same can be said for persons suffering serious cases of certain mental illnesses. On the other hand, what is fanzine fandom but a universe that our predecessors created, which we are inhabiting, just as we inhabit a mundane universe not of our own creation?

But enough of that. I count myself as a Mediafan. I'm a WHO freak. Two of the conventions I've attended in the past few years were OMNICONs -- conventions that try to offer something for everybody, but are primarily WHO oriented. There were a number of attendees in costume. I met some of them. Nice people. Interested in a lot of things. Hardly limited to the universes of the characters they were costumed as. I hung out with a lot more media fans, none of whom seemed appreciably different from fanzine fans except that instead of talking about fanzine-fannish topics along with other stuff, they talked WHO along with the other stuff.

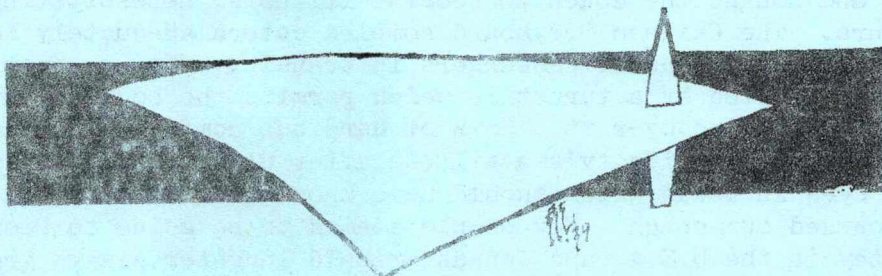
When Mike Hall says that "By the amount of fanac that you are obviously putting into HTT, you are no longer a "mediafan", by definition," he leaves me wondering if I were to start contributing regularly to a WHO zine as well as attending these WHO oriented cons, would I disqualify myself as a fanzine fan? Be drummed out of TROPICON? (But that's where I met the people who invited me to OMNICON.....) Have I destroyed myself as a fanzine fan by breakfasting with Nathan-Turner, Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant? Will I be blacklisted by MICROWAVE if I write my column on Indiana Jones stationery?

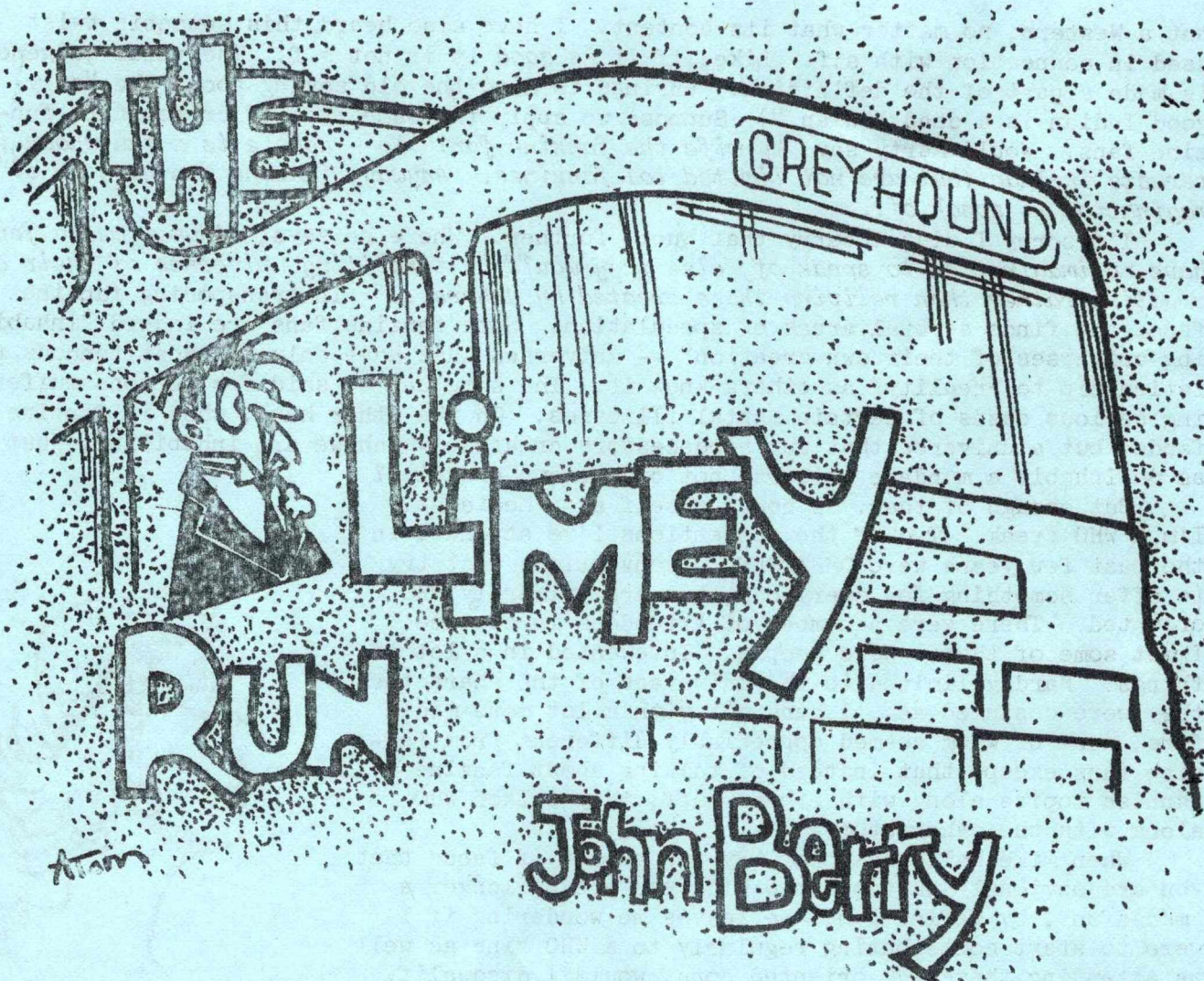
Great Ghu!

Robbie, how can I get on the mailing list for your media zine?

--- Lee Hoffman

/*/ Lee, and the others who inquired, may consider themselves on the mailing list for Time Meddler -- if I ever get it finished. As explained in the editorial thish by me, it has hit production problems./*/





Conclusion

It was a dull morning as we drove through Gary, Indiana, another place I briefly visited in 1959 with Dick Eney at the wheel.

In due course the majestic skyline of Chicago came into our view, but as we got interestingly close to the skyscrapers, the coach took us into the bowels of Chicagonarrow underground routes with concrete pillars (sans Doric fluting) straining like made to support the city above them. It seemed never-ending, as though the coach driver had lost his bearings in these grim and unscenic catacombs, but he turned a sharp corner and lines of Greyhound coaches signified we had found the nest.

We wearily disgorged, garnered our luggage despite the protestations of a black employee, and sought the coach to Peoria, Illinois, necessitating a wait of one and a half hours. The Chicago Greyhound complex caters adequately for the limited physical and mental demands of passengers in transit. The area set apart for such passengers is protected by a turnstile which permits the body to enter, but requires luggage to be hoisted over it. Rows of hard but comfortable black plastic seats had miniature black and white tv's available after placing coins in the slot....rows of rapacious eyes in heads which should have known better succumbed to mass hypnotism.

We boarded our coach. Few people seemed to be going to Peoria. In fact, during our stay in the U.S.A. and Canada, ribald laughter always greeted the news that we were going to stay in Peoria. What was wrong with the place, which was about one

hundred and thirty miles from Chicago.....would we soon find out?

A couple of passengers got out at Joliet, which had rows of trees along the roadsides, and as we travelled further into Illinois the terrain became absolutely flat, with rich brown soil, and farm complexes here and there.

After a couple of hours of travel we changed coaches, and then the road followed the Illinois River for fifty miles until we reached Peoria, at first sight an ordinary city with large buildings at its core.

At the coach station we marshalled our luggage and I telephoned Frank and Jane. Frank, a Scenes of Crime Examiner, had stayed at my house in Hatfield for one night in 1979. This was a reciprocal visit.

A few moments later they arrived a a large Diesel-powered automobile and took us to their very comfortable residence. After a meal, Frank announced he wanted to take me for a walk around the interesting places in the locality whilst Diane and Jane got to know each other.

By a circuitous route we reached a place which afforded me considerable delight for the next few days; I do not usually imbibe intoxicating drink, only, as one critic once shrewdly commented, "any given amount". We entered the 'Wisconsin Tap', our second headquarters....a long bar with men leaning on their elbows at the counter, accumulating glasses of beer....they all knew Frank and they were extremely friendly when he introduced me. I was on my fourth wonderful frosted glass of beer, regaling them with my best jokes, when the telephone jangled in the corner of the bar, and the barman said it was for Frank. He said the women wanted us to go home; in my innocence I asked how Jane had known where to find him? He muttered a typical Deputy Sheriff's reply.

In the evening we went to a restaurant outside Peoria for a meal, the difference was that each customer barbequed his or her own meal on a huge community grill. We selected our table, sought the salad section, and watched in awe as Frank cooked the huge steaks and chops to perfection.

We drove home. It was a quiet night in Peoria.

Diane spent a couple of days with Jane, and I worked with Frank from his office, comparing our differing methods of crime detection. We visited a new crime laboratory, a complex where a superbly trained staff maintain the most modern techniques for crime investigation. Whilst being shown around the building, I passed a door and looking through the window I saw a very attractive young woman in a hard-backed seat talking and gesticulating as if under a modicum of stress. Two tough-looking men were questioning her, and the scenario was being video'd. I realised of course that it was a mock court, an institution in training schools where potential expert witnesses undergo keen verbal examinations to test them, to attempt to break through their facade of confidence, and to try to get them to squirm.

My host during the visit knocked on the door, entered, and introduced me. The girl asked if I wanted to see the video of her performance; we watched for ten minutes. The girl was told that I was an expert witness of considerable experience, and she asked me what I thought of her performance. I explained that I thought she was a very good witness. She asked me if I had any criticism to make? "Well," I said, "I think perhaps you should not wave your hands about, as it suggests nervous tension.....even if you look good, it indicates stress.. Perhaps you should not be so ingratiating to the judge.....but, above all, wait a second and collect your thoughts before answering. But," I hastened to add, "I only comment because you asked for my opinion. You were very good. They are only carping criticisms."

Her beautiful eyes flashed like diamonds. She said she was actually the instructor, and she was assessing her two male students to see if they could monitor purposeful errors in her replies to their cross-examination.

"Well," I said cautiously, "I did say you were very good."

"Right," she snapped, "let me see how it should be done... We'll question you about fingerprints."

"Nunno," I said. "I've just arrived after travelling six hundred miles from

Toronto, and I've had little sleep."

"So you refuse?" she hissed.

I stretched my lips in weary recognition that I had once again succumbed to the blandishments of a gorgeous female.

They switched on the video and turned the tv screen so that I couldn't see myself. I sat in the chair which, on factual occasions in a courthouse can be the loneliest place in the world, sometimes called The Arena. This cross-examination was merely an exercise, but there was certainly a tense atmosphere, because I was answering a direct challenge. My questioner, Ed, had a difficult task: to appease his female colleague by asking awkward questions about a fingerprint identification. Yet equally obviously he did not wish to compromise me. He produced a large display showing two fingerprint patterns which I was allegedly proving were made by the same person. He asked me shrewd questions, and it was necessary for me to demean myself in a formal manner, as though a judge actually was presiding. I just had to perform really well.

'Don't move your hands' I said to myself, and I was assisted greatly by using both hands to hold up the fingerprint exhibit.

'Don't answer too quickly'.....well, I was near to a state of mental exhaustion owing to lack of proper sleep.....I had to repeat each question to myself before giving a studied answer.

"Don't ingratiate oneself with the judge'.....a mere "Your Honour" every now and then sufficed.

I had, of course, been cross-examined many times in The Arena, and I merely performed instinctively, making a special use of my famed naive expression, which has gotten me out of many difficult situations.

"That's enough."

They played back five minutes or so of my performance. I had gripped the exhibit firmly, and my eyes looked over the top of it, heavy eyelids slowly moving up and down.

"I like your deadpan expression," observed Ed wryly, as he switched off the machine.

A special dispensation was made by the Sheriff next day to permit me to spend four hours in a patrol car. Carl was chosen as my escort, being a Deputy who was famed for being especially sensible in difficult situations. I would be safe with Carl. I must mention that there was also a Peoria Police force, wearing the typical blue uniform, but the Sheriff's Department operated not only in Peoria but also over six hundred and forty square miles of sometimes difficult terrain.

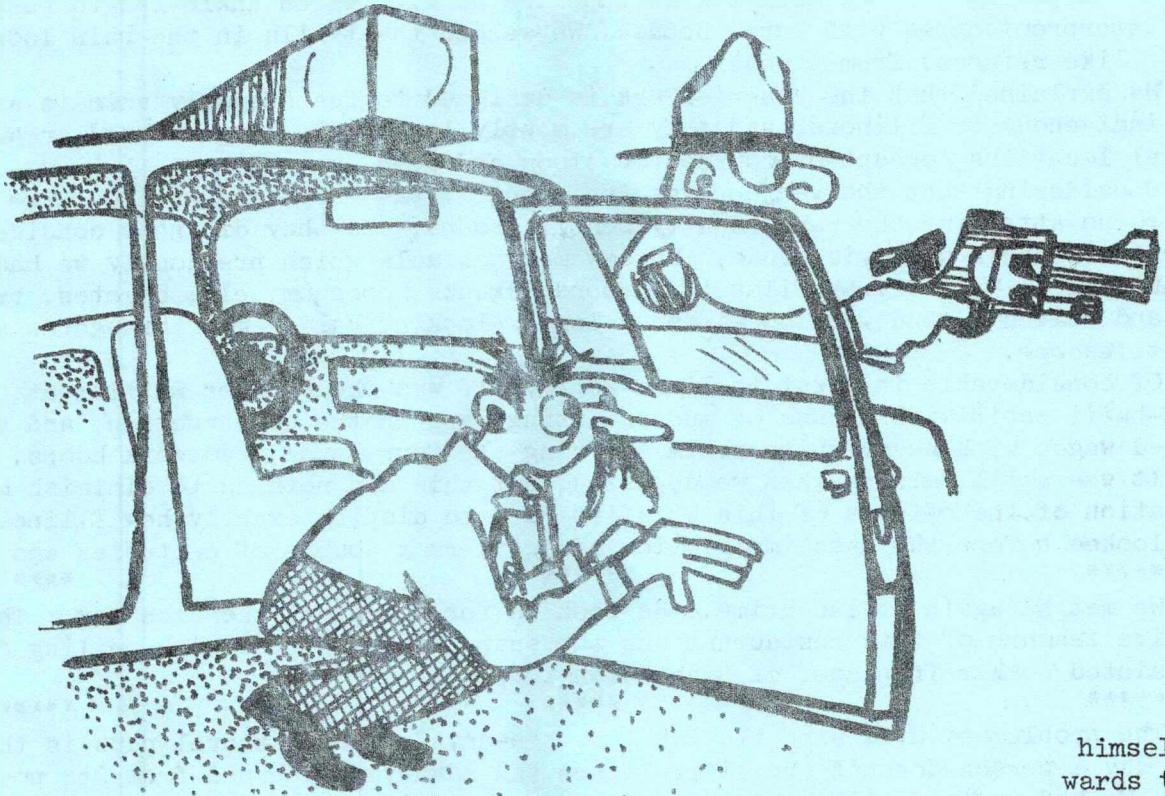
We answered one "domestic" in Peoria, where a drunken male lodger had an altercation with the female householder; another patrol car had arrived first and the two deputies had successfully sorted everything out in a seemingly amicable manner.

After driving for over an hour, we drove into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. We sat down at a table and a waitress took our order. She smilingly approached us with our coffee and doughnuts when Carl's personal radio blasted out a message which included the telling words, "...armed robbery in progress."

"Quick, John, follow me," he rasped, and leapt out of his chair and loped to the exit. I followed him instinctively, stunned with the speed with which events were happening to me.....menus blew about like leaves in a high wind as we spun through the door. I shall never forget those rows of bulging eyes.

Carl leapt into the driving seat and did a 180-degree turn, tyres screeching on the asphalt. I was trying to get into the patrol car, yet it was spinning away from me. As the car shot forward I somehow landed in my seat. We drove at a fast speed, threading our way through approaching cars, and suddenly, in a matter of seconds, we suddenly braked in the forecourt of a supermarket. Carl stepped out briskly, drawing his pistol; I was caught in the spirit of the thing and ran forwards towards the front entrance.

"Back behind the car," I heard Carl his. His back was to the wall as he eased



himself to-
wards the
entrance, and,
as he reached it,
he leapt into the door-
way, pistol held in front
of his waist, pointing forward.

And he walked inside like a gladiator.

A few seconds pause, and he waved me in, holstering his pistol. He seemed rather disappointed.

"False alarm," he said. I followed him into the store. Lots more rows of bulging optics looked at us from behind the sanctity of stacked cereal boxes. The white-faced girl assistant admitted that it was always happening, and Carl told her bluntly to get the alarm repaired.

Back in the car. A very strong smell of body odour. My shirt and jacket were sticking to me, and my mouth was absolutely dry. I couldn't gulp. My mouth was devoid of saliva.

We returned to the restaurant and sauntered back to the table and the waitress re-appeared with our coffee, stating wittily that she had considered our rapid retreat to be caused by her being slow with our order.

Later, Carl took me on a quick tour of the red-light area of Peoria -- peroxide blondes with extremely short skirts waving at lorry drivers.

Back to Frank's base -- a swift visit to the Wisconsin Tap, thence back to Frank's house.

Next morning I had a pain in my back which I'm certain was caused by my frantic effort to get into Carl's patrol car before he shot away to the robbery.

The weather was unfortunate -- low clouds, heavy drizzle and cold wind. Unfortunate because this day we visited the Wildlife Prairie Park a dozen miles to the west of Peoria. I had met the Warden in the Wisconsin Tap, where he had kindly offered to take us on a guided tour of his domain, some sixteen hundred acres of fields, lakes and forest.

The Warden met us at the Visitors' Centre and noting that we did not have any

suitable clothing for the elements he supplied us with green ankle-length pancho-type waterproof capes with large hoods. We walked the trails in the rain looking rather like refugees from a coven.

He explained that the Prairie Park is designed to feature only animals and birds once indigenous to Illinois, and they are mostly located in large fenced areas in typical locations, except of course for bison and deer.

Considering that the weather was inclement, I was surprised at the large number of persons attending the park, mostly school groups, and they did show considerable interest in their historic fauna. We saw many animals which previously we had only encountered in Walt Disney films -- racoons, skunks, opossum, elk, coyotes, bears, puma and wolves -- and we also viewed a lonely-looking Bald Eagle through an available telescope.

Of considerable interest to Diane and myself was the Pioneer Settlement, with a log-built cabin with chunks of mud cementing gaps in the construction, and a four-wheeled wagon with heavy white denim covering the four large framework hoops.

It was still raining when we departed, but this did nothing to diminish our appreciation of the efforts of this Wildlife Park to display exactly how Illinois must have looked before the mass immigration of settlers a couple of centuries ago.

We met Ed again at lunchtime. He took us for a meal at the Blue Max. The impressive feature of this restaurant was the suspension from the high ceiling of a red-painted Fokker Triplane, of Richthofen fame.

The problem of utilising the fabulous ten-day Greyhound travel pass is that every day a person doesn't travel minimises the advantage accrued from its possession. We had arrived at Frank's on Sunday, and now it was Thursday, and in front of us was the tremendous run from Peoria, Illinois, to Salem, Massachusetts, where we planned to spend the weekend with long-time fan Bob Briney. This is the daunting journey which prompted Peter, in Toronto, to assert that only an Englishman would do it, with its implicit assertion of naivety and stubbornness.

Frank and Jane were exceptionally considerate hosts and asked us to stay at least until the weekend had finished. We were very friendly with them and would have loved to have dallied in Peoria, but this would have inhibited our tight Greyhound schedule, because after leaving Salem we still had to travel to Baltimore. So very early on Friday morning we breakfasted in a restaurant and Frank took us to the coach station. As the coach drove away a heavy thunderstorm plastered Peoria. We waved at Frank and Jane and our last sight of them was as they coiled themselves up for the run to their automobile.

It rained until we reached Joliet, and this period of travel over the flat countryside permitted me to meditate over the Peoria enigma. My only conclusion is that it is staid and conservative, which presumably belies the norm in the U.S.A.

Back to the Chicago underworld. However, whilst waiting for the New York coach to leave I climbed to the front entrance of the Greyhound station and took a ten minute walk along a main Chicago thoroughfare in strong sunlight just to convince myself that life and commerce did exist above that grim, dark pillared dungeon complex.

Well, we boarded our coach for the eight hundred and sixteen mile run to New York. The coach was crowded mostly with students and elderly black people, settling down for the long haul to the metropolis. We hadn't seen our luggage since we dumped it at the Peoria Greyhound station, but we had no doubt that it was stacked beneath us. It was early afternoon and for six hours we enjoyed the Indiana scenery, mostly level terrain, farmland, isolated hamlets, with wide swathes of tolls and motorways bisecting the countryside.

I knew that a lavatory was situated at the rear of the coach and it was in extensive use; people shuffled towards us with purse-lipped expressions, and returned with relief in their visages, plus a slight shaft of bewilderment in their eyes. We

stopped at a restaurant, miles from any other habitation. We were both hungry and ate and drank a substantial amount, and, a couple of hours later as dusk was approaching, I knew it was time to travel to the rear of the coach for relief.

It was a miniscule closet, and as it was at the rear there was definite vibration. Quite frankly I did not relish sitting on the seat, which seemed to be designed for a dwarf, and, as this was not a requirement for my visitation, I braced my back against the partition wall opposite the lavatory bowl and commenced my mission with requisite dexterity and judgement pursuant with the aforementioned vibration and small target area. I could only have improved my performance if I had been a flautist.

I lurched back to my seat with a smirk and told Diane how comfortable it had been in the confine, but she seemed to sense caution in my enforced enthusiasm.

We buttoned our seats to the semi-prone position in the growing darkness and attempted a posterior-numbed sleep. Although complete and utter blackness reigned outside we were frequently sprayed with white flashing lights from approaching vehicles, but still our wonderful Greyhound driver maintained his steady ordained speed through Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Obviously our sleep was fitful -- a steady procession of toilet users passed up and down the passageway between the seats, invariably brushing my left shoulder. Diane was so peaceful-looking that I didn't have the heart to ask her to change seats. The long night passed as we entirely crossed Pennsylvania and grey dawn greeted us as we entered New Jersey.

Diane was excited as we approached New York City, it being the culmination of her visit to the U.S.A. Having already ascended the Eiffel and Toronto Towers, she wished to have the nap hand by ascending to the top of the Empire State Building, as I had done in 1959.

The sun broke through to salute our emergence from the Holland Tunnel and before us was the fantastic skyline, bearing a few additions to my remembrance of it in '59.

But the spell seemed to break as we entered the centre of New York. Diane expressed disappointment about its grimy look -- paper and other refuse and even the odd person lay undisturbed in the gutter. The inhabitants, particularly black people, seemed to be ambling about as if they were disorientated. Gradually an aura of depression seemed to settle over us as we entered the Greyhound complex.

There was an hour to spend before staggering on board the Boston Express, but we found passengers already queueing for it, so we joined them. We still hadn't seen out luggage, but we were so tired that we didn't care about it so long as it was dumped in Boston at the same time as ourselves.

The coach arrived duly on time; we wearily settled down again for the two hundred and sixteen mile drive to complete our trans-N.E. American journey of one thousand one hundred and sixty two miles. We noted as we travelled northwards through New York that the general atmosphere seemed to be even more depressing; huge tenement blocks had windows with black striations around them, evidence of past fires, enough for us both jointly to observe this fact. The populace seemed to be sprawled in doorways or on the sidewalks and always litter lay like an unsightly carpet.

Eventually the skyscrapers disappeared in a haze behind us, and we began to notice the wooded wonder of Connecticut. Much of the non-stop journey to Boston was through forest, with occasional lakes. Forest as far as the eye could see on both sides of the motorways; the inroads of humanity were scratches on the leafy carpet.

Thence to Boston after five hours -- the coach arrived on time to the minute, and our luggage awaited us.

I telephoned Bob Briney in Salem, and he advised us to take the train and he would have a taxi awaiting us upon our arrival.

We taxied across Boston to a rail terminal. The most striking difference between train service in the U.K. and the U.S.A., at least insofar as our limited travel to and from Salem was concerned, is that in the U.K. raised station platforms

are level with the carriage entrances, requiring a person merely to shuffle forward to be ensconced in a compartment. On the Boston-Salem run, the platforms conformed to the ground surface, requiring an athletic clamber up rickety metal steps to reach the compartment. It required three runs for me to gather our suitcases and assorted accoutrements around us. I panted like a landed fish as the train started its short northwards journey. The train rattled a lot, as if nuts and bolts needed tightening, or the hardware required urgent replacement. After a couple of stops we reached Salem station -- unique in my experience because it was unstaffed. We carried our cases up the steps but could not espy our taxi. It was a fine afternoon, and the centre of Salem looked clean and fresh. Twenty moments passed by.....no taxi. Could there be another station exit? I had no doubt that Bob Briney, a university professor, had organised the taxi, but where was it? I walked over the railway bridge and turned right, a taxi was throbbing impatiently on the forecourt. The driver was an attractive woman. "Are you John Berry?" she asked, with no semblance of annoyance, which one would normally expect from an English taxi driver who had been kept waiting for a long period. I asked her if she could recommend a reasonably priced motel. She advised me to telephone the Catchpenny Motel, four miles away in Danvers. I didn't have any low denomination coins so she lent me a handful of quarters. I just could not obtain the number she gave me.....presumably I was not *au fait* with a necessary prefix. Again, she was quite cheerful, got out of the taxi, dialled the motel, and announced there were vacancies.

We picked up Diane and the luggage and she drove us to our destination. No re-criminations regarding our disorganisation and inefficiency, and the cost she quoted for the journey seemed to me to be extremely reasonable. Although I am cautious in financial matters, I felt the least I could do was to include a large tip in appreciation of her services above and beyond the call of a normal chauffeuse.

The Catchpenny Motel accepted us as guests; we paid for three days stay and were given free breakfast vouchers. The chalets were in two long buildings with vehicle access between them. Our chalet was comfortable, and we immediately fell asleep on the bed, our eyelids clicking as we succumbed to our credited sleep requirement.

Sunday. A cold and steady drizzle was initially dispiriting.

After breakfast, whilst awaiting our taxi to Salem, I met a comedian. I chatted to him, and he gave me his card. He was Phil Grant.

He had a lugubrious face. He told me he'd appeared on local t.v., but it was a hard life. Naturally, I fell into the inevitable trap. I told him my best joke.

"Have you heard about the girl christened Joanna F... It Perkins?"

"No."

"The vicar dropped her in the font."

Normally, people have hysterics when I relate this classic example of my repartee. That is, all except vicars. Also, I suppose, one day, I am bound to relate this story in the presence of a Joanna Perkins. Nevertheless, I was rather disappointed at Mr. Grant's appreciation of this gem of Anglo-Saxon wit. He was able to control his features without too much difficulty and I felt that the sneer on his face might be construed as a professional attempt to demean my heroic incursion into his territory.

The taxi took us to the abode of Bob Briney in Salem. He lives in a large wooden house in the salubrious part of Salem. We spent six hours of wonderment in his domain: a house full of books of serious portent, stamps, fanzines, classical LPs and a magnificent stereo music centre. My wife is not appreciative of serious music except for the universally liked 2nd Piano Concerto by Rachmaninov, and other popular classics featuring glorious melody lines. Bob played Copeland's 'Billy the Kid' with its easy story line and captured her immediately.

Bob is a large man, but he moves with the stealth of a cat -- the wooden stairs to the upper floor didn't creak when you expected they would. He speaks quietly and has a subtle wit. He showed me a fanzine reporting my arrival in the U.S.A. Be-

cause of my name duplication with a Seattle fan, the report referred to me as 'The Irish Model'.

"You certainly kept quiet about that", he observed.

I just could not believe the time...well after 6pm. We walked to a restaurant in mid-Salem. It was raining slightly, but providing we kept close to Bob we avoided the raindrops. The sky became dark grey and a sea wind whipped round my legs, but the torrential downpour commenced ten seconds before we stepped through the restaurant doorway, just as if Bob, in his authoritative manner, had peremptorily sanctioned precipitation.

A day in Danvers.

In the sanctuary of our chalet we took the opportunity to write our last batch of postcards to our friends in G.B. We didn't possess any USA stamps, so we walked across from the motel to a vast mall. Everything was obtainable there, except postage stamps.

A well-dressed male assistant, who did not appear to be chagrined at our refusal to purchase his proffered twenty-volume encyclopaedia, engaged us in polite conversation and to our request for a post office, indicated that it would be necessary to travel to another mall on top of a hill in the far distance. We walked to it, accepting the windy wet weather as a seemingly permanent aspect of a seaside location.

This was a huge and majestic mall, resembling in size a collection of refurbished Boeing Galaxy hangers...clean, fresh, plenty of room...vegetation thrusting from selected pods on the ground, but it required all my observational prowess to find the post office. It was incongruously sited at the rear of the mall..a robot post office which possessed the worst features of automatic technology...it didn't function. Diane restrained me from kicking it, but I pointed out that my concern was not its malfunction, but its refusal to return my sticky coins. The problem is, of course, that the USA does not cater for pedestrians. The automobile is the gov'nor. Any American requiring postage stamps, if not having an abundance immediately available, would drive to the post office in Salem to acquire them. And once more the pedestrian was snookered...we were anticipating a gentle walk back to the motel but the vertical rods of rain spoilt the venture and once more a taxi was used.

A restaurant was located merely a few yards from the motel...just under driving distance...and we became friendly with a young waitress. We explained to her how impressed we were with the politeness of waitresses in America, and she frankly retorted that cheerfulness and attentiveness equalled a generous tip, but also, American commerce was so competitive that unless personal attention was of a high calibre, the clients would seek further pastures. Eventually, after several meals, we ventured upon personal questions, and she admitted, quite sadly, and with a delicate flicker of a finger at the corner of her right eye, that here parents were divorced. Not only that, she added defiantly, but all her friend's parents were also divorced. She was quiet after this, moved only to a cautious smile by my generous tip.

Tuesday morning...early...our taxi took us to the funereal austerity of Salem railway station. Just a long platform, with Diane and myself in the middle of it, our luggage built like a little fort protectively around us. We guessed that trains would frequently arrive to take commuters to Boston, but we had been unable to obtain timetable information. For a quarter of an hour we remained immobile in the chill morning air, when suddenly people emerged down the stairs at each end of the platform...they rushed towards us and surrounded us and exactly on cue a train lumbered from the north and clanked to a halt. There must have been an ethereal muted trumpet call heralding the charge, because there was no other explanation for the spontaneous mass invasion of the train. I formed a wedge with the two heaviest suitcases and forced Diane into a carriage and then attempted to lift them to her. Her eyes were unusually wide and a dry tongue rasped over her lipstick. In retro-

spect I wish she hadn't brushed the footprints from the back of my brown blazer... there was egoboo in their stark omnipotence.

The short train journey returned us to Boston, and a taxi took us to the Greyhound depot where we caught our scheduled 9 am non-stop coach to New York.

We settled down to prepare for the long run to New York and to view the scenery from the other side of the coach. In the opposite seat sat a young white man with a sharp, shrewish appearance who very quickly devoured a bag of thick meat sandwiches and a large can of coke. I was somewhat surprised to see him attempt to stuff the empty paper bag and the can down the side of the seat. This being unsuccessful, he put the refuse under his seat and then moved furtively towards the front of the coach where he sat next to a woman around thirty years of age, and commenced to converse with her. The coach didn't have many passengers and even though I wasn't interested in the conversation most of his snippets reached me...he said he was on parole from a home for bad boys, but he didn't have any money. The woman spoke to him quietly, in a solicitous manner, seemingly trying to console him, but I got the impression that she shrewdly avoided giving him a hand out, which seemed to be the reason for his quest. After a while he resignedly moved from her and advanced to the front seats of the coach where once again he engaged a passenger in animated conversation.

Once more we noted the countless miles of forest on both sides of the motorway... it was a fine sunny day in Connecticut.

Unfortunately, we had a problem.

For some years I had corresponded with Joy and Sandy Sanderson, who lived outside New York, stating that one day we intended to visit the USA, and reached a tacit agreement that Diane and I would stay with them for a short while. When the trip finally came to fruition, Joy wrote to state that their domestic circumstances precluded the possibility of our staying with them, but that she would recommend a reasonably priced New York hotel where we could stay for the last few days of our holiday. We were therefore en route to New York. However, although we had carefully attempted to retain monies for the New York stay, our finances were low...further... a visit to New York would also have meant paying for travel to Baltimore airport... our Greyhound ticket expired at 12 midnight on this day. We did not wish to be dependant upon a loan from Joy, and our final spontaneous decision to travel that day directly to Baltimore was so that we could avail of our ticket before its expiration. Consequently, as soon as we reached the New York Greyhound terminal, I left Diane with our suitcases at the Baltimore departure gate, and whizzed up the escalator to the ticket office to confirm the run to Baltimore. I have been told that there was annoyance because of our failure to contact the Sandersons, but our last minute decision was only made because of our earnest wish not to be a financial liability to our potential New York hosts.

I only had a few moments to obtain tickets, and consequently I was extremely hungry when I joined the queue. In front of me was a young man, and I thought I recognised the shape of the back of his head. He turned round to speak to me, but no flicker of recognition crossed his face, even though he had been in an adjacent seat in the coach whilst scoffing his food and drink.

"I've had nothing to eat for twenty four hours," was his opening gambit, "and I'm very hungry."

I gave him a sharp look whilst considering my reply.

"If I could get just a few dollars I could get a meal here," he continued, "otherwise I will have to cash my ticket to get money so that I can eat."

His utter gall flabbergasted me, but with great restraint I did not tell him that I had seen him stuff himself with food a few hours previously. I merely wished him good luck in his quest for a few dollars, pretending I did not realise that he wanted me sponsor him.

He moved directly to the passenger behind me and commenced a complicated rigma-role about his father being a long-distance lorry driver and his weekly cheque hadn't

arrived, and all he required was a few dollars for food.

Soon it was my turn to be served, and as I raced back with two minutes to spare before the coach left for Baltimore, I cast a quick glance in his direction and an old woman in the queue was handing him green notes.

Our cases were once more put in the cavernous recess of the pulsating Greyhound and we started on our one hundred and ninety seven miles journey SW to Baltimore.

The New York skyline very quickly disappeared and as always we avidly viewed the changing senario, but all the time I had the niggling worry of where we would stay when we eventually reached Baltimore, bearing in mind our dwindling resources.

Meanwhile we tracked diagonally across New Jerisy, past Wilmington, and then crossed the Susquehanna River via a huge modern bridge which was like being in an aeroplane.

We de-coached at Baltimore Greyhound station, and I left Diane with the cases in the Waiting Room whilst I made a reconnaissance. A Greyhound employee advised me to telephone an hotel...I dialled...a male voice with a lisp said "Good evening" and named the hotel. I asked if they had a vacant room with a double bed.

"Is it for two males?" he enquired.

"Nunno," I stammered, "it's for my wife and myself."

"Oh," he said. "Well, come round, anyway, and we'll have a good time."

This did not impinge itself upon my mind as being a suitable place to maintain a low profile for three further days until our departure from the USA...it was almost 8 pm and we had nowhere to go. I instinctively thought of the canny American taxi driver...I left Diane biting her lower lip in anxiety, and sought a parked driver. The man, I figured, was of Mexican descent, brown skin, moustached, smiling somewhat obsequiously. I put him in the picture...I wanted a quiet reasonably-priced motel near the airport. He said he'd take me to such a place for ten dollars. I said we had a deal. Once more I was delighted at the undelfish demeanour of the American taxi driver. He telephoned the motel to see if a room was available..it was..he carried the heaviest piece of luggage to his taxi and he drove a goodly distance into the Maryland countryside to the Beltway Motel. We paid for three days stay, which indecently assaulted our financial reserves, but our room was extremely comfortable.

Next day we took the advice of the motel receptionist and took a taxi to the Inner Harbour at Baltimore. This is a vast recreational complex built on the site of the port area, and it was very impressive. We spent the entire day at the location and found something to interest us the whole time. We elevated to the top of the World Trade centre, thirty storey's high, giving a superb view of the commercial centre of Baltimore. Diane posed for photographs against the stern of the U.S.S. Constellation, the oldest ship in the U.S. Navy, launched in Baltimore on 7th September 1797, a three-masted sailing ship with cannon rampant. I made friends with the lady at the counter of the Science Centre. She seemed to accept a conversation with me as a respite from the attention of hoards of multi-coloured children milling around the sales area. I noted plastic bowls of fossils for sale at 50 cents each, and I purchased 50,000,000 year old whale vertebrae complete with flange and circular washers, rather like a side view of Jimmy Durante wearing a straw hat. The shopping centres were well-stocked, and competitive, and we didn't leave until rain threatened to spoil the day, and we taxied back to the Beltway.

We rested until Friday morning, eating, drinking and attending local malls. When we arrived at the airport at Friday midday, we had under fifteen dollars left, and as our D.C. 10 didn't leave until 6.30 pm we had to have small snacks and numerous coffees until boarding time.

So at around 2 pm we were sitting in the airport lounge, watching a continual procession of aircraft landing and taking off...being an aerophile I have never been bored waiting at air terminals...when suddenly occurred the strange incident I referred to at the beginning of my narrative.

There had been a continuous barrage of radio announcements asking for passengers to lift the yellow telephone and consult the operator...Diane looked at me in wide-eyed amazement when the polite female disembodied voice asked for John Berry to go to the telephone.

"Why do they want you?" she asked, perplexed. I shrugged and walked to the telephone, lifted it, and said I was John Berry.

"Are you the John Berry who has just landed via Ozark Airlines?"

"No."

"Sorry. Thank you. Have a good day."

What a remarkable coincidence, having two such poetic names in one place at the same time.

Being extremely curious, I walked through the complex to the Ozark Airlines stand, and asked which flight John Berry had arrived on...they consulted their visual display unit and said that no passenger of that name had been carried.

So what?

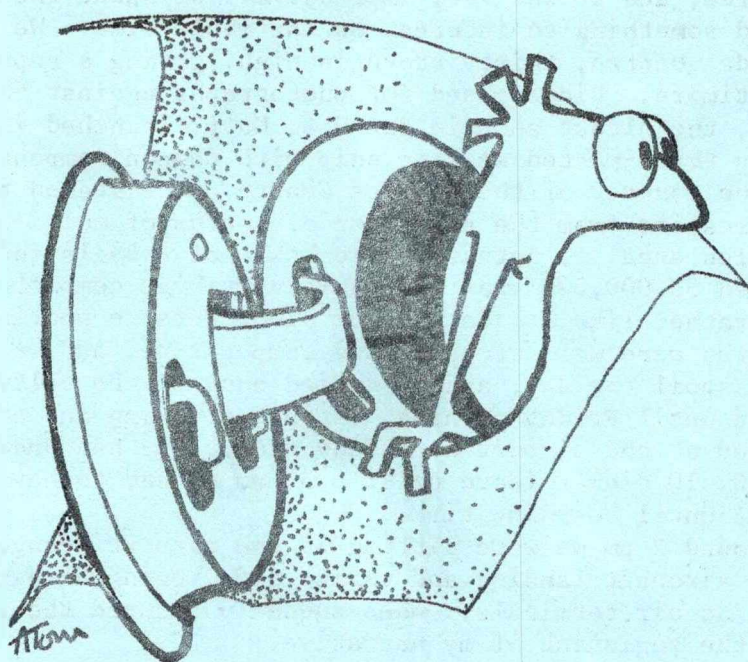
The hours passed slowly until we joined the World Airlines D.C. 10...every seat in the aircraft was filled. A poignant moment arrived when we attempted to take our allocated seats...an elderly couple had possessed them, holding hands as if this was their first flight and their joint cohesion solidified their resolve...or possibly they were awaiting a D.C. 10 catastrophe.

Their eyes fell when I made the grim announcement that they had inadvertently occupied the wrong seats. A hostess sorted them out...Diane reckoned I should have let them retain our seats, but I figured...I'm getting on for sixty myself, and my seat had been booked for six months.

The flight was faultless and therefore monotonous in the darkness. Our landing at Gatwick suggested that pilot thought the over-laden craft might crack the concrete runway...this was the proverbial feather-bed landing.

Rumour had it that it had rained in England during our absence for thirty two consecutive days...a splatter of freezing rain in my face confirmed we were home and the record was now in its thirty third day.

---John Berry



... AND I ASK:
WHERE ARE THE
FANDOMS OF
YESTERYEAR?

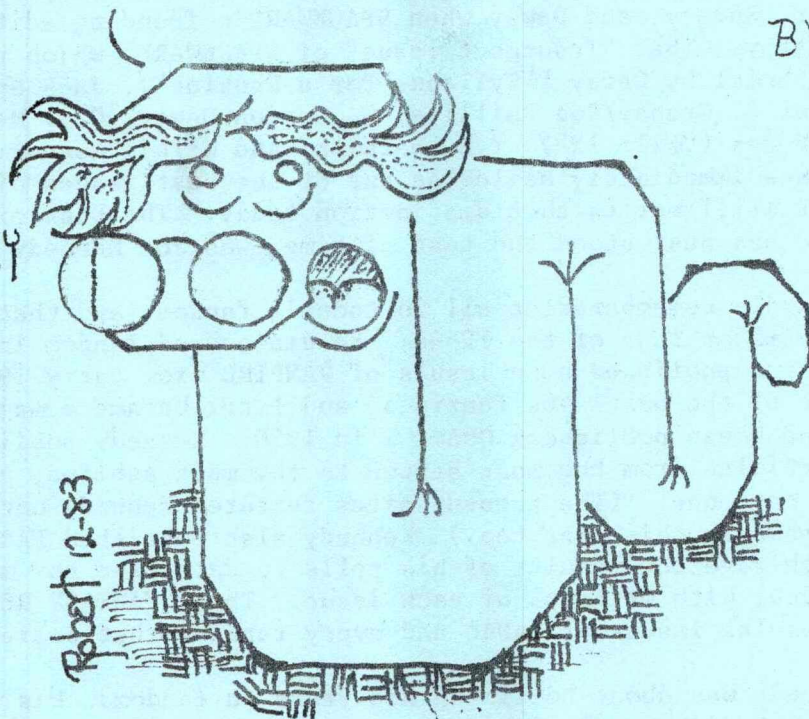
ENTROPY REPRINTS

BY

terry

carr

AM I
GOING
TO BE
A MEMORY
TOO?



When I heard recently that Ted White was planning to write his fan-memoirs for WARHOON (under a wonderful title that Bergeron had given him: "White on White"), I was struck by what a good idea that was and I wondered why so few other fans have ever done it. Offhand, I recall only three earlier examples of this genre, all from more than three decades ago: T. Bruce Yerke's MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN in 1944, F. Towner Laney's famous AH! SWEET IDIOCY! in 1948, and Joe Kennedy's "Before the Bomb" and "After the Bomb" in 1950. (Walt Willis wrote an autobiographical column, "I Remember Me," for Ethel Lindsay's SCOTTISHE in the early 1960s, but he gafiated before he'd covered more than the first few years of his fan-life.)

I suppose the reason there haven't been more such memoirs is that people usually only contemplate writing such things when they feel they're about ready to quit fandom, by which time their fannish energies are usually at such a low ebb that they don't get the job done. And perhaps it's just as well in most cases, because when people are ready to quit fandom they're usually full of feelings that it's all been a waste of time, that fandom is worthless, and if more fans had written such memoirs we'd only have a lot of cynical, even bitter, denunciations of fandom.

Perhaps Laney was instrumental in dissuading fans from writing such pieces, for AH! SWEET IDIOCY! was such a successful example of attacking fanactivity that later writers probably felt that he'd already said everything for them.

But fandom and fanpublishing does offer many rewards, and any good fanwriter of several years' experience has quite a few funny and/or illuminating anecdotes to re-

count. Laney showed us that when someone's quitting fandom and no longer feels the need to keep secrets he or she can write a compelling and fascinating account. In fact, it was Laney who, after reading Joe Kennedy's "Before the Bomb" in Kennedy's FAPazine GREEN THOUGHTS #2, March 1950, sent Kennedy a bunch of ditto masters and convinced him to continue his memoirs. "After the Bomb" appeared in SPACEWARP #42 in September 1950.

This was the famous "Insurgent issue" of SPACEWARP, edited and published by Laney, Burbee, Rotsler, Sneary, and Dewey when SPACEWARP's founding editor, Art Rapp, had just entered the army. That "Insurgent issue" of SPACEWARP, which ran to 82 pages and featured material by Laney ("Syllabus for a Fanzine"), Jack Speer, Kennedy, Walter A. Coslet, Roger P. Graham/Rog Phillips, G. Gordon Dewey, C.S. Metchette, Burbee, Sneary, Redd Boggs ("File 13"), T.E. Watkins, and Wilkie Conner -- all BNFs of the late 1940s -- was immediately hailed as one of the best issues of a fanzine ever published, and it still merits that distinction today. The best piece in it, or anyway the one that has best stood the test of time, was Joe Kennedy's "After the Bomb."

Joe Kennedy is hardly remembered at all in today's fandom, and that's a shame: Kennedy was one of the major fans of the 1940s. He discovered fandom in 1943, when he was just thirteen, and published nine issues of VAMPIRE from early 1945 to mid--1947. VAMPIRE was one of the best '40s fanzines, and later became a major influence on Lee Hoffman when she began publishing QUANDRY in 1950: Kennedy published the entire range of fan articles from the most sercon to the most sublime, and illustrated them with his own cartoons. (The present piece features Kennedy cartoons, which show that he was talented in this area too.) Kennedy also published FANTASY REVIEW in 1945 and 1946, which gave the results of his polls to determine the most popular prozines, fanzines, etc., with writeups of each issue. These FANTASY REVIEWS greatly influenced the poll-results issues of FANAC and every fanzine that copied those latter.

In 1950, Joe Kennedy was about to finish his years in fandom. His publication of "Before the Bomb" early in that year had signaled his intention to quit the fan-nish rat-race, but I'm not reprinting that piece here because "After the Bomb" was so much better. Nonetheless, a couple of quotations from that first article are worth reprinting; viz:

"On one occasion while enjoying the hospitality of Julie Unger, /Mike/ Fern had reportedly borrowed Unger's typewriter, on which he wrote a letter to Laney, filled with abuse of Unger and his family. Fern had then given the letter to Unger to read!

"'But, Julie,' Moskowitz had asked. 'Didn't you have any objections when he called your wife a slattern?'

"To which Unger allegedly replied: 'So what' So it means she can't read and write so good?'"

And:

"Wollheim was editing *Ten Detective Aces* at the time. He has at one time or another edited just about every category of pulp mag, I believe. One day, he reminisced, when he was editing *Baseball Action Stories* or some such pulp, he was asked by a fellow employee what he thought of the series. 'What series?' the editor of *Baseball Action Stories* replied.

"'There was a time,' he said, 'when nearly every sports magazine in New York was edited by science fiction fans who hated sports.'"

After Joe Kennedy dropped out of fandom he went on to become one of the major poets of the last several decades under the byline "X.J. Kennedy." You can find his poetry in many issues of *The New Yorker* and in the literary quarterlies today. The "X" in his current byline probably stands for Xavier; I imagine he's currently teaching at some Catholic college and writing his poetry on the side.

But before he left us, he wrote "After the Bomb," a fan-memoir that I still enjoy. I hope you'll enjoy it too.

---Terry Carr

AFTER THE ATOM

SOME FANNISH MEMOIRS

BY JOE KENNEDY

I.

CONCEPTION ON A COUCH

Shortly after the atom bomb went off, blowing a lot of Japs all to hell and providing John W. Campbell, Jr. with a topic to write a non-fiction book about, things began getting back to normal. Ramses cigarettes and Orbit chewing gum vanished from the market; newspapers went back to using small headlines; and George R. Fox of Rahway, New Jersey, decided to form a whiz-bang new science fiction club.

One balmy December day in 1945, this club was conceived on a couch in Fox's livingroom. Somebody sitting on the couch -- I forget whether it was Lloyd Alpaugh or Sam Moskowitz or Bob Gaulin or me -- thought up a name for the organization. "World of Null-A" was running in *Astounding* at the time, and so the club was named "The A-Men".

It was, as Moskowitz later remarked, the first time in fan history that a club had been named after a story which none of its members liked.

Ten people from Jersey and New York got together at Moskowitz's house the following January, to eat Moskowitz's liverwurst and paw with unwashed hands through his magnificent collection of rare fanzines in bound volumes. This was the second meeting of the A-men.

In March 1946 the A-Men considered themselves sufficiently mighty to sponsor an affair which foundered under the official title of The First Post-war Eastern Science Fiction Convention.

Now, although George Fox and I lifted a couple fingers to mimeograph and address a wad of circulars, the First Postwar Eastern was Moskowitz's show from start to finish. He hired the hall, he talked L. Sprague de Camp into giving a speech, and ran the affair like a veteran ringmaster.

More than a hundred people squeezed into Newark's gloomy Slovak Sokol Hall. For our heroic efforts on the convention committee, Fox and I were given the honor of sitting up on the speakers' platform. Manly Wade Wellman and Tremaine and Merwin and Robert Arthur and Wollheim spoke briefly; a little guy with hornrimmed glasses stuttered forth a question and I didn't find out until a year afterward that this had been George Ebey; Helen Wesson was wandering around with an armload of *The ... Things*, looking beautiful and bewildered as she tried to locate all the people that the copies were supposed to go to. Afterward, an account of the proceedings somehow managed to get into -- of all places -- *Harper's Magazine*.

Tom Hadley was there, too.

Of the fabulous individuals whose fannish trajectories my own has crossed, Tom Hadley will remain one of the fabulousest. The man himself is shrouded in legend. His mother, some say, is a multi-millionaire. I do not know if there is any truth to the story that when Hadley, out driving, confounded a tree with the highway, he calmly phoned for another new Cadillac. At the Philcon, anyhow, the hotel staff leaped to his service as if motivated by springs.

Hadley had just published THE TIME STREAM by John Taine, and he brought along a couple hundred copies which were offered for sale at the con. As the firewater rose higher in Hadley's head, the price of THE TIME STREAM sank lower. Collectors who, minutes earlier, had relinquished three dollars for the volume, were mad as bloody hell when the book was suddenly offered for two.

At the auction Hadley was the biggest buyer. After a bitter bidding duel with Gerry de la Ree over a not-particularly-good Lawrence original, Hadley peeled off fifteen dollars, took a close look at the drawing, and bellowed: "Migawd! What made me buy this?" He also paid five dollars for a batch of old *Cosmic Circle Commentators*.

It seems to me, though, that Hadley deserves much of the credit for starting the current stampede to cram sci-fi between hard covers. When TIME STREAM first appeared, I heard fully a score of people opine that Hadley was throwing his money down a hole. There were not 2,000 stf fans who'd plunk down \$3 for a book, said the prophets gloomily. The only reason Arkham House prospered was that it specialized in weird fiction, for which there was a larger audience.

Hadley continued throwing his money down a hole. I read the other day that Fantasy Press has printed 7,000 copies of EESmith's *Triplanetary*.

II.

SKYLARKS OF SLOVAK SOKOL

Eight weeks later Sam Moskowitz again stood on the rostrum of Slovak Sokol Hall. Fifteen faces smiled wanly up at him.

Though the sperm of the Eastern Science Fiction Association had been planted on George Fox's couch, it was not until this organizational meeting in April, 1946, that the ESFA was yanked into the world, a squalling, hairy brat; its umbilical cord snipped, and its back roundly thumped to encourage respiration. This meeting also marked the first appearance on the fan scene of 15-year-old Ricky Slavin. Of this, more later.

A long, dull political meeting was spent in arguing over by-laws and suchstuff. The old name, the Null-A men, was given the ax. Two more votes and the club would have been named "The Odd Johns" instead of the ESFA.

Not the least attractive feature of Slovak Sokol Hall was the fact that it rented for \$3. The proprietor, a cunning character, allowed this low rent in the expectation of getting business for his bar downstairs. Little did he realize that the upper lips of fully half the club's membership bore less fuzz than a peach -- uh -- peach. Many a sober speech on the place of science fiction in the modern world was drowned out by the thumping strains of a polka wafting upward, accompanied by legions of boots clompin the barroom floor.

From the nativity of ESFA, there was little doubt in anybody's mind that the man who should by rights run the club was Sam Moskowitz. Virtually single-handedly, he had presented the First Postwar Eastern conference; nobody else had the personal contacts necessary to get big-name speakers. Even after the reincarnation of the Queens SF League in the fall of '46, many New Yorkers continued trooping over to Newark the first Sunday of every month. Elections were a polite formality. The ESFA was Sam Moskowitz, and its members seemed well satisfied.

The man who has piloted ESFA for the past four-and-a-half years should rate at least a paragraph here. Moskowitz, as most actifans know, is physically massive. Indeed, he worked for a time as a boxing instructor. He has a powerful voice that would fill Mammoth Cave. He is an interesting speaker because he himself is interested in everything in creation. I have heard him deliver impromptu a discourse on the colonial history of Newark, then switch to poetry or politics with equal competence. He has remarked on occasion that he works as a truck-driver because that is a job which places little strain on his eye-sight, which he believes was impaired by

overconscientious reading of the letter sections in the Gernsback pulps, which were printed in microscopic type. Moskowitz is a highly readable writer because of his ability to pick out shrewd angles in his topic which nobody else would ever think of. Fandom has not produced many better critics because there are not many people in fandom who can match his enthusiasm.

ESFA was not only a convivial place to spend a Sunday afternoon but it soon became a marketplace where dealers could spread their wares. Membership cards were struck off by Sykora, bearing the initials of the club in huge scarlet letters. I have heard of at least one member who flashed one of these things in a bar and was mistaken for a communist.

Toward the end of the year, meetings degenerated into much bitter wrangling over whether the club should boycott *Amazing* for printing the Shaver mystery, and whether there was such a thing as fantasy music. These bickerings led Gerry de la Ree to quit the club in disgust. A few others followed.

III.

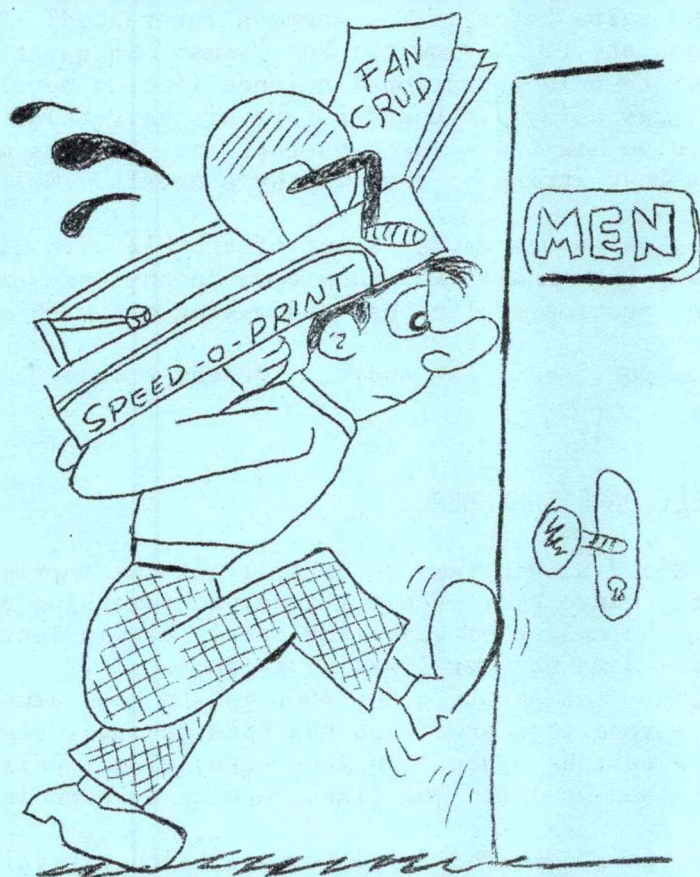
THE AFTERGLOW

Interesting as it was to look at writers (Frank Belknap Long, a retiring individual, faced the assembly like a hare ringed in my hounds), lots of people went to the ESFA because of the enjoyable bull sessions afterward. The younger mob, as soon as the meeting was over if not sooner, would streak for the nearest Chinese eatery.

One Sunday night a bunch of us youths were as usual chawing chop suey in one of these joints when a rather memorable incident occurred. Monroe Kuttner, a faithful ESFA attendee, was afflicted by queasy stomach. To tantalize him, Fox related an anecdote about a Chinese chef who suffered from leprosy. Parts of the chef's anatomy

kept unexpectedly dropping off; so one day a patron of the house sank his fork into a steaming heap of chow mein only to draw it forth holding a human thumb in an advanced stage of decay. Fox swore up and down that this tale was true. As he listened to this, poor Kuttner's face assumed the color of fish. "Things don't happen like that in these Chinese joints!" he gurgled. "They're cleaner than any other kind!" So saying, he cut open a tomato on his plate and out rolled a plump louse.

On one occasion the club heard a talk by Kenneth Sterling, M.D., an oldtime member of the Futurians and a close friend of H.P. Lovecraft. Sterling spent about an hour lecturing on the chief causes of death in the United States, giving statistics. Sterling gave statistics for fatalities due to cancer and heart disease in great profusion. As the hour dragged to a close, he remarked, "Well, I'd intended to



discuss my friendship with Lovecraft, but I see my time is just about up, so I thank you all for your kind attention," and sat down. John Michel was there too, chewing a sinister black cigar.

Sterling's speech was one of the few events in fan history that have been reported right on the spot. Maddox had lugged his bulky Speed-o-Print machine all the way from Greenwich Village. In the white heat of enthusiasm, he struck off the latest issue of his newssheet, *The Fan Spectator*.

After the meeting the skies opened wide up and it rained like all billy-hell. I will never forget passers-by in the middle of Newark gawking openmouthedly as we hiked through the downpour, brandishing this colossal Speed-o-Print machine in the air. We ducked into a horror movie, where a flabbergasted usher agreed to park the contraption in some hole in the wall which was, I believe, the men's room.

But -- ahh! Those magnificent after-meeting bull sessions. The anecdotes that would bubble forth like pin-points of carbon dioxide coming out of a ginger ale bottle, as hoary veterans of the early days of fandom would spin forth yarn after yarn---

One anecdote was about the former editor of *Super Science* who got the glorious wage of \$15 a week. His secretary also got \$15, so he fired her, did her work too and got \$30.

Then there was the former editor of *Astounding* (one of them) who used to snag spare cash by writing stories under pennames and selling them to himself. Now, this is a thing which lots of editors have to do in order to eat decently. But one day his boss took a look at the files and discovered that a lot of stories had been bought and paid for which the editor hadn't got around to writing yet. *Astounding* abruptly got a new editor.

Moskowitz claimed he once almost sold a book-length novel to Doc Lowndes, his bitter feuding-enemy. Seems *Future Fiction* was crying for material. Julius Unger offered to latch onto the manuscript of a sensational science-fiction novel, written by a woman who'd never appeared in the pulps before...Was Lowndes interested? So Lowndes replied sure, let's have a look at it. Moskowitz, the "woman" in question, then began working night and day to write this sensational science fiction novel. *Future Fiction*, lacking a lead novel, was delayed. Lowndes tore his hair. Just when SaM was putting the final touches on his book-length masterpiece, Lowndes made a deal with Ray Cummings to reprint a long string of that worthy's novels. Well, so the story goes.

During the ESFA's first year, Moskowitz was having a lot of trouble with his landlord. This dignitary kept breaking into the locked room down in the basement where SaM stored his surplus books and prozine duplicates, and making off with arm-loads of choice items.

"I don't know what he steals them for," said SaM sadly. "He can't read."

IV.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

The first time fifteen-year-old Ricky Slavin came to ESFA, I got the impression that she was a nice, innocent, slightly naive kid. Hence I received something of a jolt at the following meeting, during the course of which she calmly blew a lungful of cigarette smoke into my eyes and asked me whether I was a virgin.

Ricky Slavin was dark-haired, plump, and pretty. She soon got to know almost every stefnist of importance in the metropolitan area, and the ESFA promptly elected her secretary. Her contributions to a serious discussion were keen, almost brilliant. ESFA males soon discovered that to arouse her wrath was like chucking a torch in a pile of TNT.

Once I wrote an account of the October 1946 Philly conference which Virginia Blish said was an awful waste of my considerable talents. On the train coming back

from this conference, Slavin and I were chatting.

"Sometimes," she sighed, "I get so mad at this stupid world and all the men in it that I feel like casting myself under the cruel, rolling wheels of this train."

"Well, why don't you?" I said politely.

"You jerk," she spat. "I've got something that will take care of a jerk like you. You never saw my hidden fang, did you? Well, I'll show you something that will make your eyes pop -- "

So saying, she tugged her skirt right up to her hip. As I looked on helplessly, she began drawing something out of the top of her stocking. It was a switchblade knife. She flicked the trigger and a wicked-- looking seven-inch blade shot out toward me.

"Feel this!" she hissed. "It's sharp enough to rip your guts out." Then, to my relief, she returned the weapon to its hiding place.

There came into being a state of undeclared warfare between Slavin and ESFA's director. On one or two occasions somebody bought Ricky a drink downstairs in the Slovak Sokol bar; this innocent occurrence filled Moskowitz with visions of the club losing its three-dollar meeting hall. (In New Jersey you have to be 21 even to buy a beer.)

The full story may never be known, but anyhow Slavin went storming up to Moskowitz's third-floor apartment one day, unannounced and uninvited, determined to do him dirt. An argument followed. Slavin seized his prized copy of *The Outsider and Others*, hurled the volume to the floor, and ripped to shreds the book's dustjacket.

Since collecting is a way of life to SaM, she could have not touched a more vulnerable spot. So far as I have been able to figure out, ESFA's director practically flung the poor girl down two flights of stairs, then booted her into the street.

"After all," said SaM mournfully as he related the tale, "the dustjacket alone was worth five dollars!"

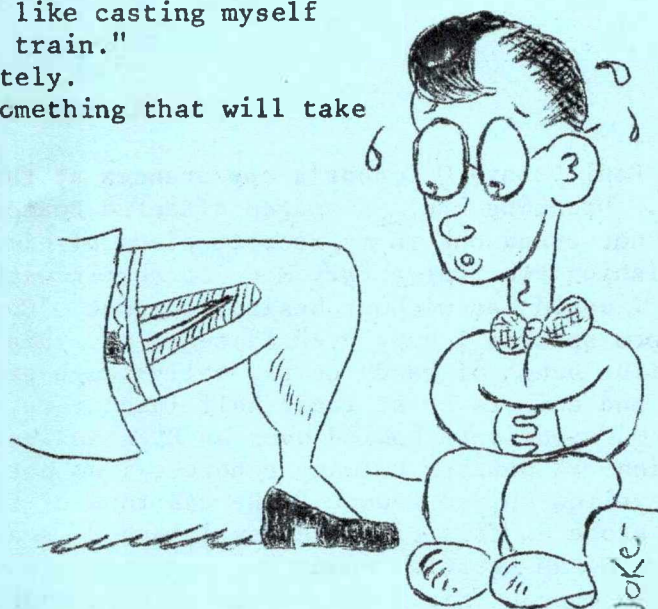
From that day on, he imposed a ban against Slavin's entering Slovak Sokol Hall.

In December '46, Alpaugh, Ron Maddox, Fox, and I held a oneshot fanzine session at which we knocked ourselves out publishing a thing entitled *Tails of Passionate Fans*. The piece de resistance of this literary abortion was a story purporting to have been ghostwritten by Stanley G. Weinbaum, and Slavin was the heroine of it. When Slavin latched on to a copy of this thing, she sent special-delivery letters to the fathers of the four co-editors, threatening to sue for libel and I don't remember what all else. By luck, every one of the four co-editors managed to intercept the letters, and Fox even went so far as to write an answer, signing his father's name to it. A couple years later Alpaugh published a second issue of *Tails*, but it was tame stuff by comparison.

Then there was the time Joe Schaumburger was in a penny arcade and discovered one of those machines which you put a penny in and you press down the right keys, and a little strip of tin comes out the bottom with your name on. On this contraption Schaumburger typed out an obscene greeting and mailed the little piece of tin to Slavin. She promptly sicced the postal authorities on him, and Schaumburger told me that this greatly influenced his decision to join the army abruptly.

A year or so after Slavin stopped coming to ESFA, I met her at a Queens SF League conclave. She planted her foot squarely in the middle of my pratt.

She is married now, and doesn't go to science fiction meetings any more. She



is, without doubt, one of the most real personalities I have ever met, and somehow I have always liked her. Someday when I write my Great American Novel I would like to use her as a character in it, if I thought she wouldn't mind.

V.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES

Paul Dennis O'Connor's appearances at the ESFA, though infrequent, were memorable. Drooping eyelids and an affected Boston accent are the characteristics of the man that stand out in my recollections of him. He is, of course, best known for publishing two fragmentary Merritt novels with endings by Bok.

I would say without hesitation that O'Connor is by far the most enjoyable impromptu speaker I have ever listened to. His rare addresses to the ESFA were a dazzling bunch of bawdy quips, belly-laugh-provoking anecdotes about well known writers and editors -- at least half inaccurate, but all uproarious.

O'Connor once bowled over an ESFA audience by remarking in a perfectly deadpan fashion: "Contrary to many reports, I am not in the habit of sprawling in the nude on a yellow chaise lounge." He was fond of flashing a huge green ring coyly about. "The stone in this ring," he explained, "is a genuine emerald taken from the eye-socket of an Egyptian mummy."

To characterize O'Connor as a fruit would be, I think, dead wrong. He has a subtle sense of humor. I always got the impression that his mannerisms were often put on as a gag, as a clever and carefully studied pose, designed to amuse other people.

On a few occasions O'Connor threw open his apartment and showed old Fritz Lang movies and army training films. Various queers from the Village were among the crowd. I am indebted to Lloyd Alpaugh for an account of one of these open-house clambakes. Les Mayer, a good-looking ex-GI, was seated in O'Connor's darkened bedroom watching the movies when a couple of characters sat down on either side of him. Though they were males, they wore fingernail polish and tried to snuggle up to him. This naturally disconcerted Mayer. Hieing himself to another chair several yards away, he tried to ignore the characters. The latter, who so far as I know were not fans, simpered and moved after him. Around and around the room they went, Mayer vacating chair after chair and the characters following him hell-bent, giggling all the while.

"You know," said Mayer to Alpaugh when the movies were over and they were going home, "I believe those two guys were fairies."

In bull-sessions after an ESFA meeting, O'Connor was a very interesting man to listen to. One night in a cafeteria he delivered a long and wonderful discourse about the time Hannes Bok was employed to paint some sexy murals for Dunninger, the mind reader; about how Derleth used to pay off his dust-jacket artists in copies of Arkham House books; how the New Collectors Group was not going to publish Merritt's sequel to *The Moon Pool* because Mrs. Merritt wanted a dime a word for it. He then went into a diatribe against all science-fiction fans, whom he considered viler than maggots; proceeded to read the palms of several people at the table including Ron Clyne; and spoke very seriously of the forgotten mysteries which only the ancient sages knew.

I believe it was around this time that Moskowitz went to New York in a rented car and bought up all the copies of *The Fox Woman* that O'Connor had left, for speculation. He did, however, sell them at a fair price to ESFA members.

VI.

THE WORLD OF SAMUEL MASON

While physicists were tinkering on their atom-bombs during the war years, Sam

Mason was trying to organize Philly. The PSFS, however, would have none of him, so he drifted to New York. Here he acquired a measure of inverted glory.

My first impressions of Mason were striking. An incredible mop of reddish hair topped his wispy frame like the bloom of a poppy. There was something leprechaunish about the man. He and Rose Riewald and George Fox and I were sitting in Fox's livingroom drinking Fox's mother's beer and soda and Mason was reminiscing about the Boy Scout troop he once belonged to. This was the only Boy Scout troop I ever heard of in which all the tenderfeet drank gin.

Mason was critical of New York policemen. "These cops, damn their guts. They have somehow got the notion I am a marijuana-runner. They keep calling up on the phone and asking, 'All right, where have you got it hid?' I tell them I don't know what they're talking about and then they hang up. But the F.B.I. agents are even worse. They keep breaking into my apartment at the damndest hours!"

To Mason's Greenwich Village lodgings toddled callow fan-editors bearing stencils to be run off on the rickety mimeograph, (*) leaving laden with heaps of the stories and poems that rolled unquenchably from Mason's typer. From all reports, Mason got a huge charge of watching these innocents get red-eyed on his rum; and one youthful Brooklynite suddenly took a vacation from fandom when his mother smelled reefer smoke on him. Yet Mason's contributions to *crifanac* were often salutary. His two-shot fanzine, *Count Wacula*, contained traces of terrific writing, the best single item being a satire on Saroyan. On the basis of this piece alone, I consider Mason a humorist of almost Burbee-esque stature. As near as I can remember, the beginning went: "The world is a beautiful place when you are a young writer starving to death in a furnished room, longing for a beer, longing for a check from *SatEve-Post*, longing for Hedy Lamarr, all full of wants and desires and salami, and not entirely certain that Lenin was right, either."

The last I heard of Mason, he was smuggling guns to Israel.

VII.

THE CONVENTION THAT ALMOST WASN'T

In March 1948 the Eastern Science Fiction Association decided to hold a "convention" of sorts, to celebrate its second birthday. George O. Smith, Merwin, Sturgeon, and other notables were invited. The Sunday of the convention was a drizzlingly rainy day. As I stepped into the meeting hall, the overpowering stench of old eggs hit my nose. Half an hour earlier, Ron Christensen and Bob Gaulin -- with astonishing gymnastic prowess -- had entered the hall by a skylight and planted a quantity of ammonium sulfide among the rafters. This substance promptly began vaporizing as hydrogen sulfide, and perfuming the meeting hall below.

Pre-convention attendees wandered around with hands clamped to their noses. Women looked sick. Moskowitz stormed in, doing a slow burn as he sniffed the stink. With a window pole, he poked around the ceiling trying to dislodge the source of the odor. Mumbling something to the effect that he'd throw the culprits the hell out if he knew who they were, he heaved open both the hall's windows, but the damp breeze only stirred the smell up a bit. Distinguished people began arriving, wrinkling their faces as they entered the room. One well-intentioned lady insisted on going around tapping the walls, trying to locate the dead rat which she was convinced had met its doom somewhere between the boards. By the time the meeting was called to order, the stink had abated somewhat. But throughout the afternoon many individuals looked glassy-eyed, and the percentage of attendees deserting the meeting for the bar downstairs was higher than was customary.

None of the subsequent ESFA meetings were as good as that one, so I stopped going.

(*) Legend had it that the ABDick Co. did not release this contraption -- it escaped from them.

---Joe Kennedy

THE LAW ORDER

HANDBOOK

chapter 6

THE PROS AND CONS OF POLICE BRUTALITY

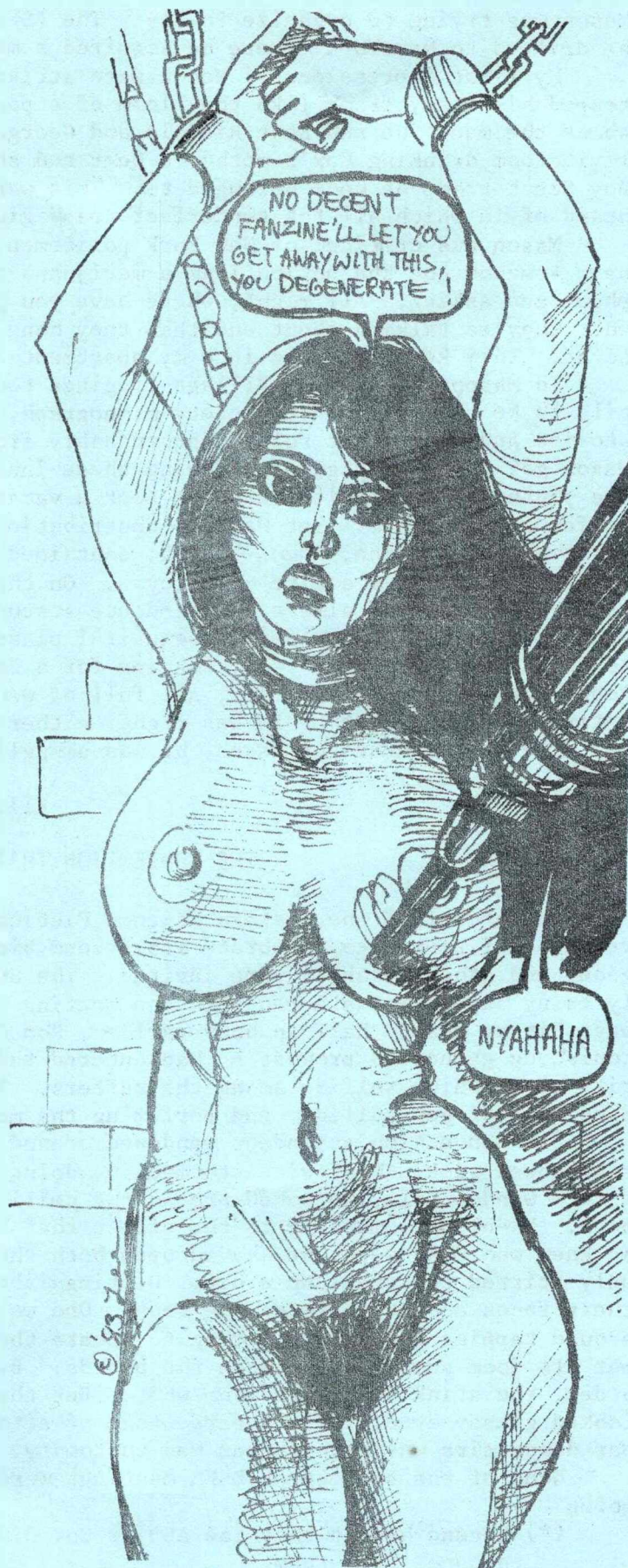
BY richard
weinstock

CHAPTER 6

The Pros and Cons of Police Brutality

What is police brutality? Is it torture, the third degree, the use of excessive force, having to listen to your local police chief sermonize about the breakdown of law and order in our society? Is it police officers venting their spleens at an uncooperative public, crowd control, an invention of the media, the rites of passage at a gay bar? It is all of these and much more.

To really understand what police brutality is, one must first look it up in the training and operations manuals of any local police department. And of course nothing is there. If it had been there, then it could not have



been there, because the fellow who wrote it would not have passed the police manual writers training course and he therefore could not have written any police manuals. If you look through the various pages of the manuals, you will see references to the use of deadly force, mace, choke holds, how to testify at trials, and many other subjects of survival value to law enforcers; but nowhere police brutality. It should come as no surprise, then, that members of the general public have come to think of police brutality as just about anything an officer does, not otherwise in the various manuals. Until officers are properly informed about how to identify and practice police brutality this situation will persist, and authors will continue to have difficulty defining it.

Yet no one supports out and out police violence in every situation. This is not police brutality. There are indeed limits. Probably the best working definition of what is being debated here is "the ability of the police to use a reasonable amount of excessive force".

Relationship To Law and Order

Police brutality is often, but not always, associated with effective law enforcement. Many criminals simply would not be convicted if confessions had not been beaten out of them. Furthermore, if people are beaten up in the streets it reduces their capacity to commit crimes, and if they do, they can be more easily identified by their bruises. Also police brutality is necessary to establish the hierarchy of a police state, and finally, without some amount of police brutality, unarmed people shot by the cops would have a difficult time explaining their injuries.

When there are allegations of police misconduct, one of the duties of law enforcement officials is to conduct an investigation into the charges. Because of the important consequences of such illicit activities if they exist, higher officials of the Department with eloquent report writing skills are used to investigate, rather than the teams of professional experts who normally merely solve murders and break master criminal plots. A well written report should commence something like this:

"It must be remembered that peace officers deal with the violent, selfish, misanthropic, repulsive, and warped elements of our society on a daily basis. These people would often stop at nothing to get their way and sometimes will commit anti social activities for no reason at all. The police are authorized by law to use reasonable and sometimes deadly force to protect themselves and others, and to bring these malevolents to justice. Thus, naturally when force is used there will be cries of police brutality, and sometimes, though rarely, mistakes will be made....."

The report will usually conclude with a commendation of the officer if he committed the complained of activity, and an exoneration if he did not.

The Benefits of Police Brutality

Some of the many positive virtues of police brutality have already been alluded to. Here are a few others.

1) *Tax savings*- Many officers look upon the ability to take a few extra whacks at people as a fringe benefit of their jobs. Therefore they work for a little less money at considerable savings to taxpayers. Police work is also very nerve racking, and punching out suspects can be of tremendous therapeutic value. Tax savings add up here too because the prison wards of County hospitals are cheaper to operate than the hiring of psychiatrists and psychologists. For the police brutality subject, medical expenses are of course deductible.

2) *Newsworthy news*- Local newspapers love to cover the local crime beat. There is nothing as dull as a town without regular news coverage of local sex related murders or dramatic bank robberies. Sometimes there are long dryspells with little crime to report. Good police brutality work can convert humdrum crimes into exciting events such as by tackling jaywalkers, bludgeoning drunk drivers, and race baiting minorities.

3) *Continuing On The Job Training*- Sometimes there are long periods of time when lawmen do not encounter situations calling for the use of deadly force. Police brutality not only breaks the routine of beat patrols, investigations, and writing up citations, but also keeps officers well trained for future encounters with violent types. Officers would certainly suffer declining skills in their ability to use choke holds if they could not preactice them on compliant detainees such as indecent exposure suspects.

4) *Other reasons*- The ability of the police to use a reasonable amount of excessive force should be condoned for a variety of other reasons including the fact that when it is used, we all worry less that criminals are not being properly punished when they get off on technicalities, it helps maintain the law man's "tough guy" image, and it is unnecessary to advise a criminal suspect of his Constitutional rights before thrashing him.

Burdens of Police Brutality

Strange as it may seem, police brutality does have some drawbacks which include:

1) *Expensive lawsuits*- Sometimes the subjects of alleged police brutality sue the department and this can be expensive if the jury is unsympathetic to efficient law enforcement. Worse still trials often bring out and publicize ugly lies and truths.

2) *Difficulty of subject identification*- Not too many years ago it was easy to distinguish between good candidates for police brutality and poor ones. Poor candidates were clean shaven, wore suits, drove expensive cars, and had political connections. Good candidates were unshaven, wore jeans, drove old cars without mufflers, and were often of a certain ethnic persuasion. Now an officer singling out a suspect for a rousing just may end up working over his off duty bretheren.

3) *Intermural jealousy*- Police brutality unfortunately fosters jealousy on the part of others working within the criminal justice system. District attorneys, defense attorneys and especially judges are absolutely livid when they learn that police officers routinely engage in the reasonable use of excessive force. It seems absolutely unfair to them that they cannot practice their own skills at the scene of an "incident" as it is referred to, and so they have devised their own form of psychic brutality in the context of our modern day criminal trials.

This requires a bit of background. In olden times, when there were no judges or attorneys, guilt and innocence of wrong doing was determined by a process called "trial by ordeal". Accused and victim simply undertook some dangerous feat such as walking across a bed of hot coals. Burnt feet or a refusal to participate determined the veracity of the adversaries. Because this was an irrational approach to truth, new, scientific and verbally oriented techniques were conceived. These worked fine at first, but then "exaggeration" was discovered. Even after this the system still functioned, but then "distortion" came into its own followed by "lying" and finally "lying through the teeth". Soon it became necessary to have judges and juries determine which fabrications sounded best with attorneys on both sides as persuaders. Eventually the judges and attorneys took over the proceedings and invented a language that no one else could understand. Naturally they all became quite jealous when law enforcers proceeded to determine who deserved punishment outside the confines of a Courtroom. After all, cops and criminals understand each other quite well outside a Courtroom using such utterances as "mother fucker", "I'm going to beat the shit out of you", and "Get lost, copper" perhaps with some accompanying gestures. Maybe the public would come to believe the formality of the Court unnecessary, the judges merely voluble appendages.

In order to discourage this kind of thinking the Legal Fraternity has devised additional games, rules and rituals with respect to alleged police brutality incidents which are unfathomable to anyone but themselves, and additionally subject the accused, law enforcers, victims, and witnesses to a form of mental torture not un-

like an unanesthetized lobotomization.

The Policemen's S & M Ball

Even though police brutality is a controversial subject, there are those who nevertheless support it, but unfortunately law enforcement officials have failed to exploit this resource to full advantage. One of the customary ways for police to cash in on their popularity, is to throw policemen's balls with food, fun, drink, prizes, entertainment and celebrities.

To attract the pro police brutality crowd, which is a sizeable and often affluent segment of any community, a gala policemen's S & M Ball would be the perfect event. Tickets would be very easy to sell provided the right sales techniques are used. The first step one would take is to prohibit patrolmen often involved in police brutality incidents from selling tickets. They will invariably attempt to use the hard sell approach which is to threaten to beat someone over the head or to arrest him if he does not buy a ticket. This is obviously a poor sales technique. Soft sales methods are far better such as by including in the fine print of a traffic citation an agreement to buy a half dozen Police S & M Ball tickets payable by adding their cost on to the amount of bail. Another good technique is to have ticket sellers handy at Police Officer Association meetings called for the purpose of determining political endorsements. Political candidates and their aides must have very large families, because they typically buy huge amounts of tickets at such events.

Gala events of this nature also need a theme suggestive of their purposes. Here are a few examples taken from Police S & M Balls from around the country:

"If you can't join them, beat them"

"No backtalk, no backhand"

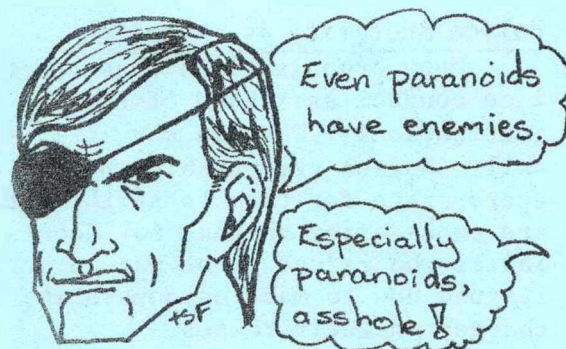
"Two is company, three is a riot"

"Blood is beautiful"

Celebrities in most modern urban communities are not likely to be a problem. The stars, script writers or directors of just about any TV or movie western, private eye or police show are appropriate personages for the occasion.

Some members of the department would themselves be good celebrities. For example the S & M Ball might want to honor a "Wife Beaters Brigade". These officers take their police brutality work so seriously that they are not content to merely go home after work and watch TV or collect stamps. They feel it necessary to keep in constant training, and it is a blessing to the Department that their spouses so willingly oblige.

Finally, entertainment should be unique and exciting. Motorcycle formations are one of the most traditional forms of police entertainment, and it seems they would also be a good bet for an S & M Ball with appropriate embellishments. The way this might be handled is to equip the riding officers with whips and chains. The officers could then ride their motorcycles in "S" or crossing "X" formations whipping volunteering pedestrians in sequence and chaining them to appropriate ballroom furnishings such as chandeliers. Volunteers for an event of this nature would be easy to come by and offer the "bondage community" in any large American city an excellent opportunity to make a meaningful contribution to law enforcement.



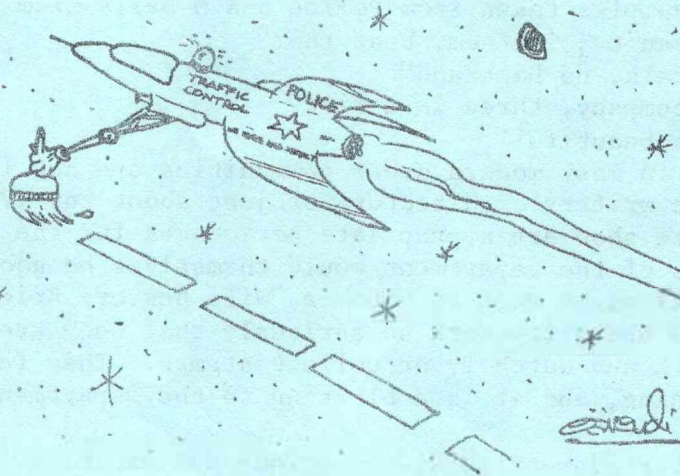
Police Brutality As "Modeling"

Many organizations whose participants or practitioners wear uniforms view police conduct as a kind of testing ground for possible new procedures in their own institutions. That is why it is so important for police brutality work to be done well. Nurses are watching police departments closely to determine if it would be appropriate for them to strike patients who miss their bed pans. Scouting officials are considering whether Boy Scouts should learn to apply chokeholds on little old ladies who refuse to be walked across the street. Mail carriers have already learned how to mace uncooperative dogs and persons who will not pay postage due charges on their routes.

There's No Resource Like Excessive Force

This chapter has pointed out that police brutality is a many sided issue which will probably be debated for years to come. Whichever side one is on, it must be admitted that police brutality cannot be easily replaced. It is simply not possible to beat the daylights out of unarmed people or break the arms of suspects without using excessive force. Thus as a society we had better do our best to learn to live with it, - or else!

---Richard Weinstock



ODE TO THE HOLY REAGAN EMPIRE
by Stephen Dedman

Old Man Reagan,
That old man Reagan,
He must say somethin'
But don't know nothing'
He just keeps rulin',
He keeps on rulin'
All wrong.

He don't plant cotton,
He just plants soldiers.
They're soon forgotten,
And feed the vultures,
And old man Reagan,
He just keeps rulin'
All Wrong.

You and me,
We vote in vain,
Hoping for a Prsident
With a brain.
"Trees pollute!"
"Nuke the Reds!"
"There's murder in our clinics,
And queers in our beds."

Now I gets weary,
'cause folks aren't learnin'
When our bombs fall well,
We'll all be burnin'!
But Old Man Reagan,
He keeps on rulin'
All wrong!



I write from the center of the battlefield in San Juan where "The Game Players of Puerto Rico" (c. Ted White 1984) are locked in mortal struggle with The Game Players of Falls Church over issues of stupefying significance to the cosmic minded. At stake is the "credibility" of Richard Bergeron ("one of the best and most important fans of this and several other eras" --Ted White) and Avedon ("dominoes is a fucking *boring* spectator sport") Carol -- the US Taff administrator whose conduct of her office has led Bergeron to conclude in Wiz #11 that "She should resign".

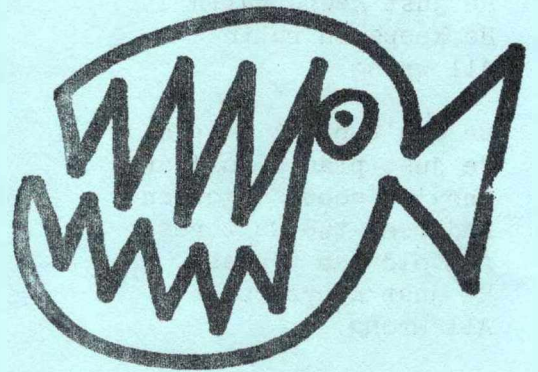
And so on.

And so on for five pages of an article which would have discussed in tedious detail the initial fallout from the distribution of Wiz #11. Wiz #11, a fanzine I published for 100 or so people, contained an article titled "The Domino Theory", which was an elaboration of my contention that Avedon Carol's aversion to dominoes was really a blind joke which she repeated from the beginning of the Taff campaign to the punchline of her announcement of the Taff voting results. The point (I surmise) of this joke was that one of the candidates in the race had boring preoccupations and thus would make an unsuitable Taff delegate. The candidate she was referring to was D. West. Dominoes is, apparently, D. West's second favorite indoor sport. Why, I have no idea. I understand he makes a fortune at it. Avedon never made clear what spectator sport Rob Hansen, the other highly regarded British fan also standing in this race, specialized in, but she made perfectly clear that she enjoyed it. Whatever it was.

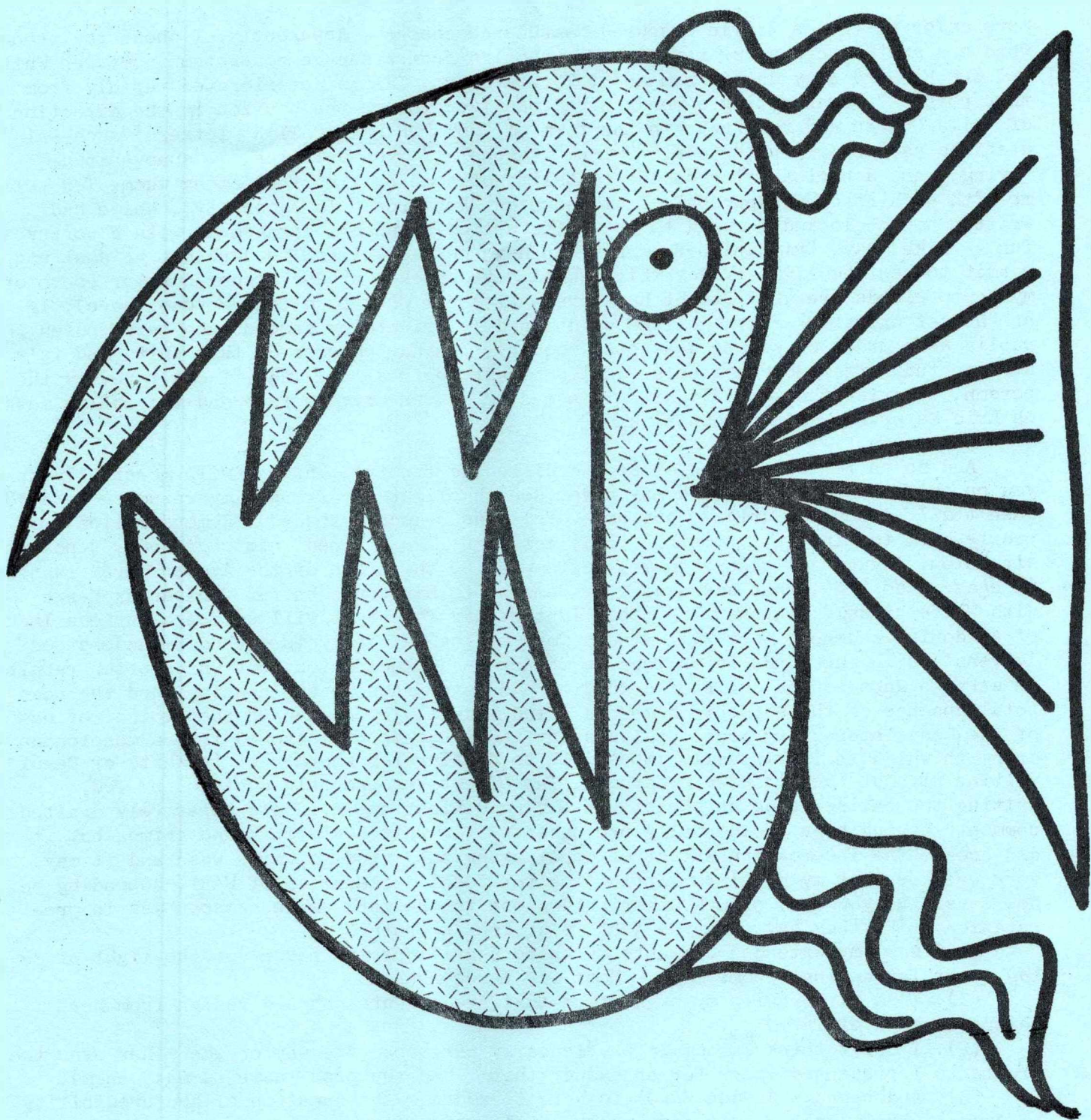
The initial fallout from "The Domino Theory" has been, quite simply, astounding. Within a matter of days I was the recipient of several letters and cards which, with various degrees of grace depending on the, er, good taste of the writer, made quite clear that I must be mad. The discovery seemed to have come as something of a shock. Odd. A glance at my silk screen cover on HTT #19 should have been sufficient for a diagnosis of schizophrenia by itself. On the evidence, however, fans are at a loss to interpret psychological aberration from artwork, but, rather, specialize in literary clues. *Especially*, if they disagree with the conclusions being advanced. Those who agreed with my conclusions didn't seem to think I was so nuts; which must be an indicator of their insanity as well. The ad hominem attack (on so vicious a level) is the first recourse of the morally and intellectually bankrupt. Two seconds consideration must lead any intelligent person to wonder at the purpose of such a reply. Yes. OK, I'm crazy. Now that we've got that quibble out of the way, we can return to the question at issue, which is whether or not Avedon Carol "Cooked the Taff results" for Rob Hansen. If anyone thinks they're going to get off the hook by checking me into an asylum, they'd best consult their psychiatrist.

Avedon Carol's first response to "The Domino Theory" was to place a phone call to Ted White and a sudden realization that collating fanzines was the secret ingredient

FANEDOM



A COLUMN BY
richard
bergeron



missing for far too long from her social life -- she had previously expressed great revulsion for the art of collating. This sudden passion gave birth to egoscan #8, a White paper only surpassed in wealth of detail by the minutia of the publishing history of Amazing Stories, which Ted lavished on the readers of HTT last issue. Not as interesting, though. Prior to the materialization of egoscan #8, I was favored with an exasperated note from Mr. White advising me that Avedon had left her copy of Wiz #11 with him and that he was preparing a commentary on it. I replied with gentle twitting, which, after consulting a thesaurus, chanced to include the word "mouthpiece" rather than the

more colorful (but a trifle obscure) "ambulance chaser". Apparently, I chose the wrong word and grated across raw nerves left unhealed from a savage contretemps between White and one Richard Eney dated from about 75 years ago. Things deteriorated rapidly from that point. I began noting a mordant radioactive glow on the horizon in the direction of Falls Church and received (in the form of "NOT FOR PUBLICATION" letters) such salutations as "prime jerk," "cur," "wimp," "asshole," "you are sick,"* "sunovabitch," "lying," and a curious slur on the mentality of some British fans among whom, Ted tells me with no hint of disapproval, I am known as "Buggeron." In egoscan #7, White had written how he looked forward to the "pleasure of an honest engagement with a worthy fan -- like, say, "Richard Bergeron", but here he was writing me verbiage he daft not permit to see the light of day which would have shocked a 42nd Street hustler (some of my best friends are 42nd Street hustlers -- I don't want to offend anyone, here). If an "honest exchange" means getting sandbagged in private by someone who later poses in public as a model of sedate dialectic inquiry, I'm having none of that shit. And it's strange that after 30 years he's finally caught me in a lie! Ted ("I don't review the person, I review the work.") White is a master of the private face and the public mask. As Eric Mayer has good reason to know.

And so on.

And so on for five pages of sedate dialectic inquiry, which I will mercifully spare you on this occasion and which may never see the light of day. No, my response to e #8 wasn't *all* ad hominem drivel, but some of it was reductio absurdum demonstration and people seem to find it impossible to detect when I've slipped into *that* mode. A no-win situation. Anyway, it occurs to me, contemplating the prose of the Avedon Carol 'quoted' in egoscan #8 & #9, that addressing my remarks to her won't be far from an exchange with White himself. Anyone with the slightest ear for style will detect a curious lack of Avedonish cadence, they will miss a form of logical analysis marked by understood 'givens' which she finds so obvious as to not need elucidation, but which often result in strange gaps in the chain of deduction and later require explanation, and the near total absence of the sardonic humorous blind insult. In egoscan #8 the 'voice' of one of the most interesting prose stylists in fandom has been flattened into a monotonous drone in which it is virtually impossible to distinguish whether it is White or Carol writing without the aid of a programme. The effect was probably achieved by Ted writing the entire issue on stencil in a single night and Avedon's separately drafted comments having been accidentally processed by the White Osterizer. No crime, but it did create the interesting effect of Carol being subjected to White wash and it may very well be that my harmless little jibe (or total declaration of WAR!, depending on how sensitive you are) struck uneeringly close to the mark while egoscan was in preparation. Like they say, "Many a jest is spoken in truth."

As I say, my extended comments on White's critique may never see the light of day. May never for having become moot. Moot for three reasons.

(1). I am withdrawing my suggestion that Avedon Carol should resign from her administration of Taff.

(2). I don't think fandom is particularly perturbed one way or the other over the arguments I presented (save for annoyance that I had the poor taste to make them).

(3). And because Avedon Carol is here to address the question of the credibility of Avedon Carol. That should completely settle the matter.

I arrive at the conclusions advanced in (1) and (2) because it has suddenly dawned on me that I'm grappling with issues of transcendent moral significance which doesn't even exist (Yes, it's the non-existent significance I'm grappling with).

"Church Harris said it all and you ignored him!" Ted White wrote to me after receiving Wiz #11. Ted was referring to a letter by Harris in that issue. D. West's US Taff nominators (the Nielsen Haydens and Tom Weber) called that letter "a masterpiece", though they must have found it a slightly flawed "masterpiece" since it accused them of supporting a fan who "despises the largest part of fandom." (I'll concede that

*To my knowledge, White has called *five* people "sick" since April, 1984. It's getting to the point where I'll be forced to remove this recommendation from my resume if he intends to continue being so promiscuous with its use.

such non-existent moral dilemmas seem to concern only the occasional "fugghead" like myself.) Most of the controversy in this debate over the propriety of Avedon Carol's conduct of her administration of Taff has foundered on the failure of either side to say *what* conduct is proper in a Taff administrator. Her most fervent supporters contend that she did nothing wrong ("She has been an exemplary Taff administrator."). I contend that she prepared West for defeat in support of Hansen *and* argued against my vote for West on wholly improper grounds. After several exchanges, it seems the most appropriate (and shortest) rejoinder for her defenders to have made would have been, "So what?" I'd have been left with nothing to say except, "Thank you. See you in the 2010 race, but don't wait if I'm a decade or two late."

I almost *didn't* quote Harris' remarks on Wiz #10. I thought they were too off the wall! Chuch wrote questioning my accusation of Avedon's lack of impartiality: "Where did you get such a daft fuggheaded requirement? There is no such thing as an impartial fan, and no such concept was envisaged by the Taff founders. ... She was *elected* as the last Taff winner and consequently as the current vote counter. It's a democratic process. If you don't like it, go screw. If she so happens to be vote counting between multiple orgasms it's no bloody business of mine or yours and good luck to her, and I wish I was too." I responded to this with some pious cracks about "sense of fairness" hyperbole hyperbole hyperbole and quoted Dave Langford who, while Taff administrator trying to persuade somebody (*anybody!*) to stand for Taff *wouldn't* suggest anyone because, "I'm supposed to be impartial here, remember?" I asked where *he* had got such a daft idea. Harris (a Taff founder) took up my challenge in a letter intended for Wiz #12, but which I will quote here:

I can tell you right now that when he said, "I'm supposed to be impartial here, remember?" he didn't "get such a daft idea" from anywhere. It sprang entire and perfect from his Fine Mind, just like that, Plop! straight through the typer onto paper.

And if not, where the fuck do *you* think he got it from? Are you postulating some arcane wisdom of the Ancients...some Secret Lore handed down from Taff administrator to Taff administrator throughout the ages? If you go on that road, Rude Bitch will *really* fuck you up. People will think you are some sort of closet Rosicrucian and then Christ have mercy on you, we will all spit and cross ourselves whenever your name is mentioned.

Not that it ever will be, of course.

Son, forget Dave and any other Johnny-come-lately. You have here The Fountainhead; the source of all Taff wisdom. I (he said modestly) invented it. Sure, there were a dozen other idiots involved but they're dead or dozing while I still have yards and yards left on my typer ribbon. I, Charles Randolph Hope & Glory Harris, tell you right now that we don't want your steenkin impartiality. We wanted Participation and Involvement; anything that will interest the mass of fandom and get them to fill in a voting form. I tell you right now I APPLAUD all of Avedon's efforts to pull the votes in for Rob and whip up interest in his favour. He's lucky to have a girl friend like that. ... All the vote-counter does -- and PLEASE read this bit carefully -- is COUNT VOTES HONESTLY.

Well, shatter those dusty tablets of clay I've got cluttering up the basement! Chuch, Moses baby, that old crap about bearing false witness keeps getting stuck in my throat and when I gag it up I'm left with wondering how an administrator who destroys her credibility with rank steenkin impartiality (of the sort which presents a negative picture of one of the candidates) is going to protect the sanctity of the ballot box -- not that I think it was necessary for Avedon to do anything more than simply shut up to save US fandom from D. West. Anyway, I appreciate the Authoritative explanation of how Taff works. But tell me, if the administrators were intended to be active participants in the race and proselitizers on behalf of one candidate how are you going to prevent all fandom from being plunged into war when equally popular candidates are in the running? Or am I about to be told that such wars were foreseen and welcomed in the name of Involvement (*and* International Good Will)? It do get bizzare. Or perhaps Taff administrators have always helped select their successors and it's only beblinkered paper fans like myself who don't have contact with the fannish 'real-

ity' who have failed to notice? Entirely possible. Here's Marty Cantor on this very subject:

I was recently talking with Bruce Pelz about the topic of impartial fan fund administrators and he says that many of them have shown bias. I know that I will attempt impartiality as Duff administrator if I win in '85 (and I believe that Robbie, as my co-administrator, will also attempt impartiality); however, we are not saints and I expect that we would be noisily squawking if some of fandom's noted fuggheads and nogoodniks were running in the races we were administering. But I will not buy future trouble here; given a continuation of the calibre of recent Duff winners I expect no problem remaining neutral in the races I would administer. Basically, to head off imputations of whatever, I will insist on strict adherence to *all* regulations.

And thus the *perception* of the administrator concerning the candidates may color the voter's perceptions of the candidates. If Big Daddy (or Big Mama) feels that the voters need to be protected from themselves because they can't make an intelligent selection among the offerings, the administrator is always there to see that Things Get Done Right. The juntas of various Latin American banana republics subscribe to a similar philosophy, but as Generalissimo Harris (who has just been demoted from the celestial heights) tells us, this is a deemocratic steenking process and if you don't like eet you can go screw. (This is not to say that I have anything against Harris, Cantor, or banana republics. *All* have several merits.) Eric Mayer contributes these thoughts to what seems to be turning into a round table discussion:

Why is it essential for the Taff administrator to remain neutral? Even an outsider like myself can think of plenty of reasons. The administrator, having been sent overseas, being the focus of attention, besides, is in the prime position to meet half the fans who will likely, as they just did, vote in the Taff race. In a position to meet, and influence, people who thought highly enough of him or her to give them a Taff trip. The administrator is in a prime position to influence the *other* half of the electorate by providing them with his or her impressions of people met during the trip. If Avedon, for instance, says D. West is thus and so how many prospective Taff voters have the plane fair to check it out? (I see I mistyped "fare" -- perhaps a Freudian reference to the fact that it isn't "fair" for the administrator to be biased, or rather to show bias.) Obviously, the Taff winner is in a better position than anyone to influence the next election and if that were allowed Taff would become, not an honor, something awarded by Fandom at large for worthy contributions to all Fandom, but a toy to be handed around a small circle of friends.

"A toy to be handed around a small circle of friends." An interesting thought. Clearly the Taff administrator is in a unique position to influence the results of the race...and as the only local fan likely to have met them will be looked to for an impression of what the candidates are like. If the administrator is actively working to increase the chances of one candidate by focusing fandom's attention on the administrator's negative perception of another candidate then the race becomes a farce. A candidate would then have to campaign against the current embodiment of the institution itself -- in other words, run against the administrator of the election s/he is trying to win. This situation, if it obtains, is something every candidate should be aware of. Or *are* they already? Am I the only one who Doesn't Know? Dave Locke, addressing the controversy which has arisen over my criticism of the Carol administration, adds:

Hear, hear, I say, hear hear on your riff about Avedon Carol. To my mind you've had the last word, and all that follows from now on is just noise unless it addresses a rising tide of awareness about the ethics of travel fund administration.

The ethics of travel fund administration. A well-turned phrase, the consideration of which should fill the letter column of Holier Than Thou for a few issues and, in passing, enlighten much of fandom. But for now, I want to consider the ethics of the current US administrator...ethics which led me to conclude that she had abused her office (a question others disagree on) and my suggestion that she should resign (a suggestion withdrawn in the face of the possibility that my expectation of the way fan funds should be

run may have little to do with the reality).

"The Domino Theory" was an exercise in yellow journalism, an expose, written from a viewpoint of disillusionment, disgust, and fury and, perhaps, as (Dave Langford seems to think) "a parody of a denunciation in Pravda," which wanders through variations on deadpan reductio absurdism and good old revivalist pulpit pounding with little or no sense of humor unless you find comedy *noir* amusing. "The Domino Theory" concludes with a deadly litany of charges such as might have been brought against Captain Queeg on the good old Caine: among the bill of particulars one finds the accusations that Avedon Carol selectively divulged results of the voting as the campaign was in progress, that she conducted the election in bias for Rob Hansen and in opposition to D. West, and questioned the participation of myself in Taff on the basis that I would not be meeting the candidate. Avedon Carol has denied these charges. In a letter to Cesar Ignacio Ramos, Avedon states, "Bergeron is wrong in every dimension."

Avedon Carol draws the issue at credibility. Fandom, I believe, will draw it at ethics. The fall-out from this discussion can only improve fandom's view of the way its travel funds are administered and *how* they should be administered. I will counter Avedon Carol on the issue of credibility. Fandom will decide who is telling the truth.

In egoscan #9, Avedon Carol is quoted to the effect that on her Taff trip in March, 1983, she attempted to interview D. West (while he was playing dominoes) on his sex life, so she would have something to report to US fans. She adds, "Of course, a lot of /US fans/ really *did* seem to expect him to be not very nice, so I did have to emphasize that he was really a nice guy. This is the truth. Don West is really a sweet, shy guy who also happens to be (as no one should have to be told) one hell of a brilliantly witty, pyrotechnical writer when he wants to be. His writing we have all seen for ourselves. Anyone who wants to believe he's a terrible person has their own problems." *Where*, during the *campaign*, did she "emphasize" that D. West was "really a nice guy?" Not in print, surely, and it's only now that the issue is safely moot that the "truth" can be permitted to surface in print. Or is it the "truth?" The published evidence is that Avedon Carol went to considerable more lengths to "emphasize" that West's preoccupations were "boring" with her famous "joke" that "dominoes is a boring spectator sport". She has never explained the *point* of that "joke". *That* we will see later. In egoscan #8, however, Avedon presents this picture: "D. West is a fine writer and he deserved to be voted for on that basis, among others. ... To me it was Rob Hansen, Jophan himself -- and I'm not the only person who sees him this way either -- versus Anti-fan, or at least anti-American Fan, and if West wanted to run his non-campaign that way, that was his business..." This, I submit, is far closer to the "truth" Avedon was presenting *during the campaign*. Or does she perceive the antithesis of Jophan to be a "nice guy?" "Anti-fan" is hardly a synonym for "nice guy".

(If she knew the "truth" about the Anti-fan image, why did she wait to explode the "myth" until after the election and chose instead to emphasize (though she claims otherwise) his "boring" preoccupations? Because, of course, she chose to stack the perception of US fandom in favor of Hansen rather than making clear that US fandom would find the ogre West a "nice guy.") Avedon Carol's credibility is undermined in the short space of time between egoscan 8 & 9 -- perhaps less than 48 hours, since both these issues were produced together and collated in a frenzy which must have bordered on panic. I think Avedon should fire her counselor. Of course, Avedon herself does a much better job of destroying her own credibility than all The King's Men -- whose efforts to reassemble the shell are somewhat hamstrung by her own words. I note in Epsilon #16 that D. West waxes a bit testy over the efforts of Terry Hill to (according to West) falsely depict him as "anti-social." "The extent to which he's substituting spite for knowledge is evident in his attempts to characterize me as a totally anti-social recluse who would never speak to anyone," writes D. While one could argue that Avedon Carol was under no moral obligation to foil West's Kamikaze Campaign by revealing the truth about him, especially when she had other eggs to fry, some Taff voters *might* have felt that since they had given her a free trip over there she should have felt a certain duty to communicate knowledge instead of spite. *Maybe* she was going around saying West was a nice guy, but dull. You couldn't prove it by me, though.

In fact, a selection of words taken from letters written to me concerning D. West by Avedon's closest friends *during the campaign* would include: "crashing bore," "anti-social," "contemptuous," "hypocritical," "unpleasant," "Dull Fellow," "not communicative," "a refusal to socialize," "meanness of spirit," "boring," boring," "boring." Not *one* of the people who wrote these things (and some of them are D. West supporters merely repeating what they'd been told) "emphasized" that the Taff administrator had told them that West was a "nice" person. Not one. "Anyone who wants to believe he's a terrible person has their own problems," writes Avedon Carol now.

When I voted in the Taff election, Avedon Carol accepted a contract of confidentiality with me. The Taff ballot states that "Details of voting will be kept secret." The Taff administrator wrote to me questioning my vote, discussed the trends in the voting, and placed part of her letter under a DNQ. I did not accept that DNQ, but in "The Domino Theory" I reluctantly honored it. I do not have a contract of confidentiality with anything Avedon Carol wrote to me. *She* has a contract of confidentiality with *me* and with *every* Taff voter. In writing to me under a DNQ she was, in effect asking me to honor her indiscretion...though one could assume she did not expect me to honor that DNQ any more than she was honoring her pledge to the Taff electorate. A DNQ is imposed, not solicited, and in the face of her calling my credibility into question, I no longer feel any need to honor that DNQ. Let's get *real* and let Avedon Carol speak for herself for a change. She is most eloquent:

On 24 February 1984, Avedon Carol wrote a letter from which I quote *only* the material relating to her attitude on the Taff race:

It's disheartening to see the slow trickle of ballots coming in, and even more so to see the number of people who seem to be voting for someone they know little about because they assume (and wrongly so) that because he is an interesting and acerbic writer, he must be as interesting in person -- too bad I didn't get my whole fucking Taff report out last summer when I'd originally planned to (and would have, too, if I hadn't been stupid enough to fall in love) so I could already have clued the world in on the fact that dominoes is a fucking *boring* spectator sport. You fell for it too, dammit. And in addition to that, there is an obvious anti-Ted White vote, people who will vote for anyone Ted's feuding with, obviously -- I mean, they even tell me so -- and so on. And it seems a fucking shame that a candidate who has spent years putting out zines and doing art and maintaining a good, positive relationship with fandom might lose the race just because his opponent has managed to insult the right people at the right time. Sure, the piece in Tappen was brilliant, but it's just *one* piece.

The foregoing is *all* DNQ, of course, and I only speak this far out of school to you because you've already voted and you don't hang out with a lot of people you're likely to forget yourself and spill the beans to -- but why in God's name did you vote for West, when you know damn well he doesn't even really want to meet anyone in the US, and you wouldn't meet him anyway? You really think his slings and arrows deserve such reward? (Of course, if I was more selfish, and less concerned with who deserves to win, I'd be fervently hoping for a West victory so I could be sure Hansen doesn't end up in LA -- where I'm not likely to be -- and meet lots of American Girls he likes better than me and therefore make me insanely jealous -- but Rob deserves to win, dammit.)

I didn't think overly much about these remarks at the time. In context they represent about 20% of a much longer missive which is concerned with the private life of Avedon Carol, so I replied to it amicably enough and on the whole ignored it as somewhat indiscrete, but not terribly shocking coming from someone who I'd already concluded probably had the largest mouth in fandom. And, of course, I couldn't have been expected to consider it as part of an on-going process, since I hadn't paid too much attention to her earlier remarks in Ansible, didn't know about a certain room party at Lunacon, tend to ignore fannish political games playing as a matter of course (and always have) and was either getting ready to leave or had recently arrived from a business trip to New York. Jackie Causgrove, it seems, has seen a copy of the letter I sent Avedon in reply and correctly comments that "Bergeron/ seemd to be clearly

distancing himself from the emotional/personal content" of Avedon's letter. I "failed to detect it as part of a larger pattern, : as I wrote in "The Domino Theory," until *something* about that punch-line to her announcement of the Taff voting results at the end of The Amnesia Report cast the whole thing in a far different light. If Taff voting results could be considered the stuff of casual DNQ gossip by the Taff administrator, what, the question arises, of the Pong Poll ballots and other presumably private tabulated information? Is all this just common gossip among the intimates of people who run such polls and administer funds like Taff? Clearly Avedon assumes this sort of thing is OK among people you assume you can trust, though she knows that she was "talking out of school" and doing something wrong. *Where* did she get such an idea? From common practice? The implications are *not* reassuring. *Who else* did she alert to the voting trends? And why?

When Avedon's letter is fitted into the context of "The Domino Theory," all defenses of her credibility collapse. "Bergeron is wrong in every dimension." Really? Avedon's letter was the missing key to "The Domino Theory." My failure to quote it left a curious weakness in the center of my argument. I anticipated a strong defense on her behalf, but what I didn't expect was so many aspects of that defense would directly contradict her. In retrospect, I see that it was more effective to wait until this point and allow Avedon's tendency to rewrite history a full and unhindered opportunity to flower. Without access to this letter (I correctly assumed she didn't have a copy), her defense has turned into a confession of the quality of her character as in endless ways she tries to extricate herself from confrontation with her letter. Do not avert your gaze.

Rich brown has informed me (as did Eric Mayer) that Avedon told him that the implication of irrelevancy ("you wouldn't be meeting him anyway") in her questioning of my vote for West was only the result of her "passing on an opinion she had heard expressed, which she *clearly labeled as such*." She did *not* "clearly" label that statement as anyone else's opinion *nor* did she say she was passing on something she had heard from someone else. I would assume by now she has made this statement to numerous other people, since I deliberately failed to contradict rich brown on this point.

A *close* friend of Avedon's (who took high umbrage at my suggestion that Avedon might not be telling him the truth and he wouldn't be able to detect that fact) wrote to me to say she had told him that a room party at Lunacon was the "*only*" (her emphasis, I presume) time she had made known her preference for Hansen outside a small circle of friends. I'll credit that she probably wasn't announcing her preference *all* over fandom, but she certainly told me. How many others she told is open to question. That word "*only*" is simply not true. In any event, her attempt to influence the election took a more negative form.

In egoscan #9, she is quoted: "Anyone who wants to believe West is a terrible person has their own problems," but in her letter of 24 February we read, "You really think West's slings and arrows deserve such reward?" and that West "has managed to insult the right people at the right time." How much closer *this is* to the "truth" of her perception of West as the "Anti-fan" as revealed in egoscan #8.

In egoscan #8, she is quoted: "D. West is a fine writer and he deserved to be voted for on that basis," but in her letter we read that people are "voting for someone they know little about because they assume (and wrongly so) that because he is an interesting and acerbic writer, he must be as interesting in person. ... You fell for it, too, dammit. ... Sure, the piece in Tappen West's "Performance" was brilliant, but it's just *one* piece. ... You really think his slings and arrows deserve such reward?"

Avedon Carol says that her questioning of my vote was merely curiosity. Yes, perhaps the *part* of her question I quoted in "The Domino Theory" could be excused as curiosity, but the part I *neglected* to quote, "You really think his slings and arrows deserve such reward?" is...argument. She presents her case against West *and* my vote.

In egoscan #8, she is quoted: "What alarmed me about the people voting for D. West was not the number, but the reasons they were giving," but in her letter we read, "It's disheartening to see the slow trickle of ballots coming in, and even more so to see the number of people who seem to be voting for someone they know little about because they assume..."

In egoscan #8, she is quoted: "While I am aware that some people have voiced the opinion that someone who won't be meeting the candidate shouldn't really have much say in the matter, I think this is silly," but in her letter says, "why in God's name did you vote for West...you wouldn't meet him anyway."

In egoscan #8, she is quoted: "Written fanac has always been of great importance to Taff voters, and as fanzine fans I can't even imagine why we would make such an exception," but in her letter complains about people "voting for someone they know little about because they assume (and wrongly so) that because he is an interesting and acerbic writer, he must be as interesting in person. ... You really think West's slings and arrows deserve such reward?"

In egoscan #8, she is quoted: "I'm well aware that the /trip/ report, as well as whether it is felt the candidate deserves the honor, among many other things, all play a part /in reasons for voting for a candidate/, and *I have never argued with these reasons*," but in her letter says, "Sure, the piece in Tappen was brilliant, but it's just one piece" and "You really think his slings and arrows deserve such reward?"

Avedon says her line, "dominoes is boring spectator sport," was a joke. In her letter the point of the joke is revealed. There she renders the line, "dominoes is a fucking boring spectator sport," and sees it as her mission in life to make that clear to fandom...even to the extent of using her Taff report to that end.

"This is the truth," Avedon Carol, egoscan #9, 17 August 1984.

Avedon Carol speaks with forked tongue.

In one of his charming letters referred to in the opening of this piece, Ted White (indulging in what, I suppose, he calls "Macho fansmanship") snarls, "Please keep in mind that I hold liars like you in contempt and regard it as my duty to quash them with the truth whenever the opportunity presents itself." Really? In that case, I look forward to "an honest exchange" between Avedon Carol and her counselor. But, for Ted, an "honest exchange" means talking behind my back all over LACon in "some sort of covert war" ... "sneaky and unanswerable, known only subsequently by the fallout and perhaps untraceable to the source." Macho, indeed! Ted's idea of *honesty* is to write in egoscan #8, "'Ted White's Group Mind", which Avedon insists was not in response to anything by Eric Mayer," while in a letter dated July 2, he wrote, "Avedon wrote that piece about the Ted White Group Mind specifically *for* Eric. Too bad he didn't understand." Guess who White was writing to on July 2? I'm not sure just how much of the White/Carol brand of "honesty" and "truth" the HTT readership can take. After all, we pay public sanitation units to haul this kind of stuff away, so our streets aren't infested by rats. For Ted White, I feel nothing so grand as "contempt." I feel only pity.

And so on.

And so forth. At this point I hardly need repeat my own bill of particulars against Avedon Carol -- not in the face of her own words and her own (or her counselor's) commentary on them. And then there's the possibility that you're all yawning at this totally unremarkable series of revelations, which takes us back to point (1) on page 3 of this column, now that we've passed through point (3). Idunno, though. Tom Weber, Jr., one of D. West's US nominators and, presumably, one of West's guardians of the US polling station, informs me, "I know Avedon Carol, and I like and respect her. So do all of my friends. You have never met her. Let me assure you that you are completely wrong in both your judgment of her character and your accusations regarding Taff" and in Killing Time, Weber and the NHs inform fandom she has been "an exemplary Taff administrator." Could be. But not having met Avedon Carol may give me an advantage. All I have to go on is the evidence of her character she leaves on paper. Lee Hoffman writes commenting on an Eric Mayer article on the perception of fannish personalities in print vs. in person which appeared in Wiz #11.

Eric goes into the difference between knowing a person on paper and knowing that person by encounters in the flesh. Is one more reliable than the other? Face to face, you have the advantage of perceiving not only the words the other offers, but the tone of voice and the body language, and through the feedback of immediate discussion, you may be able to bracket in on ideas. On the other hand, some people wear personae when they appear in public, acting out roles they've assigned or learned for themselves that only reflect a small part of what's inside.

At this point, Avedon's true character remains an enigma to me. What is the "truth" and what is the mask? Unfortunately, fresh evidence is mounting on the negative side of my conclusions. Since Wiz #11, I am informed (and I cite just this one instance because I find it particularly sad) that she is telling people that a fragment of a letter by ATom, which I published in Wiz #11, is *really* part of a much longer letter supportive of Avedon in which ATom informs me that I have lost my mind (here we go again), but which I cut to ribbons and published only the pleasant parts while suppressing the parts where ATom told me I was wrong about Avedon. She is in error. She has not seen that letter. I have. For her to go around giving testimony about the contents of a letter she has not seen strikes me as a bit brazen. I deny editing *anything* negative about me out of the ATom letter which I published in Wiz #11, because there is *nothing* negative about me in that letter -- *or* supportive of Avedon Carol -- regardless of what ATom's sentiments may be aside from what he wrote in this letter. I will be pleased to send anyone who wants to see it a xerox of that letter. Avedon Carol tells us more about her character than Tom Weber does.

::

I have withdrawn my request that Avedon Carol resign her administration of Taff.

However, I must conclude that sufficient evidence has been revealed on both the cover-up phase of my investigation and her activities during the campaign itself on which articles of impeachment could be based.

However, I will not draft those articles of impeachment. I am *not* part of social fandom -- though I consider that Taff *is* part of *my* fandom. It may be that in social fandom all this is strictly business as usual.

However, if I *were* drafting such articles they would be based on three points:

(1) She revealed the trends of the voting (in favor of West) in the early stages of the voting and expressed unhappiness over that voting because people were voting for someone who, though they found him an interesting writer were wrongly assuming that he must be interesting in person as well. "You fell for it too, dammit," she wrote to me. This hardly reads to me like a Taff administrator who was going around saying that West was a sweet shy guy who is "one hell of a brilliantly witty, pyrotechnical writer" who "deserved to be voted for on that basis." In point of fact, she asks, in her letter, whether "his slings and arrows deserve such reward?".

(2) She questioned my participation on the basis that I would not be meeting the candidate and argued against that vote with her rhetorical question, "You think his slings and arrows deserve such reward?" And she further underlined that argument with the flat declaration that, "Rob deserves to win, dammit." Further, she attempted to divert the thrust of her questioning my vote by stating to Rich Brown and Eric Mayer that she had "clearly" ascribed her question to someone else in her letter to me. *Further*, my reading that Avedon considered my participation in Taff irrelevant and intrusive because I wouldn't be meeting West was confirmed to me, in a letter dated 13 July 1984, by Patrick Nielsen Hayden. I have been denied permission to quote this letter, but it served as corroboratory background to the preparation of "The Domino Theory." Patrick's background material appears on pages 6, 7, and 8 of his letter. (The point that I "would not be meeting the candidate" was not raised by either her or Ted White when I supported Avedon Carol in *her* Taff campaign in 1982.)

(3) She announced her intention to make clear with her "fucking Taff report" that "dominoes is a fucking *boring* spectator sport", so as to have "clued the world in on the fact" that West is not "interesting in person."

If fandom considers this "exemplary" conduct on the part of its US Taff administrator then fandom *deserves* its US Taff administrator.

"TRUTH" & "HONESTY," INC. (Falls Church Division):

"The *reason* Eric Mayer was not specifically mentioned /in the Ted White's Group Mind article/ is because Avedon had not read /Eric's/ letter in Paper Fan prior to publishing The Amnesia Report /on May 21, 1984 -- in which the Group Mind piece appeared/. In fact, when Avedon came to our party /on Aug 4, 1984/, one of the things *she*

kept asking was, 'Why does Bergeron /in Wiz #11/ keep saying my article about the Ted White Group Mind is an attack on Eric Mayer? I don't have anything against Eric -- what does *he* have to do with any of this?' Finally, Linda had to pull out a copy of Paper Fan to let Avedon read Eric's letter -- for the first time -- so she could understand why you might have made the connection."

--rich brown in a letter to Bergeron, 22 August 1984.

"Avedon wrote that piece about the Ted White Group Mind specifically *for* Eric. Too bad he didn't understand it."

--Ted White in a letter to *rich brown*, 2 July 1984.

Ted White wrote a 15 page letter to Eric Mayer on April 17, 1984, in which Eric's remarks about Ted White in the Paper Fan letter are completely recapitulated and analyzed in detail. Avedon Carol was *totally* familiar with White's letter (and through it Mayer's letter) *before* the production of The Amnesia Report on May 21, 1984:

"In fact, I *read* my entire 15 page letter *out loud* to Avedon. It is a mark of our friendship that she allowed this."

--Ted White in a letter to Dave Locke, 15 September 1984.

And, yet, it is *Bergeron* who is the "sick liar."

::

"As nearly as I can tell, Bergeron has no awareness of the moral implications of his actions -- and an amazing capacity for ignoring the responses of those he respects most. You saw Chuck Harris' letter in Wiz 11. To Dave Langford he wrote five pages which harped on such things as Avedon's *misspelling* Ron Hansen's name in a letter (as "Hanson"), in which he saw dire evidence of misdeeds on Avedon's part. Langford has expressed complete disgust with Bergeron."

--Ted White in a letter to Dave Locke, 15 September 1984.

White has lost *all* his marbles. (And I'm *not* giving them back!)

(1). Who is "Ron" Hansen?

(2). The *only* person I know who frequently misspells Hansen as "Hanson" is rich brown -- but I've *never* remarked on that fact. In fact, the only person I know who comments on this is Cesar Ignacio Ramos who it seems to amuse enormously whenever he reads a brown letter. I have no idea why.

(3). I have *never* written a five page letter to Dave Langford in my life. Langford and I usually exchange little more than a couple paragraphs in our letters (save for the occasional Wiz column which is not part of our incidental correspondence).

And, yet, it is *Bergeron* who is the "sick liar."

OF ILLNESS

"I know Dick /Bergeron/ retired from advertising some years back for medical reasons and that he's been through quite a lot recently, having watched a friend die of AIDS, but I would be the first to admit that this may be putting two and two together and coming up with five," writes rich brown to Mike Glycer (and Eric Mayer) on 13 September 1984. *Why* then does he do it?

(1). I *didn't* retire from advertising. I switched careers (in 1971) when I discovered that merely by quitting a job I found boring and no longer challenging and picking up my profit sharing I would be making more money over the following three years than if I remained in a job which had become an intellectual and creative dead-end.

(2). I did *not* get out of advertising for medical reasons (how does rich "know" this?). I got out because it made financial sense, because I had better things to do with my time, and to start a wallpaper company.

The wallpaper company went to the top of its field and, in fact, was selected to decorate the White House for Betty Ford in the Christmas season of one of those years in the early 70s. I sold that business a few years later. With part of the proceeds, began a clothing company whose line became world famous in less than three years and was prominently advertised and sold by Saks Fifth Avenue, Nieman Marcus, I. Magnin, among 200-300 of the top stores in the United States. Our private clientele included

Jacqueline Onassis and Diana Ross.

In my spare time, I've become an authority on Picasso and Picasso graphics, American art nouveau glass of the turn of the century, Japanese masterworks in wood of the Kamakura Period, and dabbled around in fandom and produced something called Warhoon 28, which I only worked on when things in mundane got a bit dull.

I sold the clothing company and came to Puerto Rico, where with my fine fannish mind I have been dealing in real estate and showing the local sharks a thing or two about the property values they can't even see under their own noses, worked out the strategy for two legal battles in one of which I mouse-trapped the former Secretary of Justice of Puerto Rico, and served as contractor for the restoration of a 27 room house supervising a crew which did not speak English.

My keepers let me out of my padded cell occasionally to go to the beach.

What, may I ask, has rich brown been up to recently (we'll overlook the past 14 years) -- aside from distributing libels about someone he says he thinks of as a friend?

I think you owe me an apology, rich.

THIS COLUMN'S LETTER COLUMN:

Lee Hoffman wrote to explain her remark on Jerry Falwell and AIDS -- which I expressed mystification about last issue and spent time researching in old HTTs. Seems there's this dithering lunatic going around saying AIDS is the judgement of God on homosexuals! I file Lee's comment under the heading of 'poetic justice'. I always knew there were many things I liked about Lee and her sense of justice is one of them. I count the fact that the voice of crackpots like Falwell have yet to be amplified in Puerto Rico as just another of the blessings of this enchanted island.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson remarked on the same matter: "I catch your meaning about the AIDS 'joke'. There's the *possibility*, though, that you're being over-sensitive. There are Cancer jokes, there are jokes about War; and sometimes the tastelessness of such humor is merely part of an enlightening and coping mechanism that is more constructive than first appears. But it isn't easy to judge the difference between laughing at a horror in order not to feel helpless and depressed, and being truly hateful and derogatory to someone. My lifepartner watched her mother die of cancer of the stomach, slowly, painfully, horrifyingly; you watched a friend die of AIDS. There are bound to be times -- years of time -- when the typical kind of joke, reliant on the pratfall premise, just cannot be personally funny at all. This isn't necessarily insensitivity on others' part; and anyway, the only AIDS jokes I've heard have come from gay men I know or hear. And I'm somewhat sympathetic with Lee Hoffman's idea that if people do have to experience such horrifyingly painful, slow deaths, it would at least be ironic, if not pleasing, that Jerry Falwell was next."

THE MEDICAL DETECTIVE

Speaking of AIDS: as a result of the loss of two close friends to the syndrome, I've found myself becoming something of an omniverous reader on the drive to conquer the disease. I'd like to call the attention of any fans who are interested in developments in the subject to a gay periodical called New York Native. The Native contains the writing of James E. D'Eramo, PhD, who I have met, who synthesizes the latest information into a wide ranging series of columns and reports which illuminate and underline each other. It's fascinating to read a medically oriented mind like D'Eramo devoting his passionate intelligence to the struggle to uncover the riddle of AIDS.

In issue #93, July 2-15, D'Eramo asks Dr. Alvin E. Friedman-Kien (the man who first detected the profile of the disease we know as AIDS) what he "regards as the most significant findings and understandings that we have today on the disease." Friedman-Kien replied:

I think that what we're really still doing at this point is describing the continuing newly appearing manifestations of AIDS and all of its complications which are, in fact, the end stage of what is perhaps a much broader disease than

we initially recognized. What I really mean by that is that in the very beginning we thought that AIDS was either Kaposi's Sarcoma and/or opportunistic infections. It was only several months later that we began to realize that there was a large cohort of young individuals with real lymphadenopathy (swollen glands), fever, vague symptoms of malaise, night sweats, chills and a general sense of not feeling well. These people ultimately turned out to have, perhaps, AIDS-related-complex which in fact may be the true disease. Perhaps these individuals have the disease, overcome it and develop permanent immunity to it. Perhaps only some individuals go on to develop the end stage, terminal, irreversible illness characterized by either one of the tumors like Kaposi's Sarcoma or a lymphoma or the unusual infections of an opportunistic nature such as PCP or Toxoplasmosis. These cases are at the end stage of a spectrum of AIDS which probably varies from a mild sub-clinical disease to terminal illnesses that are irreversible. I think that the most important observation that has been made about AIDS, from a clinical point of view, is that the disease is not just one entity, but a spectrum of a broad variety of clinical manifestations that may be overlooked by the physician and the patient during the acute phase of the illness and the disease may never actually manifest itself in a way to cause a patient to seek attention. ...

The most important thing that has happened, is that the medical community and the world community have become aware of this illness as a major threat to the health of all people, people of all backgrounds. The disease is no longer seen as restricted to only homosexual men or intravenous drug users. For example, in Africa where the disease is more prevalent than we perhaps first realized, AIDS occurs at an incidence as high as 40% among females in Zaire. Gay men were unfortunately the first group that was affected in this country where AIDS was first recognized. In retrospect, the disease probably existed in Africa and perhaps even in Haiti for many years before that. ...

I think there's another issue that warrants scientific exploration. Several years ago when the Belgian Congo became Zaire, the Belgians were removed from that country and there was a great need for school teachers and for other trained people to replace some of the Belgians. The only black, french-speaking group that was available were the Haitians. It is conceivable that the five or six hundred Haitians who were imported to Zaire as schoolteachers may have contracted AIDS and brought it back to Haiti, and that gay people (especially) from New York and San Francisco went to Haiti on vacation and had sexual exposure to Haitian persons who were carrying the AIDS agent. Subsequently due to the sexually active lifestyles which previously had been common to gay men in New York and San Francisco -- with frequent sexual contacts in places like gay bathhouses and other places -- infectious disease could understandably spread more rapidly in sexually active populations. Conceivably all one needed to do was to have three or four sexual contacts in such a setting and the AIDS agent may have spread almost by geometric proportions to other persons.

The interview runs on for about 8 tabloid size columns.

The Native is *not* cock-tease froth for the gay community -- though the current issue contains more photographs of hard ons than I particularly care to look at. The Native is a fascinating mixture of often erudite commentary on the whole range of American culture -- including, I now notice, an occasional mention of one J. Falwell (!). Highly recommended to any intelligent person who isn't so hopelessly heterosexual that they'll be scandalized by the explicit 'personals' columns. The Native is \$1.75 a copy but a check for \$2 and a request for #93 should get you all the information you need to subscribe. (New York Native, 249 West Broadway, New York, NY 10013)

ODDZ ZEN ENDZ

I liked Marty Cantor's observation about my cover on the last issue of HTT -- even though he forgot to mention that the method of reproduction was serigraph and white slave -- well, sun tanned slave; take 350 bows Cesar Ignacio Ramos.

Marty wrote, "in effect, each cover is an original signed print -- a collector's item." Actually, he probably should have written, "each cover is an original signed print with four staple holes in it -- a one-time collector's item." *That* would have given the issue a certain panache no other current fanzine could claim: how many editorial teams can you name who have deliberately set out to mutilate 350 original works of art before mailing them out? HTT -- The Fanzine Containing Trashed Art Treasures: A New Low In Putridity. No one winced but me. ::

Now in preparation: Warhoon #31 and #32. Warhoon is a fanzine I once published with more regularity back in the 1960's. These issues will doubtless be sent to the usual Wiz readers (and trades), but anyone who wants to be sure of getting them should send a check for \$2.50 per (\$10 per to D. West) for a place on the reserved list. My address can be found elsewhere in this issue of HTT. ::

At the end of Wiz #11, I made a chance remark that Holier Than Thou #19 will probably have been "the major fanzine fandom event" of August and September -- the kelm months of summer when temperatures are more suitable to baking ceramic pots and thoughts turn to cooling visions of worldcons and the effort to punch the eject button on the tape deck seems akin to the energy expenditure a 100 page fanzine would require. Less than ten days after committing that thought to print, I am mildly surprised to find I have to revise it. I hope this continues to happen every ten days. Anyway, my comment still holds *save for* the appearance of Len Bailes' Whistlestar, which arrived on the 9th of August. Whistlestar is distinguished by the unpretentious but impressive autobiographical musings of its editor, which wander with a charming low key grace through confessions and deft word play, which capture an amazing and sometimes Dickian gamut of subjective and objective realities. Like Dave Bridges in A Cool Head, Bailes separates himself from the reader by the thickness of a layer of a few atoms of mimeo ink. And he writes like a genius: eg, concluding his seven page editorial, Len asks, "'What is reality, where is life?' I asked myself as the whirring sound of film projectors grew steadily louder. I entered the movie room and beheld Merlin Ambrosius instructing the young Arthur on the duties of a king. Standing in the back, eyes glued to the screen was rich brown, preparing himself to be transformed into a falcon." Also in Whistlestar is a fascinating bit by Dave Rike ("Starting An Innuendo") in which he annotates the fannish references in a few paragraphs he wrote for Pong 33/34 and in the process, I think, illustrates how the resonances of a seemingly simple piece of fanwriting conjure the continuity and gestalt of fandom. By implication, Dave raises the question of how far one can go with this sort of thing. My answer would be, "All the way!" It's this type of writing (containing multiple levels and layers of meaning) which best mirrors the complexity of fandom itself.

--Richard Bergeron

Prostitution is the oldest profession? No way. Religion is the oldest profession. It seems to have arrived on the scene shortly after *Homo Sapiens* himself.Personally, I think religion is the world's oldest con game. Be that as it may there is certainly no scoffing at the fact that it has been one of the most significant forces in the history of mankind and has remade civilisation a number of times. ---Roy Tackett, Notes From Arinam, FAPA 187.

I know how the next International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts could be more interesting and livelier. Simply distribute a few John Thiel fanzines to the scheduled panelists a month or so in advance of the event. They would find in them vast fields of new speculations and discussion themes.

---Harry Warner, Jr., FAPA #188

Why Law School? You could always take up some respectable and useful profession like axe murder. ---Leigh Edmonds, FAPA #188



YESTERDAYS

BY

harry warner jr.

CHAPTER II

During my first years of all-out fanac, fans bobbed up regularly at 311 and 303 Bryan Place, the addresses which I occupied during the late 1930's and early 1940's. My reputation as the Hermit of Hagerstown was inspired by my failure to return visits, rather than by any lack of fans dropping in on me. The pilgrimage to Hagerstown was more apt to occur in those days because at that time, the main north-south and east-west highways came right through this general section of the nation, Routes 11 and 40, came right through Hagerstown's streets.

Some of these early fan visitors were unsatisfactory ones. If it hadn't been for them, I might have started to go travelling to see fans much sooner. As luck would have it, several very fine fans paid me unannounced visits and arrived at a bad time for mundane reasons.

There's no hesitation before I decide which visiting fan left the most vivid memories. It was Claude Degler.

It must have been around 1944 when Claude arrived at the newspaper office where I work and announced his identity to me. Quite a few survivors of Degler visits elsewhere in the nation will think I am lying. But every one of the following statements is true: (1) He introduced himself as Claude Degler, not as Don Rogers or any other pseudonym. (2) Helen Bradleigh wasn't with him. (3) His hands, face, and other visible sectors of his anatomy were clean. (4) He didn't try to borrow money or seek hospitality at my home. And (5) He remained in Hagerstown

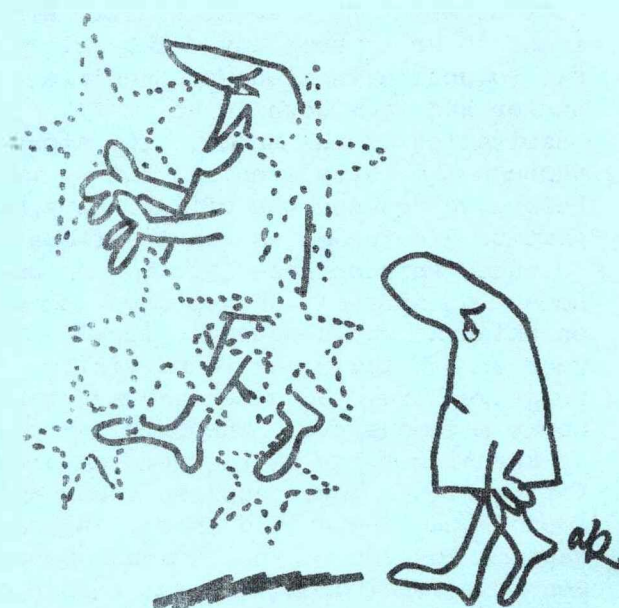
less than 24 hours. I don't know of any other fan whom Claude visited who could make all those statements without breaking ten percent of the Ten Commandments. Maybe I was lucky, or maybe Claude acted that way in some other areas to revenge himself for bullying or teasing.

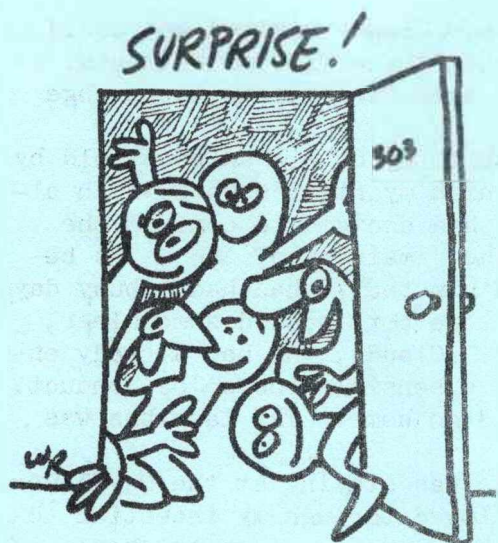
At the office, Claude announced that he had gone to my home, had been told by my parents that there was no telling when I would finish my night's work which always lasted until midnight and sometimes later, so he had decided to come to the office. He then hovered three inches away from me the remainder of the hours before I finished up around 12. At this point, I told him that I had had a busy day, was too tired to talk much more, and I suggested that we both needed some sleep, then we could resume our conversation in the morning. Claude, who had already engaged a room at a tourist home, agreed that this was a sensible course of conduct. I told him I would walk him to his room, then I would go home. The last bus was already gone and I didn't own an auto.

My spirits sagged severely when Claude told me he was staying at the Mayflower. But I didn't want to seem too inhospitable, so I followed through my intention to walk Claude to his quarters. We started toward the Mayflower, a tourist home about halfway between Hagerstown and West Virginia. This was not quite as bad as it sounds, since Hagerstown is only about seven miles from the Potomac River. We had gone about three miles southwest and Claude had been delivering an uninterrupted Cosmic Circle monologue all the way. Suddenly he changed the subject with the cheerful remark that it hadn't seemed this far when he'd come from his room to the newspaper office. I asked him if he was sure it was the Mayflower where he had registered. Claude thought for a moment, then admitted that it might have been the Maryland. The Maryland was a hotel which stood about 300 feet from the newspaper building, in the opposite direction to the Mayflower. It was just about 1 a.m. Southern hospitality had its limits. I pointed Degler's nose back toward town, made sure he was started again in the right direction, and then took a short cut through fields and side streets to my home on the western edge of Hagerstown.

After separate breakfasts, Claude and I resumed the Cosmic Circle discussion, which consisted of his talking and my listening. Part of this occurred in his hotel room, part in a downtown restaurant. For the second time, he permitted a foreign subject to intrude briefly on his principal interest, when he commented that the paintings on the restaurant's walls had a mystic otherworldliness. They had always looked to me like almost photographic depictions of maples and willows. I invented a noon appointment for myself, and Claude left to continue his famed odyssey throughout the nation. For the next six months, I kept running across announcements in Cosmic Circle publications of new offices and duties in that organization I'd acquired as a result of our parleys in Hagerstown. Curiously, although we parted on the best of terms, I never heard directly from Claude again via letter or postal card. He must have suffered an engram from inability to penetrate my home.

The most spectacular early invasion of Bryan Place by fans consisted of six young men from Texas and surrounding area who arrived unpropheesied on their way to a convention in New York. Several big names





of the time were among them, principally Dale Hart, an eager beaver fan at the time of his visit whom I could never reconcile with the world-weary sophisticate he later became, and Walter Sullivan, who was to die not long afterward in the military wervice. I'd never seen a bunch of young men who were so firm against sleeping on beds. They all wanted to sleep on the floor of the front porch. I pointed out that there wasn't room enough to stretch out if they lay at a 90° angle to the direction of the street and that the modest porch was wide enough for only four sleepers parallel with the street. So they asked the lady nextdoor if it would be all right if their feet or heads extended onto her side of the double house's porch. Eventually we coaxed them into the house for the night. One of them insisted on sleeping on the floor, explaining that he never used the bed even in his own home.

Nobody in this group was obnoxious, fortunately. The convention's beginning was so imminent that they left the next morning. But it was only one or two nights later that the phone rang at 3 a.m. Another carload of fans was passing through Hagerstown and needed directions on how to reach my house. My mother in a moment of inspiration said that I wasn't feeling well. This caravan proceeded on its way. A week or two later, Taurasi or Unger announced in his weekly newsletter that I had suffered a "nervouse relapse". For the first time in my life, I was able to enjoy all the messages of sympathy on my unfortunate illness while I was in the best of health.

The most unpleasant visitor I've had from fandom was a fellow Marylander. He had to good grace to inform me in advance by letters that he wanted to pay me a visit. I stalled for a while. Finally one excuse was so flimsy that he showed up early one afternoon. The first thing he did was to inform me that he was no longer employed, because his war experiences had given him the habit of flying into a terrific tantrum over the smallest provocation. Then he dispelled my uncertainty over what he might talk about by launching into a play-by-play description of a story he meant to write some day. This story, he explained, would be a very funny one. It was to deal with misunderstandings that arise when a drunk wanders into a funeral parlor and lies down in an empty coffin. Each episode was on the same level of inspiration as the theme. The story description seemed destined to continue through the early evening, but my work time approached. We walked downtown. Just before we reached the office, he spotted an attractive woman and attempted to substitute her for me as conversational partner. Since she was the wife of one of my friends, this episode left two of us unhappy. My visitor eventually took the bus home. On arrival, he sat down and wrote me an interminable letter about the dates on which he would schedule more of these visits to Hagerstown. I didn't reply. A year or two later, he found visits to Hagerstown a necessity because he had a sick relative here. So he phoned me, taking a new tack. He wanted to write an article about a famous pro. The only way that he could do this properly, he said, consisted of spending a few hours every so often in my attic, going through old fanzines for information. I was cool and noncommittal. On the third or fourth such call, he found himself engulfed in a tidal wave of sudden suspicion. "Say, maybe you don't want me to come to your house," he said. I gave him to understand that this was a sensible conclusion. He has bothered me only once since. On that o-casion, he did

something so nsty that I could have found myself in considerable trouble in fandom, if things had developed differently. I'm still too angry over it to write a coherent description of it.

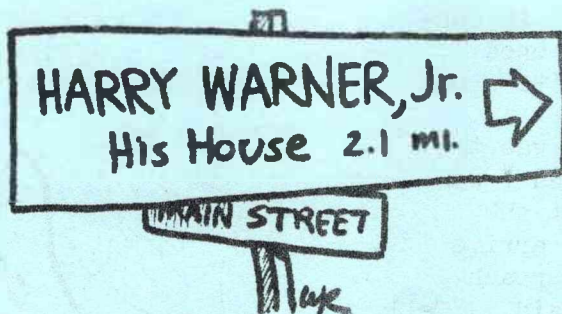
Much more intelligent but another nuisance was the fan who phoned me one Saturday afternoon, just as I was settled down to hear Robin Roberts pitch against the Dodgers. He was already in town and planned to arrive at 303 Bryan Place as soon as I told him how to reach that address. "Take the Salem Avenue bus," I said. "Tell the driver you're paying me a visit. They all know me." "Listen," he replied, "I don't ride buses. I drive everywhere. Now, how do I get there?" This seemed improbable since his home was several thousand miles across an ocean from North America. After this unpromising start, we had a fairly pleasant afternoon, because I was fascinated by my first experience with certain fannish traits which he possessed. For instance, my visitor began to look through a newly arrived FAPA mailing. Then he stopped abruptly and looked at me, struck by a terrible suspicion. Had I read this mailing yet? No, I admitted. He pushed it away hurriedly and apologized profusely because he wouldn't for the world read a fanzine before its owner had read it. I started laughing before I realized that this was a point of honor with him. He explained that something goes out of a fanzine the first time it is read, so it lacks something for the second reader, and he wouldn't abuse my hospitality by ruining a FAPA mailing for me.

Another peculiar visitor came during the first months of my active fanning. One of the first persons to find his way to 311 Bryan Place was a fan who appeared certain to complete a progressing nervous breakdown before getting out of town again. His hands trembled visibly, he could swallow nothing but black coffee, and he didn't seem to want to talk. He just wanted to sit there and tremble. Later I learned that he was like that most of the time.

One pilgrimage to Hagerstown came off badly, because I mistook the wrappings for the contents of the package. Fred Pohl and Jack Gillespie came through via hitchhike one summer evening. They were somewhat the worse for wear in general appearance, because they'd been thumbing it for quite a while. Moreover, Jack looked exactly like the movie stereotype of a juvenile delinquent. It didn't help things when they began their visit with one of those stupid "guess which fans we are" challenges protracted to tedious length. My folks didn't feel it was quite safe to offer overnight hospitality. They left around dusk, and I later learned that they bogged down for endless hours at a point only a half-dozen miles north of Hagerstown, before they managed another ride. It taught me a belated lesson about the folly of making snap judgments of fans from the first hour or so of personal contact. I imagine that word of their reception here got spread around fandom widely enough to cut down on the quantity of fans visiting Hagerstown from then on.

But there were many pleasant, satisfying visits in Hagerstown during those first years of fanac. Jack Speer and Milt Rothman made the trip several times, giving me full realization of how pleasant it could be to talk with fans when compatibility and circumstances were cooperating. Louis Russell Chauvenet bobbed up unannounced one morening, along with a very pretty sister. He charmed my whole family completely, something few fans accomplished, and he awed us with his ketchup consumption capabilities. Lynn Bridges, a lonely soldier at the time, was another fan who proved to be as fine in person as on stationery. Bob Tucker bobbed up at intervals, delighting my young self then as fully as he entrances all fandom at conventions nowadays. Dick Wilson had long lost contact with fandom by the time





he spent an hour at my office, but we had a good talk because he had also become a journalist by that time. I found it hard to believe that the reticent young man who said so little and listened so intently the day a bunch of West Coasters dropped by was that elder statesman, the spectacular No. One fan of his time, Forrest J. Ackerman.

Willis Conover returned to fannish notice, for a beautifully printed book about Lovecraft. When I entered fandom, he was a name to conjure with for publishing beautifully printed fanzines. By the time he got around to visiting Hagerstown, he had gafiated.

But he paid me the visit because he was on his way to a radio announcing job in Cumberland, 75 miles west of Hagerstown, and didn't want to spend the night on the road looking for rides. His visit included one of my most dangerous moments in fandom. Willis was collecting Argosy at that time. I remembered that the local second-hand magazine store had an enormous supply of them. We went downtown, and the proprietor guided us into a shed behind his store, where thousands of old magazines for which there was no demand were stored in ceiling-high piles. There was no electricity in the shed, but the store owner provided a tottery old kerosene lamp, setting it on one of the shakiest stacks of magazines. There was no place to put this lamp where it could be knocked over without starting a fire, because the magazines virtually filled the wooden structure; there was barely room to walk between the stacks. Willis and I both had visions of being trapped in an inferno and maybe burning down the entire business district of Hagerstown. We talked only in whispers, moved with infinite caution, and at least one of us went through quite a few prayers. Willis bought about 200 issues which contained fantasy fiction, for a nickel each if I remember correctly, and arranged for them to be shipped to his home on Maryland's Eastern Shore. The next day he left for Cumberland and later fame as the Voice of America jazz authority.

The shortest from a fan during this era came one Saturday morning. The doorbell rang. As I went to the door, I heard a horn blaring. The frail youth who stood there introduced himself as a well known Ohio fan. I raised my voice to be heard over the persistent honking, inviting him in. No, he said, his family was in the car and was in kind of a hurry because they were all headed for a vacation. He'd wanted to stop and they permitted him to stay no longer than required to take a look at me. He proceeded to look for perhaps five seconds, then sprinted to the auto and climbed in as it began to drift down the street.

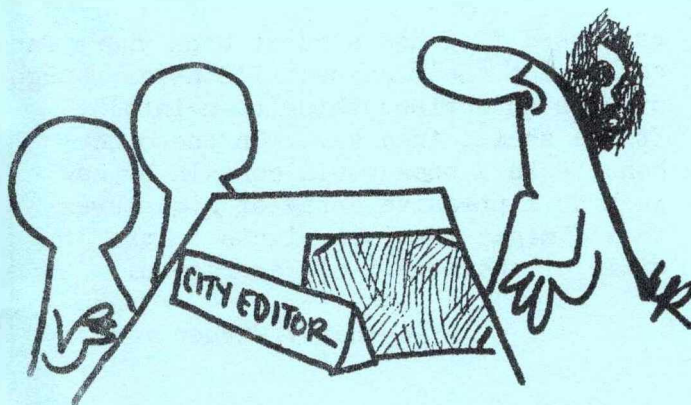
A married couple who were fans in the Baltimore area for several years inadvertently produced a psychological puzzle in my behavior. For reasons which will be explained in a moment, I don't remember their names. Their first visit to Hagerstown provided no strange reaction on my part. The husband explained that he traveled as part of his job, came through Hagerstown every month or two, and suggested that we might try to get together for an hour or two on each of these occasions. This was fine from my standpoint, because they were likeable fans. The next time the couple came to Hagerstown, I felt the embarrassment of failure to recognize them or to remember their names. This was uncharacteristic, because I was so few fans that I should have remembered each instantly. They shrugged off my perplexity as one of those aberrations of memory that can afflict even the best of us, and we had another pleasant chat. Perhaps a month later, a man and a woman walked into the office, sat down beside my desk, and began to chat about this or that. I asked them if they wanted to give me a news story or needed publicity for some coming event. They looked at each other, then at me, and introduced themselves for the

third time as the Baltimore fan couple. Then I remembered having failed to recognize them the last time. I acted in this numbskull fashion once or twice more after which the fans understandably stopped looking me up when they drove through Hagerstown. I'm sure there was no unpleasantness connected with my first encounter with this pair which could have set up a subconscious memory block. I've occasionally failed to recognize at a con some fan whom I saw fleetingly years earlier, but I've never had the same trouble with any other fans after encounters only a few weeks or months apart. It all seems unimportant after all these years, and yet I keep thinking about these circumstances. If I could figure out what caused me to act like that, I might be able to apply the syndrome to some other fans whom I'd love to forget.

Jim Avery, who had collaborated with me in the birth of Spaceways, and I finally met perhaps a half-dozen years after we'd begun corresponding. He made an excursion to Hagerstown while traveling from one naval base assignment to another. It wasn't too hard to reconcile this real, flesh and blood person whom I was seeing for the first time with the hundreds of thousands of words on letter paper that had come from Skowhegan to Hagerstown years earlier. I remember that Jim seemed fascinated by a pixie-like girl who was working across the desk from me at that time, he seemed to have no bitterness over the end of his career in fandom, and he couldn't stop marveling at the way you must step up or down whenever you go from one room to another in the ancient newspaper building.

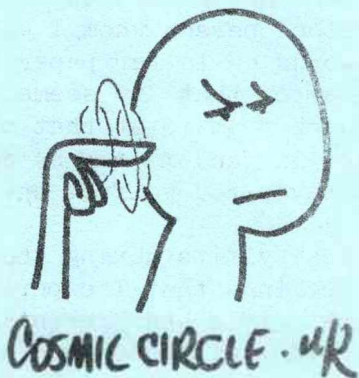
Some near-misses were almost as intriguing as actual visits during those first years in fandom. It's hard to embody into words the feelings that I experienced, the day I read in a Columbia, S.C., fanzine that a mere trifle had prevented the entire Columbia Camp from squeezing into an auto one Friday afternoon and heading Hagerstownwards to spend an entire weekend with me as a big surprise. There was a girl who came to Hagerstown for a convention of the National Speleological Society. She spent most of the weekend phoning me, seeking to arrange a rendezvous, not knowing that I was covering in person many of the cave explorers' sessions. I shied away, on the theory that something was wrong if she couldn't find companionship among such a quantity of handsome, healthy young speloeologists. A British youth suddenly started to write me, making it clear that he planned to stow away soon on a freighter, smuggle himself into the United States, and settle down in my Bryan Place home until he felt it safe to emerge into the open. I forget the exact nature of the insult I rigged up to get out of that potential mess. I was almost as frightened the time Dr. David Keller got upset over a criticism I'd published about one of his novels, because he informed me that he wanted to thrash out the matter person to person, and he wanted to spend at least a week at my home, doing a thorough job of this. I was still in such awe of pros that I knew I'd be tonguetied for the entire week.

Around the middle of the 1940's, I found myself semi-gafiated, still active in FAPA and corresponding with a few old fannish friends, but otherwise not very conspicuous in fandom. Visits by fans to Hagerstown became fewer. I resumed all-out fanac around the end of the 1950's, started to go to an occasional con, and after that, the occasional visit by a fan in Hagerstown no longer seemed like such a monumental event to me. A couple of years ago, Donn Brazier spent an evening here



and asked if I had a guest book where fans could sign their names. I'd never thought of such an obvious thing to maintain. It's a shame, in a way. On the other hand, such a book would contain by now such an impressive array of signatures that I might lose all rights to the title of the Hermit of Hagerstown.

---Harry Warner, Jr.



the pied typer

BY
mike glyer

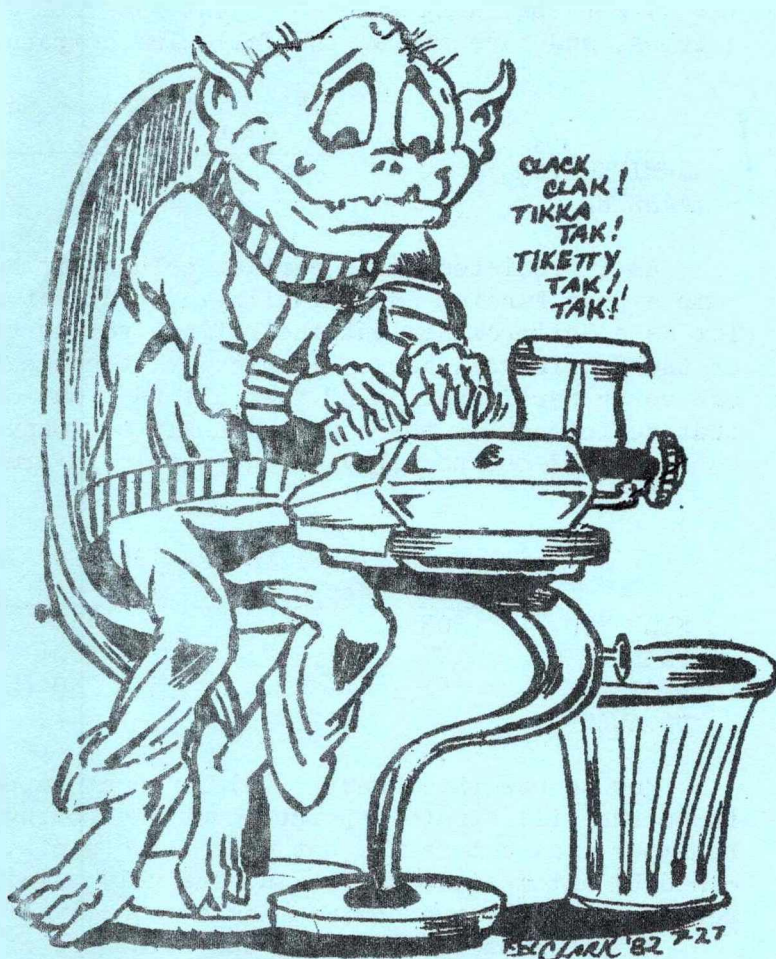
"What, you want another installment of my column?" I asked Marty. "I'm still recovering from the WorldCon!" Marty said he was still recovering, too -- being involved in the WorldCon had been disastrous for HOLIER THAN THOU's publishing schedule: it was delayed by an entire month!

"Marty, every time I turn around you want another fanzine review column. This isn't normal. Why can't you be like Cliff Biggers -- he hasn't bugged me about my overdue column for FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE in almost five years," I told him. "So what if he hasn't published since then? And what about Ted White's fanzine review column in FILE 770? Just because he hasn't written it for over a year, do I make a big fuss? And don't try to blame it on Bergeron -- I know it seems like a long time ago, but there were still friends when Ted's column was merely a memory. But do I complain? Do I drag my disappointments out in public? I do? I'll have that column right over to you..."

Admittedly this is an exaggeration of the conversation Marty and I actually had about my column this time. The issue was settled when he threatened to tell Robbie that my column wouldn't be in on time, and let *her* deal with me...

The WorldCon in LA has come and gone. Robert Bloch handed me a cast-metal rocket, Ross and Diana Pavlac pulled a "One Time Hugo Winner" shirt over my head, however the wily Bloch trumped their ace by calling me up immediately to receive another chrome rocket. Noting my quick-change, Bob explained to the audience, "Mr. Glyer will accept his next award in drag." L.A.Con II's Hutos were the first produced by Peter Weston, and they seem perfect -- I noticed none of the surface pitting complained of in previous years, when Hugo manufacture was handled by others.

Alan Frisbie, keeper of the Hugo ballots, has released statistics for this year's voting. How did the fanzine categories perform? Best Semiprozine was dominated by LOCUS (537 first-place votes to SF CHRONICLE's 193, and the rest of the field even farther back). Best Fanzine was in far worse shape, initially a two--



horse race between FILE 770 (303 first-place votes) and No Award (246 first-place votes) with the next strongest contender THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON. I made some inquiries, and have set up the following comparative statistics:

	Finalists Nom. Range		Final Voting Range		
	HIGH	LOW	TOTAL	MAX 1sts	MIN 1sts
SEMIPROZINE	185	23	1179	537	110
FANZINE	84	15	956	303	61

As I predicted in an earlier column, it didn't take many nominations to become a Best Fanzine Hugo finalist; it didn't even take that many to make the ballot as a Semiprozine, but their final voting stats were much stronger than those of the Fanzine category. Ironically, because the Fanzine category drew the smallest voter participation of them all (956 out of 1467) and has been criticized for that deficiency -- there were frankly too many people voting in the category. Voters could not possibly be adequately informed about the contenders:

	1sts	Total Votes	1983 Per-Issue	Final Standing	5ths	6ths
		Any Place	Avg Print Run	After Runoff		
FILE 770	303	646	450	1	57	7
PHILK ETC.	177	551	100+	3	143	60
ANSIBLE	61	552	250 (est.)	2	58	17
NO AWARD	246	715	--	6	63	236

How to use this chart: (1) It's not supposed to include every nominee, just those that illustrate a point about the voting. (2) There were 956 votes cast, but remember many voters did not mark all 6 slots. (3) Hugo final standings are determined by automatic runoffs, successively eliminating the lowest vote-getter and recounting until one nominee has a majority of ballots cast.

At 956, voters outnumber the print run of nominees by an incredible ratio. How is anybody supposed to make a decision if they don't know the nominees? Ah -- says you -- anyone so ill informed should not be voting. Evidently the 511 Hugo voters who passed by Best Fanzine drew the same conclusion. But do we necessarily assume that those who deliberately voted did so out of ignorance? Maybe there is a voting constituency that feels Best Semiprozine contains the "real" fanzines, or the "truly best" fanzines, and has accordingly punished Best Fanzine with a No Award vote in first place.

Before proceeding with further analysis, I will run the data showing the disposition of votes in the Best Fanzine category:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	TOTAL
FILE 770	303	129	65	85	57	7	646
NO AWARD	246	73	63	34	63	236	715
PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON	177	76	44	51	143	60	551
IZZARD	104	97	113	114	67	14	509
HOLIER THAN THOU	65	96	143	129	76	25	534
ANSIBLE	61	194	140	84	56	17	552
TOTAL	956	665	568	497	462	359	

No Award voting patterns suggest the resistance levels to certain nominees. We may assume that 359 people voted their ballots completely, and 123 of them stuck something besides No Award in last place. PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON had the widest spectrum of response -- more fifth and sixth place votes than other fanzines despite having been runner-up for first-place votes among fanzines. I am tempted to believe that equally many voters who never read TPFNEN put it in last as put it in first

on their ballots. But that is not entirely true. The zine's editor, Paul J. Willett, told me at the WorldCon friends of his had stumped filksinger conventions around the country with copies of his zine in their hands, telling people: "Look at this. Do you like it? Then vote for it in your Hugo ballot." So filksingers must have liked what they saw in substantial numbers -- and they did, at least, *see* TPFNEN. I'm convinced that most of the people who assigned it last place on their ballots did *not* see it, vindictively assuming that if the zine was really any good they'd have received a free copy by now. This was not a fair assumption.

The conclusions to be drawn from this statistical information, then, is that despite the revised Fanzine category many of our perceived problems have not changed. In the nominating phase, a ridiculously low number of nominating votes can put a title on the final ballot -- and still fans complain about the finalists. If the zines missing from the final ballot were so hot, why didn't *they* have 16 supporters? In the final voting phase it is obvious that a lot of blind voting is done by fans who haven't read all the nominees. The revised category made itself more vulnerable than ever to bloc voting for particular titles or No Award. These are two symptoms of the problems that contributed to the changes fandom made in the first place.

The key to fannish control of this insular category (let's admit that it is one) remains in the nominating phase where our small organized numbers can create a consensus about deserving fanzines with enough clout to dictate most of the places on the final ballot. Readers of this column who are members of Aussiecon II should be thinking now about what to nominate: and do it as the first opportunity. If you didn't like the finalists on this year's menu, what about MYTHOLOGIES, SCI FI FANS FROM HELL, INSTANT MESSAGE, WIZ (*coff*), OUTWORLDS, or RHETORICAL DEVICE? You East Coast SMOFs can quit chewing up TAFF long enough to discuss the merits of 1984 fanzines, then take action. You haven't finished saving the fanzine Hugo yet.

---Mike Glycer

THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM

This is the Sixth Edition of Bob Tucker's famous work, edited, this time around, by Marty Cantor and Mike Glycer. The cover and all interior artwork by Brad W. Foster.

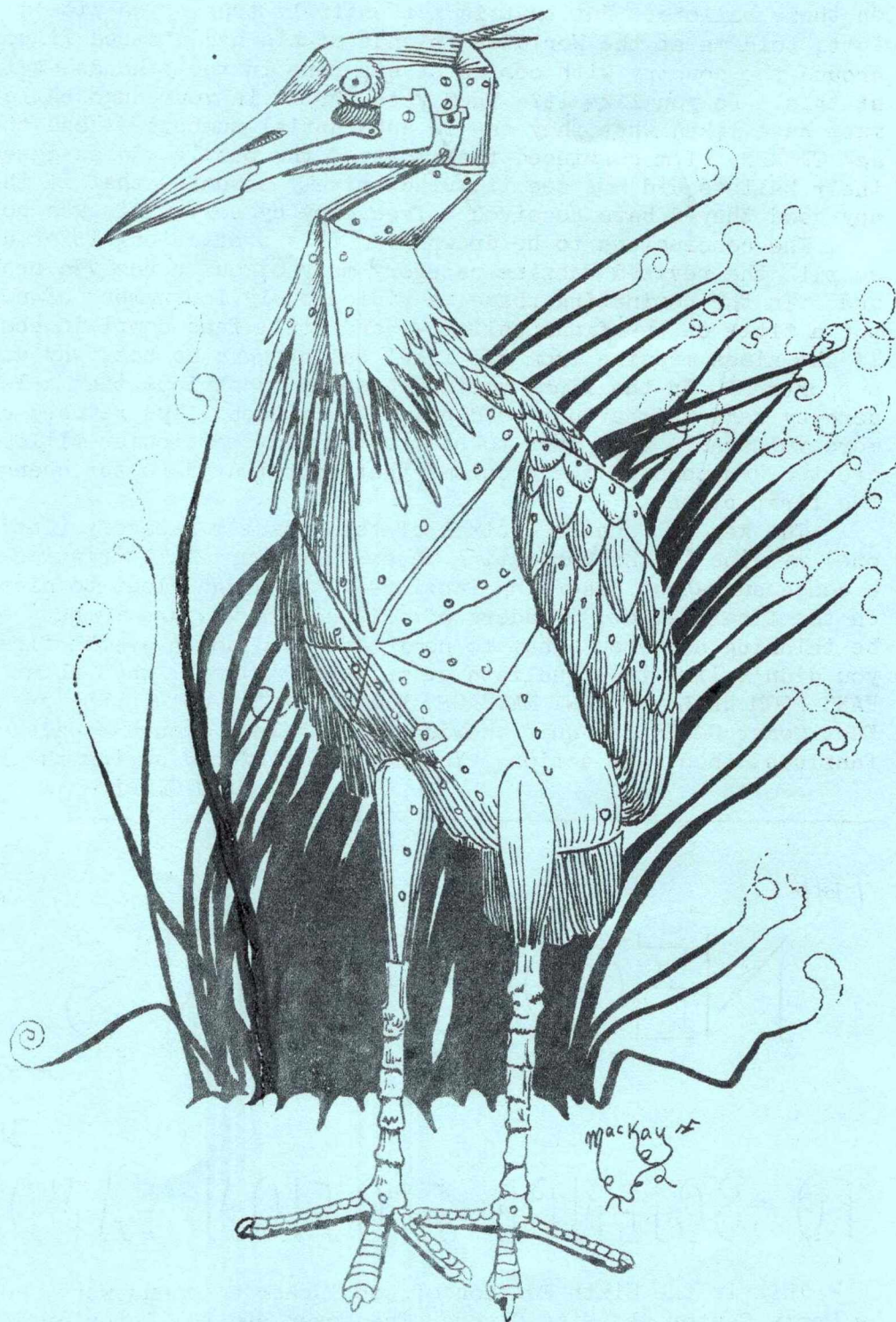
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As I am also selling Britain in '87 pre-supporting memberships, buttons, and T-shirts (plus the occasional copy of HTT), please indicate on your cheque (made out to me) the item(s) for which your cheque is intended.

BIRD-
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As will be obvious to the meanest of minds, bird-raising requires a bird. This requirement was met a few weeks ago when my friend Sylvia and I were walking down the sidewalk and heard a tremendous FLAP in one of the upcoming suburban lawns. It was under a tree. It went "r-a-a-wk, r-a-a-wk, r-a-a-wk, cheep." It was a small disturbance scuttling around on the ground in circles, doing its best to

attract attention.

"It's a bird," said Sylvia observantly.

"Uh, yes, it fell down, I think." Being a practical researcher, I looked into the tree branches overhead for the creature's native nest, without luck. They hide those birdnests real well.

Sylvia made a quick scoop for the fluttery, r-a-awk-ing little thing and picked it up. "We can't put it back without making it smell like us, and then its mother will reject it, and it'll die."

I had the uncomfortable notion that Sylvia was suggesting something.

"If we leave it here, a cat will get it," she continued.

"What do baby birds eat?" I asked, apprehensively, immediately feeling that a baby bird in captivity would probably die anyway.

"Worms," said Sylvia brightly. "Here, you hold him." She began scouting the flowerbed nearby for creepy-crawlies.

The bird was indeed a baby, covered with little fluffs of gray down and uncoordinated pin feathers. Large patches on its underside were bald. It gave out another raucous "cheep," exposing most of its digestive tract within a yellow-rimmed proto-beak. I think it expected to be fed.

"It'll die," I said. "It'll starve to death and die."

"R-a-a-wk!"

"Oh, not if we feed him." Sylvia had given up worm-hunting in the unknown stranger's lawn. "Let's take him back to your place and I'll find a snail. I wish I were as unsqueamish as I used to be," she added. "I found bugs and worms for the Admiral."

"R-a-a-wk!"

We walked quickly home with bird in hand and cheeping at intervals. Sylvia explained, between c-oing baby talk at the cheeping bird, that her previous venture into bird-raising had been named, with what she thought at the time was great flair, "Admiral Bird."

The avian infant was deposited in a towel-lined shoebox and Sylvia went out to forage for snails in a flowerbed where she was not trespassing. The birdlet immediately crapped on the paper towels, probably in Terror. I stared at it, convinced it would die momentarily from lack of food, from fright, or from some indefinable artificial additive in the paper towels.

The bird stared back. Every now and then it was moved to cheep, though by that time it had apparently given up expecting us to behave like bird-feeders.

Sylvia returned with a crochety snail, which she washed under the tap and attempted to execute by boiling (the Escoffier method). When we decided that might constitute not only cruelty to the snail but an unnecessarily slow means of preparing it for bird consumption, she tried to drown it. The snail ejected some white froth in annoyance and declined to drown any faster than it had boiled. The bird's cheeps were becoming more feeble and we feared it would starve in good earnest before it could be succored. Sylvia began peeling the snail out of its shell and dismembered it with a steak knife, after which we felt we could safely assume it was dead.

Presented with tender morsels of chopped fresh snail, the bird averted its beak and refused to open up for the food. When its beak was forcibly opened and bits of snail inserted, it refused to swallow. We were afraid it was too scared to eat.

"He might eat cornmeal mush," ventured Sylvia, from her Admiral Bird experience.

I wondered why she hadn't thought of that before sacrificing the snail, but I scavenged through the kitchen cupboards. I had thoughtlessly used up all the cornmeal I had ever possessed some months previously, but there was pancake mix, which I made into a thick paste and presented to the recalcitrant resuee with a makeshift eyedropper.

The bird didn't want that, either. It had retreated to a corner of the shoe-box and was regarding us with beady suspicious eyes, perhaps having recognized that we were Not Its Parent just at the point where we were prepared to imitate bird--parent behavior. Bad timing.

"It'll die," I prognosticated gloomily. I wanted responsibility for a baby bird dead in my kitchen even less than I wanted to arrest the natural processes of life, by which it would not doubt have nourished some undeserving cat by this time.

Sylvia, who is the persistent type, mixed bits of snail into the pancake mush, picked up the bird, pried open its beak, and deposited a small quantity of the improvised bird food in its gullet. And behold! The food disappeared downward. The bird opened its mouth for more. It was saved!

We fed it all the pancake-snail mix it would hold (whereupon in gratitude it crapped again), and brought it, warm and fed, to a pet store for information on keeping it alive or -- I hoped -- to give it to some crazy person who would be willing to nurture it through babyhood, a matter of several weeks' continual feeding. The pet store gave us a formula and diagnosed the creature as a mockingbird.

Sylvia, being not only persistent and tender-hearted but also tender-headed, volunteered to rear the bird herself. For the next few days she broadcast continual bulletins on its health: The bird had eaten X eyedropperfuls of formula and was learning to sleep through a short night. The formula, perhaps logically, consisted of babyfood and eggs, mixed with peanut butter in lieu of the wily garden snail.

Sylvia's three cats viewed the new inhabitant of their household with great curiosity, but for several good reasons never laid a claw on the bird. First of all, Sylvia purchased a stout cage rigged to prevent cat-tampering, and for good measure hung it from the largest expanse of open ceiling in the house. There was the further fact that Sylvia's are that most pampered of modern felines, the indoor house cat; they had never seen a live bird in their lives and were of the firm conviction that food was the product of congress between a sealed can and an electric can-opener.

The bird was never named, though we considered calling it "Newton," because it had discovered the law of gravity. It didn't, despite my early conviction, die immediately. It swilled down anything presented to it in an eyedropper, crapped its weight in used food every day or two, and obligingly started to grow real feathers. Sylvia carried it with her everywhere: to work, where it nested in a potted tree in her office; on the bus, where it masqueraded as an empty shoebox that just happened to have airholes and an occasional "ch-e-e-p" sound effect; to LASFS, where it was much admired and continually attempted to crap on the carpet. Sylvia foiled this only by keeping a protective hand under it at all times. The LASFS clubhouse emerged from the association unscathed, though Sylvia may now have a terminal case of chapped hands.

Within a few weeks, the bird, which had been rediagnosed as a sparrow by several professionals, could not only cheep, crap, eat and stare stonily at guests, but had advanced to standing on one's finger (sometimes without excreting anything for minutes at a time) and was attempting to fly under its own power. It had also graduated to an "adult" diet, consisting of live mealworms.

"See, these are its food," said Sylvia, gleefully displaying a box full of cornmeal and small wriggling off-white objects the shape of Jabba the Hutt.

"Uuck, yark, gaah!" I replied conversationally. I am not basically very fond of anything that doesn't own its own backbone.

I recovered my poise. "What was wrong with the babyfood formula?" I asked. If, as seemed likely, the bird was destined to become a caged pet, teaching it to eat live worms didn't sound like a useful skill. It isn't the sort of thing civilized birds have on their job descriptions.

"You see," explained Sylvia, "there are birds that don't usually eat live food, and those are pet birds, because people don't mind seeing a dish full of

birdseed. And there are worm-eaters, like this one, who don't usually become pets because they need a live diet or their digestive systems will never learn to work right."

I passed up the opportunity to speculate upon Lamarckian theory of digestive development when Sylvia picked up one of the worms with her bare fingers and held it temptingly over the bird's head.

"Uuck, gaaah!" I discovered that I was squeezed painfully against the far wall of the next room. Sylvia all but thrust the worm down the bird's gullet, at which the bird gave a little hop of excitement, wriggled in delight, and made it disappear inside. I gulped. Two more worms went down. Sylvia reached for a fourth, held it ready, and then missed her hold. It dropped on the floor.

"Mealyworm attack!" I shrieked, wondering if we would have to burn the house down to make sure of getting the worm.

"It's not that bad," said Sylvia, stomping vigorously with her wooden clogs on the piece of flooring where the worm had landed. "There, I'm sure that got it."

"It'll die," I said in some relief. "What about the bird?"

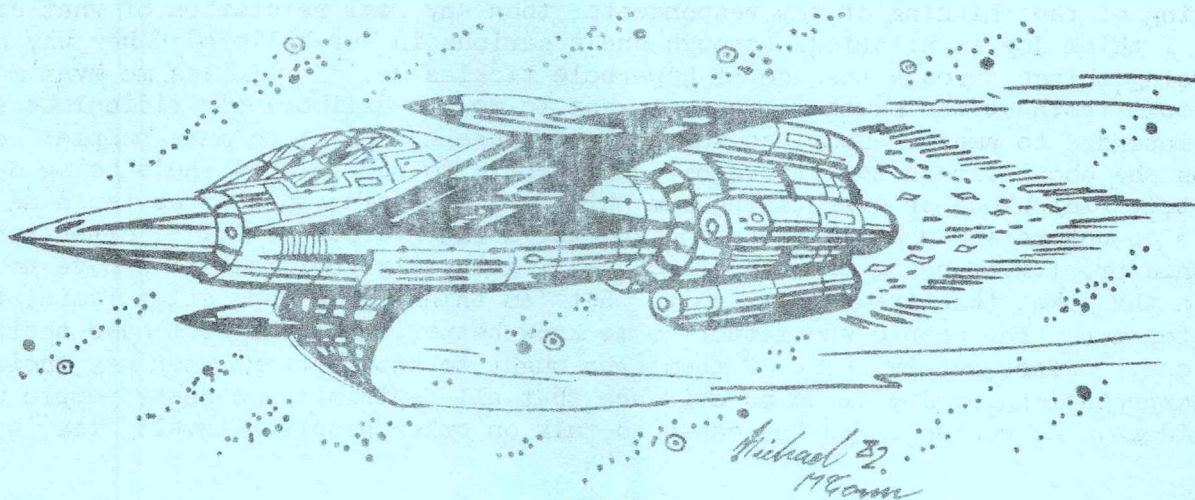
"He's had enough worms for one feeding," she decided, to my further relief. She closed the container and returned it to the refrigerator where the mealy-worms hibernated between feedings. I carefully refrained from speculating upon -- or sharing -- Sylvia's diet at home during this period.

It was decided at executive level that the bird, even when it was trained to eat live worms, was no longer suited for life in the eilds of Los Angeles, having been corrupted by regular meals and human contact. It would die, we were sure. Sylvia made extravagant plans to foist it off on her mother, who likes birds and has the time and space to care for them; or to acquire a large cage in which it would be less developmentally stunted than in the 15" space of its first abode. In the meantime, she settled for letting it fly loose in the bathroom (the room of the house in which it could do the least damage) during the daytime while the cats had the run of the rest of the house. This worked for a few days.

Eventually, however, fate and prophecy caught up with our bird. One evening it was listless and disgruntled. The next morning it failed to cheep, even after the alarm clock rang. It had, perhaps, eaten something that disagreed with it.

We mourned its spirit, but we gave its body to nature, in the persons of a clan of semi-wild cats that inhabit the alleyways of Reseda.

---Barbara Tennison



THE LOC NESS MONSTER

/*/ With a quick nod to the fact that I will be replying to the LoCs in this *Light Italic typeface* and Robbie will be having her say in *Script typeface* we will immediately turn to late LoCs on HTT #18. /*/

* JEAN WEBER * I found this one of
***** your most interesting issues yet.

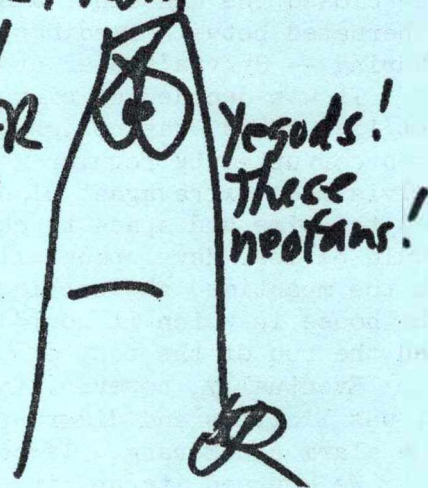
Though not every single item grabbed me, there weren't any that I really didn't like/was bored with/whatever. Don D'Amassa's "How to Write a Joseph Nicholas Letter" was hilarious and made a lot of good points about creative arguing, regardless of whether one attributes these techniques to Mr. Nicholas himself. But I also see the use of those techniques as evidence for my belief that Joseph isn't serious about some of his arguments, but rather is deliberately tweeking people to get them to respond (as Don suggests he may be doing). I've long thought that Joseph is far too intelligent a person to actually believe all the crap he hands out. As an example, he recently wrote taking me to task for an inaccuracy in quoting some prices for photocopying. Now I could have been offended at his remarks, but I chose to find them hilarious, and obviously any idiot could easily tell what I meant (even Joseph got it right).

Similarly, I find people's reaction to Joy Hibbert's pronouncements much more revealing of the thinking of the respondents, than any real refutation of what Joy says. I think Joy is hilarious (though she's serious in her beliefs); her way of expressing things through the use of hyperbole tickles me. It tickles me even more how people froth at the mouth in rage at what to me are deliberately ridiculous remarks intended to amuse. Okay, so she fails to make her point to many people; so perhaps she should learn to write a bit differently so people know she's being deliberately ridiculous or overstating something. Then again, some of us (such as myself) do understand what she's saying and get a chuckle out of it. I often run into this problem of being misunderstood, and I generally feel that if I have to explain the joke, then the hell with it. Let 'em think I'm a separatist feminist who hates men. The people who matter to me know better. Let the rest have their delusions. Unfortunately, some of them (who ought to know better) then use their misinterpretations of Joy or me as evidence that all feminists are nasty people with nasty ideas. Do we owe it to the cause to talk on other people's level? Yes, up to

NOW?

YOU WANT TO START
THE LETTER COLUMN

NOW? WITH NO
LETTER FROM
HARRY
WARNER
YET?



a point. Boring as it may be. But not all the time.

Here's John D. Owen taking Joy to task for saying "the nastiness of most men" and other statements about "most men" as being insulting in the extreme. Well, perhaps. My view is that Sturgeon's Law applies to people: 90% of whom are crap (or insert derogatory word of your choice). No matter of sex, race, creed, colour, religion, country of origin, or any of that stuff. On that basis, Joy's comment is rather tame. In fact, one of the things that feminism has taught me is that no matter how bad/ignorant/unpleasant/offensive (insert word of choice) someone may seem, he or she probably has something positive going for them, and is redeemable as a human being (albeit one that's not necessarily going to be a candidate for personal friend). I have long since learned that while I may not like someone (I am extraordinarily fussy), I can usually find something positive about them - often many things positive, just that they don't appeal to me. I don't think I'm sexist or racist or whatever, but I certainly am elitist and/or exclusionist - not necessarily because I think I'm any *better* than anyone else, just that I like what I like, and can't see any reason to put up with anyone or anything else if I don't have to (and then only till I can find a way out).

To go back to John's and Joy's remarks, I would agree that "most men are nasty", but I would add, "and so are most women". John says "people, male or female, react to each other perfectly sensibly if they are approached sensibly". In my experience, this is not true. What seems sensible to me may see quite the opposite to someone else. For example, 15 years ago when I was married, it seemed perfectly sensible to discuss sharing the housekeeping because both of us were students and employed part time, and there were no children. Hence, sharing all the work seemed sensible, given the situation. He did not think so. Housework was women's work, and that was that. No discussion. Arguments, yes. Attempts to reason all failed. I could elaborate with details of incredibly tedious and juvenile attempts to influence each other. My experience is not uncommon, even today. Yet I do not think either of us would qualify as "cretins" - just people starting from totally different perspectives of what is "sensible". Nowadays, of course, I know what to ask *before* I get in such a situation.

Many people did excoriate Joy in #18; unfortunately Joy did not get to us her LoC on #18 until #19 was printed. Much of it was so pleasantly inoffensive that had I been able to place it after the angry remarks about her it would have sort of hoisted many of these loccers on their own petards. Let us follow, now, with a few excerpts from that letter.

* JOY HIBBERT * Liked Terry Frost's glossary. It reminded me of "Egeo Sextarius",
***** a fanzine brought out before SeaCon 79 by the Maeras and Skeltons.

This purported to be a guide to English customs and language, but god-help-you if you took any notice of it (eg: all brothels display a blue light, and "keep left" signs are political slogans and should be ignored). However, since at least 10 of the words are in occasional or common use in that context over here, perhaps it's a bit more accurate.

Ed Rom's article was interesting, with surprisingly few political blindspots. The most obvious of these is the belief that "communism" and "USSR" are synonymous, and thus while describing various possible futures, he ignores the one where the USA is an independant Communist country. The other blindspot is the America = good, USSR = bad, one, which does surprisingly little harm to his argument. His article shows very clearly that the nice people on the Left (ie the ones who agree with me) ought to start publicising themselves a bit and trying to avoid being lumped in with the pro-Soviet, pro-centralisation lefties who are, in my experience, a minority. They are, however, the minority who have their ideas most clearly worked out and with most knowledge of how to take groups over, or appear to take things over.

For example, every march that is vaguely leftie has its own appendage of people selling farleft newspapers, trying to get people to carry farleft signs, and trying to chant farleft slogans. Generally, in fact, ensuring that the march is reported as one of their marches and ensuring that every vaguely political group is seen as pro-Soviet.

Yeah, perhaps dueling should be lagalised, thus enabling us to be rid of at least half of people with the sort of mentality who would use it.

But you can get rid of half of people if you duel with broadswords - very accurately. Then you have your choice of which half to throw away.

Don D'Amassa: I don't go through fanzines looking for things to be outraged at, and if he really thinks so, why send me his zine (which he did), after all I might do the same to that (I used to think HTT was the biggest fanzine in the world until I discovered Mythologies. Mythologies is more immediately impressive because it's a perzine ie "Ghasp! Bloody hell, did he write all that himself"). To paraphrase Marc Ortlieb "I never met a fanzine I didn't like" (well, two actually, neither of which are HTT).

I must admit, when I first asked for a copy of HTT, I expected it to be totally nauseating, and only asked for it to see if I was right or not. Since I think I have quite a low yeuch-level, I was quite surprised to find HTT so mild. I realised after a while that my putridity is probably not your putridity (for example, you obviously think Adrienne's cookery course is putrid, and if you're very abusive about me next issue, I'll know it's because you don't like Biscuit appropriating your writers), perhaps other people feel the same.

HTT does not own the people who write for it - more power to them if they are able to find additional outlets for their work. Believe me, if I am abusive to you in this or any other issue it is because of something you write in a LoC, not because you ~~stéad~~ use the writings of HTT contributors.

This is what comes of answering a stupid comment as if you were actually writing to the pillock in question, instead of addressing your comment to the faned(s) in question. Yes, 'sleep with' is a euphemism, I was wrong to use it. I misused "euphemism" to mean something stronger, along the lines of meaning "a word that says something is a good thing". "Make love" sounds so attractive, who *wouldn't* want to 'make love'? It's the sort of thing there's no arguing with. "Sleep with" on the other hand, is more neutral sounding. Sure, people are generally not very nice, but similarly, I was replying to Ian Covell who was saying women who are feminists (no, actually, he didn't say that, he said 'feminists'. I wonder where that leaves feminists of my acquaintance who have names like Dave, Sam, Paul, and Peter? Should they also fuck men?) should have sex with men, presumably because once they've experienced the power of the cock, they'll want to do nothing else but worship it! I find men to be generally nastier, but this is only because they were brought up to be aggressive, and women were brought up to be wet (which is why female nastiness is so often passive-aggression).

Joseph's life would be a lot easier if he had the capacity to bear fools gladly. A few years ago, he used to review fanzines in a KTF manner. After a long time, he dicided he'd had enough of this and announced in fanzines he wasn't going to do it anymore. But people just cannot leave him alone. Even now, people are criticising the views on fanzines he held in 1978 or so, and instead of saying "I'm not talking about this any more" he actually argues with them! And now he's arguing about other things here.

While I don't necessarily agree with Robbie's comments all the time, I do generally know what she means by the words she uses. Ian Covell is another matter. He redefines words to suit himself and assumes everything is a feminist plot. It is only to be expected that he drags the dispute into the pages of a fanzine to try

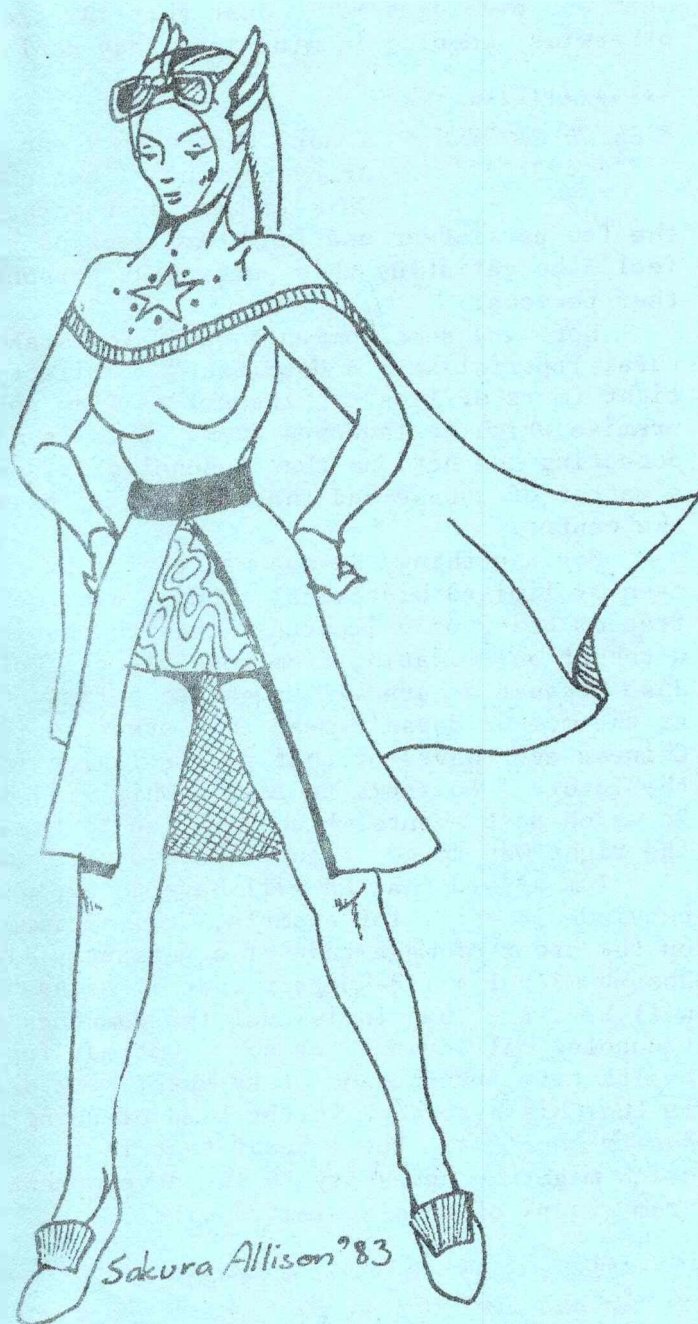
and get people to agree with his misstatements of facts. I finally realised (after about 6 months, yes, I am a bit slow at times) that he wasn't actually reading my letters, just reacting to key words, and so I told him that unless he actually came up with something new to talk about, I wouldn't bother replying to any future letters. So I'll just reply to the lies in his letter, and point out some of the assumptions behind his statements. Should the basic unit of society be a man and a woman, coupled? What he actually said, in his letters, was that a person who was not coupled in this way was only half human, a human being, therefore, being a paired couple. Since single people are half human, how should they be treated? We've seen how society treats people it considers subhuman, Ian is advocating adding single people also be discriminated against. Marty has implied in previous HTTs that Robbie is his first (and only, I hope) serious relationship (sorry if I'm wrong). How does it make you feel, Marty, to know that until recently you're subhuman, and I wonder how the homosexuals on your mailing list feel about knowing they can never, by Ian Covell's definition, be human. I believe 'each to their own', as long as people are happy in their marriage/gay coupling/commune/threesome, that's fine. I know of no feminist who thinks otherwise. Because I am not so narrowminded as to believe only a certain lifestyle is the right one, Ian is abusive to me. My feelings on human relationships are probably what people mean when they say feminists are anti-family, so perhaps his last point is right.

What surprises me is that Robbie is so polite to those who persist in telling her she's not really a media fan.

I will try politeness first, then I will ignore people (a saying of my mother's "ignore it, it'll go away".) and finally I'll beat their bloody skulls in! I do have a bad temper which I try to restrain. But there are limits.

* DAVE ROWLEY * Although Joy Hibbert is big enough to defend herself, I feel I ought to say a few words concerning her attitudes towards the male of the species. Firstly, I will point out that this was written without duress, and is typed by her to save you trying to decipher my handwriting.

Basically, her attitude can be summed up as "once bitten, twice shy". This doesn't



mean she prejudges men. Just that she treats all men as "nice" unless proven otherwise, keeping in mind that they could be 'nasty'.

* LEIGH EDMONDS * I note that when I can remember the first appearance of an 'Entropy Reprint' I begin to feel that I've been around a fair while. This is made even worse when Mike Glycer mentions that I'm one of the few persistent and long term fanzine reviewers. It's at moments like these I feel like gafiating this particular persona and getting into fandom again in another persona.

Here are some comments on Ed Rom's short, sweet and misdirected "American Cultural Imperialism - A Non-Issue". While the ideas which Ed puts up are all watertight (more or less) in themselves I am not certain that I can go along with the premise which he launches from. This is mainly because I have some difficulty accepting the notions that technological progress is linked to personal freedom as a matter of course and that centralism exists only to enhance the power of those at the centre.

For one thing, Ed assumes that personal freedom is in fact a good thing whereas even my limited historical studies give me the impression that the idea of personal freedom being more important than the nation, the monarchy or the religion is quite a recent one - dating from possibly the Enlightenment or the Industrial Revolution. Just because we are all taught to believe that sort of thing in Western Societies at the moment doesn't mean that other societies hold it to be true (I doubt that the Chinese ever have) or that people living in North America or Australia will do so in the future. Ed seems to take a Whig view of history (as we semi-academics call it) in which past events which have led to the present state of affairs must have been the right way to go because "here we are and it isn't so bad."

I'm afraid that Ed will have to explain himself a little more before he can convince me that, for example, "the optimum size for an organisation (is) something on the order of magnitude of a peasant village." (As an aside in the style of Joseph Nicholas I'd suggest that if Ed has ever lived a number of years in one he will be aware that individual freedom does not count for much in such a group, technological advances or no.) Optimum for what - food production, administration, health care, production of tv sets, self defence, entertainment? It seems to me that his assertion is the kind of thing that sounds so attractive that it just *has to be right*. But I doubt that it is, or that the sorts of technological advances which might be necessary to the development I gather he envisages would be possible from groups of such a limited size.

The amount of freedom given to the individual in small villages depends not only on the cultural milieu from which the inhabitants spring but also on how close to the subsistence level they are living. The more of the basics which they have to produce for themselves the less absolute personal freedom which they have. Those small villages which give freedom to their citizens can do so, given the nature of the human beast, only because they are small parts of much larger groupings (nation-states). I should also point out that much social freedom in villages is usually quite restricted unless one belongs to the local power-elite - politics at that level can be much more vicious than at any other level of government.

* PAULA LIEBERMAN * I disagree with a lot of Ed Rom's reasoning -- the creativity necessary to advance high technology doesn't get along too well with the idealised structures of either extreme rightists or extreme leftists. The project management styles invented and necessary for the US moon landing program reflect neither extreme centralisation (which is actually the basis of the Soviet system...), total laissez-faire, homogenisation, nor high political expediences. "Matrix management" is still confusing and inexplicable to many

people -- there are multiple chains of command and control, which sometimes are competing and conflicting ones, too. It isn't the sort of thing liked by either the rightists or the lefts, because the people at the top don't have clear lines down to the bottom, and because authority goes to teams of people from different organisations. Depending on the people involved and the scope of the project, matrix organisations may not be necessary. However, matrix methods often work better, faster, and have superior results to more traditional line management methods, at least in high tech industries.

But back to people, especially the innovators themselves: creativity includes the ability to question what is currently done and do otherwise -- this doesn't fit in too well with static structures inimical to change, unless, that is, the static structures are of a sufficiently static nature to not be affected by change, or to be oblivious of it, or to ignore changes.

Chili has barely penetrated the northeast US.

Probably because those of us who eat it are most likely facing in the wrong direction during the repast.

Oh, you turned back some naked girl drawings? Were they below the legal age? Now, if it had been said that they were naked women drawings, I would've cheered. Mmm, Bob Lee stating, "It's no fun drawing raw hunks -- self portraits bore me." Well, if he were to draw one & it were to be included in the pages of HTT, the rest of us out here in locland could be polled for whether he is indeed a "raw hunk" or not. Considering the usual fannish physique, I would suspect that he's exaggerating his endowments.

Joy Hibbert's LoC: The US military will depart England when and if the British government requests that it do so. But every time the US Congress makes noises about removing some troops, the British, German and various other elected governments for some reason get unhappy, and the US troops stay over in that part of the world. Joy Hibbert dislikes having US troops over there? She should go bitch at her fellow Brits who insist they stay.

* ROSS PAVLAC * Diane Thome's comments on Worldcon finances reflect a lack of information about how contemporary Worldcons are run. As Co-chairman of Chicon IV (the 1982 Worldcon), I'll respond with:

1. There are no "promoters" as such. Worldcons are financed out of the pockets of the committee initially, and by membership money as it comes in.

2. The subject of appropriate membership prices is normally a subject for heated debate, with the committee normally trying to keep in line with past prices (plus inflation). Worldcon committee members are fans themselves, and are normally acutely aware of the prices other conventions charge, and try to keep their rates as low as possible.

3. Worldcons vary in their degree of financial controls. Chicon IV had very tight budget controls and monitoring, which caused much screaming on the part of many committee members. In return for the screaming, we knew our financial picture quite well at any given point.

One of the problems with Worldcons is that they now have cash flows in excess of \$350,000 (including art show money and such). This is a much bigger budget than most fans have ever had to worry about balancing. A worldcon that does not have people with professional financial experience on its upper committee is one that is headed for trouble.

For an example of a worldcon that did not have tight financial controls, refer to recent issues of FILE 770.

4. Media programming at Chicon IV was a fairly small fraction of our budget. If we had completely eliminated our film and video, it would have affected membership prices roughly 5-10%. For those who joined 2 years early (i.e., when we won

the bid), this would have made a difference of about \$2 in membership prices; at the door it would have meant about \$6 difference. I consider 5 days of films for \$6 a pretty good deal.

At L.A.CON II we were fortunate in having a strong and knowledgeable treasurer - Bruce Pelz. When it became obvious that the Fan Room would be going over budget (due to the expected free use of machines from Gestetner not happening and rental from another source being necessary)

I sat down with Bruce and worked out a method to take care of the expense. Then the both of us went to co-chair Craig Miller and got his OK. If, at that point (about three weeks before the con), the money flow had not looked good I know damn well that, instead of getting the requested 4 mimeos and 2 electro-stencillers, Bruce would have told me that we would have to use the LASFS' mimeo (which is in poor shape) and e-stenciller, and that only to put out the daily newszine. He will just not allow the expenditure of money which is not there. I believe that the most important person on a concom is a treasurer with the authority to say NO.

* MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER *

I hope this endless debate about the nature and worth of media fandom slows down. I dislike the idea that fanzine fandom should consist of the happy few (the Remnant) who

have to resist the hordes of Hideous Outsiders Who Have Never Heard of Willis (or even Ted White). I like the current function of Worldcons as serving as a melting pot for various mutations of American strangeness. I would hate to have conventions reduced to purely being people certified as being faanishly correct. Diversity breeds greatness. I find media fen who can only talk about the varying angles of Spock's ears as boring as "trufen" who can only talk about the dear dead days of the past.

But why just American strangeness; it is, after all, Worldcon.

* ADRIENNE FEIN *

My impression is that when lots of people say media fans in a nasty way, is people who do not want to be part of the community of fandom, whether it means they don't want to dress up in bits

handed them for the masquerade, or they don't buy books except novelisations of media stuff, or that they simply want to hang around in their own media costumes instead of finding out about fannish traditions -- but people may think they still want to have the community of fandom cater to them, as by having a "Star Wars" section of the masquerade, and *not*, say, having a fan guest of honour, when we plan our cons. Yes, they put on their own cons -- and do their cons cater to us?

I suspect some fen feel that "media fans" are rejecting us. They're not just doing their own thing; they're refusing to do ours, but expecting us to do theirs. I don't know how many media fans actually have attitudes anything like that (maybe none on a conscious basis) -- but I suspect that's what some of the bad feeling is

A CONVENTION IS: #63

THE HAIR OF THE DOG



about.

Complicated, perhaps, by the fact that some fan like costumes and movies. "Media" really isn't the point, anymore than cultural imperialism is -- although, if an analogy were drawn, the media fans would represent the U.S. -- in terms of superior numbers and therefore superior buying power.

* MARC ORTLIEB * Hah! Sucked in again Cantor...You don't really think that there is any such person as Jack Herman do you? The pen-name "Jack Herman" is one of Jon Noble's earliest pseudonyms. In fact this makes Jon the first person ever to win a fan fund under an assumed name. I trust that you will make Jon welcome when he attends L.A.CON II.

Jon was well disguised - even Justin Ackroyd, who stayed at our place one of the nights when Jack, er, Jon was here seemed to be completely fooled.

Terry Frost's piece is very Sydney centred. The trouble is that the local lingo does have regional references. In deed it was probably Terry's rudeness to Melbourne that led a marmoset at the Melbourne zoo to piss on him. (The marmoset was given an award for doing so at the '84 National Convention.) Visitors to Melbourne are warned that any reference to Australian Rules Football as "Aerial ping-pong" will result in a very cool reception in Melbourne.

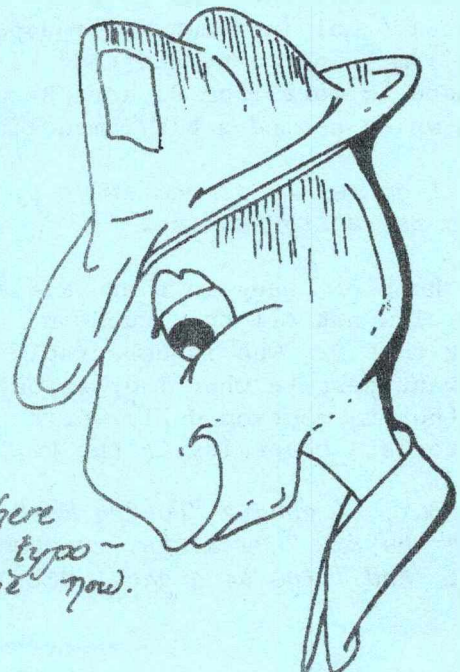
As Skel pointed out in a previous HTT sports article, Australian Rules Football can be rightly called World War II.

* WALT WILLIS * Skel's Through Paril in a Sports Car was one of the best written and most moving things I've ever read in a fmz. I also enjoyed nearly everything else, particularly The LoC Ness Monster --- though slightly bemused at how sure some of your correspondents seem to be that everything they think is right. As someone put it I wish I were as sure of anything as they are of everything.

* ROGER SJOLANDER * I would like to put Ted White at his ease concerning the sentence 'Get rid of that scourge and yiy wukk gave a geatgt rekatuibsguo' by stating that I have absolutely no idea what I am trying to convey. This is sometimes the case when I talk in front of huge crowds of people, but never before has it happened in print. There is a first time for everything, I guess.

* ERIC LINDSAY * I agree with Richard Rostrom the HTT is better made than some computer magazines; I get published in computer zines, while Marty always puts me in the WAHF.

Hah! Now what will the computer zines do?



Now for the late loc WAHF section. Ross Pavlae amplified upon, but stood by his previous comments to Rick Brown (on homosexuality). Dennis D'Asaro (who paid a surprise visit to me at my shop) said that practically every figure on Brad Foster's cover had some sort of serpentine penis - which tells us something about Dennis. (The previous were on HTT #16. On HTT #17, John Playford found the artwork by Brad Foster interesting, Diane Fox sent 11 interesting hand-wrot pages, and we now turn to some late locs on HTT #18.) Leigh Strother-Vien (who has left the Army and moved from Germany to Los Angeles) finds "the Loc Ness Monster very entertaining - especially when the two of you are commenting both to the loccers & each other." Kim Huett, after discovering what happened to a blowfly which landed on the cover of HTT #18, wrote "I have heard rumours that several local insect repellent companies are now seeking to get themselves put onto your mailing list". Richard Faulder called on July 29 (his "extravagant" call of the quarter) from his home in Yanco, New South Wales - any imputation that he was calling somebody on the Moon, got connected to us by mistake, and could not tell the difference, will be denied. Now let us turn to the locs on HTT #19.

* WILLIAM T. CENTER * I hope that you are both proud of what you did to me. All
***** I did was send you some filthy lucre in hopes of finding a
faanzine like those I knew before being afflicted by the
dread FAFIA (I've recovered nicely, thank you) and what happens? A semi-trailer
truck backs up to my door and (using a forklift) unloads this enormous package.
Mystified, I opened the package and lo and behold there are not one, not two, but
three issues of HTT. I had thought that all the large zines had died out years
ago. Well, thought I, I don't really have time to peruse them now as I have too
many things planned but I guess it wouldn't hurt to just skim thru the first issue
(#17). One thing led to another and before I knew it I had read all the way thru
to the end of #19. SENSORY OVERLOAD!!! I may never be the same (altho there are
those who would applaud this). I won't comment on HTT 17 & 18 other than to say
that I enjoyed them (great art by the way) as by the current ish (#20) my comments
would be a bit dated. I especially liked John Berry's trip report. This type of
literary form appeals to me if done well (as this one surely was). It put me in
mind of Walt Willis' trip reports. Is this a special talent reserved for the
Irish? Did George Bernard Shaw ever do a trip report? Or a con report? Mike
Glyer's column was excellent as is most of his fan writing. It's nice to see
that Mike has the time to write for other zines as well as his own while at the
same time holding down his mudane job of fleecing the peasants. (What do you
mean I'm going to be audited? I WAS JUST KIDDING, MIKE! REALLY!) I'm looking
forward to more from Richard Bergeron. Great stuff aside from the bit about Puerto
Rico which seemed a bit...maudlin? Maybe I'm just an insensitive lout.

I am really appreciative of understated locwriting. Anyway, Irish John Berry is really English.

Robbie: Hang in there kid. Make no apologies for your tastes in regards media. I'm not all that much into media interests, I'm a reader and I personally think that Dr. Who is unbearably silly; however you have every right to like what you want despite what I or anyone else may think of your choices. This would be a sad (not to mention dull) world if everyone were the same or shared the exact same interests. Diversity is the key. (There is a lot to be said for perversity, too).

But, of course "Doctor Who" is silly! It's also thought-provoking because after you say "how silly, everyone knows you can't do that!", you wonder, but what if... And I too am a great believer in diversity (perversity too, on occasions).

What is all this brouhaha about HTT being tasteless and putrid? I haven't seen anything yet that fits my definition of tastelessness. (This probably says something about my own taste or lack of it.) I like what I see. Keep it up.

Congrats on the Hugo nomination. I was against the change in the rules that excludes Locus, SFR and SFC, but be that as it may, good luck. What a laugh it would be if ILK-FE-FO-FUM ran away with the Hugo. What could be done then? Change the rules again so that a fanzine had to have a minimum print run? We shall see.

Well, the filkzine did not win. And, even though it might have won, I would not be one of those clamoring to again change the rules. After all, the only thing which actually sets it apart from the amateur zines against which it competes for a Hugo is the fact that it concentrates on filksongs whilst most other amateur zines either print just a few of them or ignore them entirely. Filksongs are a legitimate (although childish) fannish interest. Those fans with a serious interest in folksongs (such as Fred Haskell and myself) find filksinging of not much interest; still, that zine had a legitimate place on the ballot. It was, after all, an amateur zine competing against other amateur zines (which was not the case when Locus et. al were on the ballot).

* GREGG TREND *

Now that there is a separate category which has attempted to define what a True Fanzine is we still get at least one clinker (thru bloc-voting no doubt). Is BOONFARK and/or MICROWAVE better than HOLIER THAN THOU as a genzine? Or do fewer people read them. IZZARD, I believe, has a circulation, perhaps smaller than BOONFARK (I put HTT at 350 near the top in circulation of fannish genzines -- and I suppose IZZARD comes out as frequently -- I have never received a copy & am only aware of what it looks like thru the courtesy of Brian Brown). So, perhaps, those who might have nominated BOONFARK got behind IZZARD so it would have a better chance of making it on the ballot. Okay, so fans confer with one another and get enough votes together to get their favourite on the ballot. But look at the estimated number of zines nominated: (by the nominating ballot figure we can assume that some fmz received more than 2 votes each) -- I can't even think of 176 *fanzines* being published last year (again Brian is my reference source -- I get no more than 10 or 12 titles per year). However, I think the real problem (which used to be one of the so-called "virtues") in Fandom is the diversity of opinion regarding quality in a fmz (not to mention friendship/loyalty votes for favourite zines & their editors). It reminds me of the political splitting & backbiting that allowed the Soviet Union to not only destroy such nations within its curred borders as Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Ukraine, etc., but most of Eastern Europe as well. The political parties & groups in those countries were so disorganised when it came to combating an outside threat that the Soviet takeovers were much easier than it would have been had they presented a united front. I suppose Mike feels good that he finally won not one but TWO Hugos (in the same year! Hey, how about that CA vote, folks!) Another bad thing about the Hugo nominating & voting is that it costs at least \$20 to do so. Perhaps, True Fmz fen are more interested in spending that \$20 on the production & creation of fanzines. Perhaps, there should be a lower fee just to vote for the Hugos. However, perhaps, fmz fans are just too disorganised & anarchistic to join to vote for a few of the best. Look at some of the stories & novels that make it to the final ballot. There's no accounting for the AULITY of the taste of the majority of the readers of SF/F in today's Fandom. However, we all know, don't we, that True Mainstream Fanzine Fans know Real Quality (regardless of questions of Good Taste) when they see it and need only the compelling reason of fanzines of lesser quality from Other Fandoms taking up space on the final ballot to concentrate their voting strength to vote for our Good Stuff, The Right Stuff. Crappy clubzines, Trekkie junk, filk funk, don't belong on the sacred Hugo ballot, right? However, the number

of fans really interested in the Quality Product of any of these Other Fandoms (sub--sets of Fandom in general) may be approaching or getting much larger than Mainstream Fanzine Fandom. And there's the rub to our pride. Personally, I've always thought that to be a real fan you should involve yourself with fanzines, and perhaps a con here & there, just to meet those people you read about in the zines. But, that's the way I got into Fandom. I think it's important to one's participation in Fandom that you be Active & not just a passive observer of the scene. And if reading the zines is your only activity (other than con attendance, club meetings, or reading the Damn Pro Stuff), your vote on what you read IS important at Hugo time. But, to reiterate, I think the cost of voting & the anarchistic attitude toward voting is preventing zines of the highest quality from winning the Fanzine Hugo.

* DAVID BRATMAN * Now that I've returned home safely from L.A.CON, with my newly
***** acquired "Britain in '87" button neatly packed away, I can turn
to loccking HTT 19. I hope you won't be bothered to hear that
it's a fabulous issue. This must have been the time you decided to silence the
usual criticisms by proving that you can produce an impeccably fannish zine without
anything unnecessarily putrid at all -- unless the sheer size of the thing and the
whole concept of hand-signed covers are to be considered putrid, and perhaps they
are. Whatever the case, the cover is gorgeous and so are the contents.

L.A.CON confirmed a vaguely-held theory that had been gaining favour in my
mind for some time: that fandom has become a loose league of subfandoms, of
which fanzine fandom (that's us, folks) is one. I claim no originality for this
assertion, but it does still seem to be a debateable point to some people. How-
ever, to claim that some forms of fanac are "pure" and others are, well, not
"tainted", but irrelevant, is as obsolete as MidAmeriCon, the last worldcon to
promote this view seriously. (MidAmeriCon claimed that since those "other" fandoms
had their own conventions, they weren't necessary to the worldcon. These days,
though, *every* subfandom has its own conventions.)

A worldcon today, then, serves two purposes. First, it allows members of
each subfandom to meet together. This, I found at L.A.CON, it does quite effec-
tively. You can't possibly find *everyone* you want to see, but there's no excuse
for a fanzine fan to feel lonely, as Marty points out in his comment to Bill Patter-
son in Nessie. And second, it allows the subfandoms to interact. This gives us a
better perspective on our place in the universe, it allows us to talk with people
we otherwise wouldn't meet (I am not a Trekfan, but I have Trekkish friends I like
to see), and, of course, it caters to the many of us who belong to more than one
subfandom. Robbie isn't unique in being both a fanzine fan and a something-else fan.
Just as fandom brings together people who are different in other aspects of life
(think of fans' politics!), so do fanzines bring together fans who are diverse
in other aspects of fandom. I'm a fantasy fan; I devote half my fanac to a little
outfit called the Mythopoeic Society. I've heard that called a fringe fandom -- I
don't think it is, but I've gotten used to people saying so. And I know fanzine
fans who run conventions, who design costumes, who write sercon criticism pro-
fessionally, and so on.

Which brings me to Mike Glyer's column on the fanzine Hugo, by way of the fact
that I also used to be a filksinger. Surely I can't have been the only active fan-
zine fan who'd heard of THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON before its Hugo nomination, but it
certainly seemd that way as I spent much of this summer explaining its identity
to the likes of Jerry Kaufman and Seth Goldberg, people normally more knowledgeable
than I. PFNEN is actually an excellent little fanzine of its type, and it followed
a classic path of fanzine evolution, beginning as a club newszine and growing into
a genzine, eclipsing more pretentious but less energetic rivals along the way.
Filks is a legitimate subfandom, and PFNEN, its best fanzine, is no shame to the
Hugo ballot.

To puzzled fanzine fans who've never heard of PFNEN or its editor, Paul

Willett, I might add (to quote Mike Doonesbury), he's never heard of you either. I understand, though, that Mr. Willett has been able to find fellow filkers who could explain FILE 770, HOLIER THAN THOU, IZZARD, and ANSIBLE to him. Information flow works both ways.

Paul brought some copies of his zine to sell at the fanzine sales tables in the Fan Room at L.A.CON - I placed them next to the copies of HTT, FILE 770, and IZZARD which I also had on sale - sort of a "current Hugo nominees section".

It seems to me that the figures that Glyer presents don't do much to prove his thesis that removal of the semiprozines caused nominations in the fanzine category to drop, but rather the opposite. And my subjective impression is that all the extra room caused by the removal of LOCUS and SFR caused a fair number of Nielsen Hayden devotees to decide simultaneously that this was the year to get IZZARD on the ballot, which we did. (It certainly encouraged the partisans of PHIL FEE-NOM--EE-NON.) We'll have to wait until more statistics are released to be sure, though.

But I definitely agree with Glyer's conclusion: people should vote, or stop complaining about the results.

Richard Bergeron's argument that it takes more money to attend cons than it does to pub one's ish is a point well taken as far as it goes -- but it doesn't go as far as he may think. Publishing fanzines costs more than the money that goes into it. For some people at least, it's more time-consuming, and it's certainly mentally tougher. For this reason a good fanzine is more worthy of celebration than a good con, but it also makes fanzine-writing a perilous task. It's fine for Bergeron to imply that writing a fanzine is easy -- "straight down the page typing and getting the damn thing out" -- but then two pages later, there he is accusing D. West, a plenty good fanwriter himself, of "first draft writing" and even "first draft thinking". You can't win.

Dave Langford's exegesis of bad current sf is brilliant, brilliant, funny, brilliant, and funny. (In that order.) He even manages to achieve that most difficult of reviewing tasks, to discuss books I haven't read in a way that interests me. And for those I have read, he is devastatingly on target. Especially with Stephen Donaldson, an author whose shining virtues make his glaring faults even more unbearable. Was it Langford, as I've been told, who invented the Clench Game? This pastime, which has found its way even unto these far shores, requires players each to take a volume of Donaldson and search through it random.y; the first to find the word "clench" or "clenched" wins. It's not very difficult ("Bitterness clenched Triodk's jaws", THE POWER THAT PRESERVES, p. 105), and on the way one passes many great uses of "hissed", "snapped", and other said-bookisms that cement Donaldson's claim to Langford's Superglue Award for Style and Imagery.

* D.W. HOWARD * Mike Glyer's Pied Typer made me sit up and take notice. The nature
***** of the zine was apparent from THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON's title,
but I had not realized that LA fandom-at-large was perhaps no more familiar with TFPNEN than I am. On the other hand, if there were a filk-singing zine being published hereabouts, I probably wouldn't be familiar with it either, so I shouldn't have been surprised.

Imputations of the L.A. Group Mind and L.A. bloc voting are so absurd as to show either non-thinkingness or prejudice on the part of the person making that statement. In the first place, the bloc voting which placed TFPNEN on the ballot was done by filkers centred in Orange and San Diego counties -- SOUTH of (and with little connexion with) L.A. fandom. Secondly, there are MANY fans in L.A.; so, even if just about anything can get a lot of support from L.A. fans, this is only because of this huge number of fans hereabouts - we are far from monolithic in our opinions.

Esco Productions, Ltd., which describes itself as "a professional organisation dedicated to the furthering of fannish activities and conventions...." ran a poll a couple of years back, one question of which attempted to ascertain which features of a con were most popular with congoers. Let me quote the results of this question, in order of preference:

- 1) Dealers' room
- 2) Parties
- 3) Art Show, tied with Films
- 4) Film, tied with Art Show
- 5) Masquerade
- 6) Main program*
- 7) Meet the pros party
- 8) Filksinging
- 9) GoH speech
- 10) Auctions
- 11) Fan programming
- 12) Banquet functions
- 13) Gaming
- 14) SCA events
- 15) Computer games
- 16) Mimeo room activities

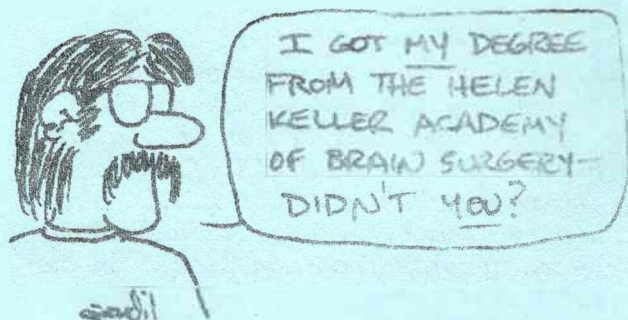
*(Item 6 is a bit vague, but Esco offered no explanation.)

Point of the quote is that Filksinging beat out such items as the GoH speech and Banquets, which are pretty much traditional at most cons; as well as fan programming and the mimeo room, which we would assume to be of interest to most fannish fans. In fact, it beat out gaming, which has become all but pervasive at cons. They *is* a lot of filksingers in them thar hills--and valleys, and plateaus, as well.

Actually, this type of survey is of only limited (or even no) value unless the names of the cons which were surveyed. Obviously surveys taken at, for example, CORFLU or MEXICON will be decidedly different from those taken at a Trekcon - or any other con. The real question here is to decide the name of the con by the order of the listings.

Glyer points out that some trekkie's relative might be in a position to dominate the Hugo zine balloting and voting. That is no joke. There are a heck of a lot more trekkies than filksingers, and they are fanatically loyal.

However a good case could be made that most Trekzines are not "generally available" under the current accepted definition of the phrase ((that is, circulation is generally restricted to Trekfans insofar no attempt is made to interest mainstream fandom in them whereas traditional fanzines are available in mainstream fandom as well as to fanzine fans)). I admit that this is my interpretation and may not be accepted by everybody.



When I pointed this out to N3F member Richard Llewellyn and fan-turned-writer Ralph Roberts, they grew ghastly pale and could only offer the advice to not let the Trekkies know this could be done. I certainly have no intention of telling the Trek fandom power structure to go after Hugos, but I'm sure some of them could figure it out for themselves. In which event I guess I'd want

to join with Mike Glicksohn in doing what could be done to drop the fan Hugo. Only problem with that is, if such a "non-acceptable" group had the strength to get the Hugo in the first place, how could any of us slip that one by on 'em? They would also have the strength to keep the fan Hugos as part of the program. So where does one go from here?

Get a sympathetic Worldcon committee to schedule WSFS Business Meetings opposite some Star Trek episodes (or other Trek programming) and pass the motion there.

* RICHARD BRANDT * Thanks extra much for HTT XIX. I mean... a real Art Product cover! Except for a couple of things Eric Mayer has done, Bergeron is one of the few fen to display an interest in Modern Art, as it were; and gosh, here I have a signed, numbered (numbered XIX, anyway), print---a real collector's item! Not that I've ever thrown away a single fanzine I've ever received, goddammit.

"Good taste is irrelevant to Art." So sez my guru, Mel Brooks. Bergeron, again, keeps coming to the subject of bad taste, especially in reference to an extremely distasteful situation he's been facing lately. The problem Bergeron doesn't really address is the essential meanness of all humour (something a friend of ours was discussing in reference to NATIONAL LAMPOON, which she enjoys far less than I). When you get right down to it, there's nothing any funnier about Jerry Falwell getting AIDS than there is about George Wallace getting sickle cell anemia. You might not think a joke about Jesse Helms dying of cancer would be funny, either; but if enough people despised him as truly as those I mentioned above are despised, they might chuckle. There are also plenty of Natalie Wood, John Beluchi, Karen Carpenter, Michael Jackson and Richard Pryor jokes I could relate. Getting down to basics, there's nothing all that funny in a real pratfall, either, but something there is in the human spirit that requires a voracious diet of the suffering of others. (Maybe you saw a little gem of a film called RISKY BUSINESS, ostensibly a summer-comedy type film in which many really dreadful things actually happen to the her?)

Never even heard of that film, but that is nothing new. I would, though, like to call to your attention Walt Willis' IN DEFENSE OF THE PUN in which he points out that the pun is the only form of humour which does not depend upon something nasty happening to people for it to be funny.

Maybe you guys don't have taste, but you do have a more elusive quality: class. I refer to your response to Pete Lyon, where he is subtly put down for implying you "blew off" the cover for the previous issue by running a Brit Gov poster. He must surely have cringed for the snide tone of his remarks. Especially since all you did was state the amount of work that went into that "flypaper" production. You get extra class commendation for never mentioning the labour that went into the cover when you ran it in HTT 18 in the first place.

Now, on Robbie's editorial: Good for you, Robbie. Some of the notes about media fen (including the illiterati) in this issue are disturbing but so is the unstated implication that media fen can never be *real* fans (even "trufen" isn't the right distinction; we're saying these folks shouldn't even be allowed admittance to the ballpark). There are certainly media fen who have maintained legitimate fannish "credentials"...who's ready to exclude Jackie Lichtenberg, the Trimble, (well, maybe the Trimble, lately) or whoever?

There are two separate groups of SF fans in El Paso. One, a younger group, has many high school and early-college-age folks in it. The members are heavily into roleplaying games and a vaguely SCA-type organisation. There are many media fen: in fact, I think just about *all* of them are heavily into the Han Solo books and

everything else in the SW series, and heatedly argue the merits of book vs. film in the Star Trek continuum. They read, but their tastes run to Piers Anthony, Anne McCaffrey, Megan Lindholm and lots of stuff with wizards and dragons in it. On the other hand, these folks shelled out a lot of bucks to bring Andrew Offutt to a local convention based on his stories in the Thieves' World series, okay?

There's a second group, essentially a revival of a group that operated out of the local university and ran the Solarcons a few years back. One of the members lived in the Monkey House in Austin with Howard Waldrop and that crowd, lo, these many years ago. Another, the oldest member of the group, is a dealer with an extensive pulp collection, whose proudest accomplishment is his lifelong task of building a complete file of ASTOUNDING's. These folk read avidly and discuss just about everything in the field. They also do role playing. Several are also heavily into Doctor Who--which is not even broadcast in this area, a situation they are trying to remedy. Now, I hope these folks would not be shunned by our fandom "at large" (hah) because they would turn up at (or try to sponsor) a Who Convention. More power, Robbie.

The last "Doctor Who" con I was at was disappointing because of its lack of proper organisation but it had James Hogan and Barbara Hambly as guests (along with the "media" guests) and kept both of them quite busy on the programming.

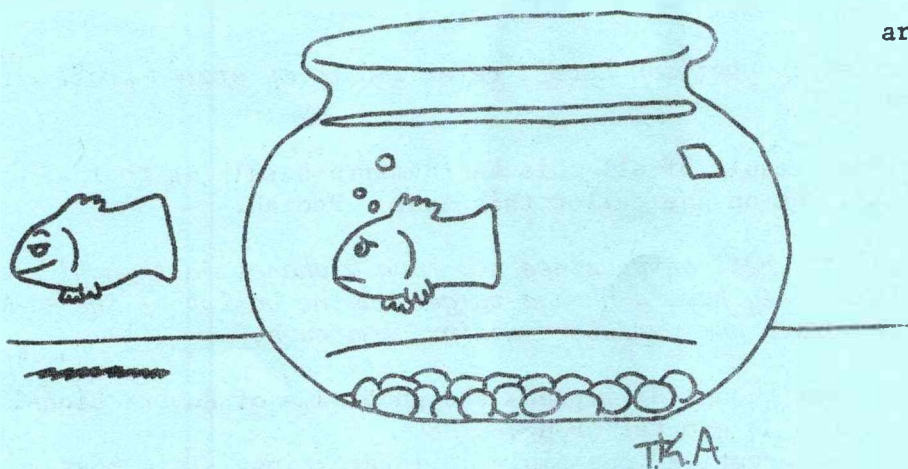
Oh, yeah, Marty: Congrats on the Hugo nomination. I won't claim to receive most of the fanzines printed today (although things have picked up since I started loccking all the zines I picked up at Constellation), but I certainly got the impression of HTT as a fannish focal point...you certainly are loccked by just about everybody active in zinedom today. Nope, I wasn't surprised in the least. (besides, didn't you seem to be halfway expecting it back in HTT 18?)

*HTT has been getting nominating votes at least since DENVENTION II (where it placed eleventh); so, with that plus the reversion of the category to the honouring of amateur zines, yes, I was halfway expecting the nomination. It was still an unexpected surprise as I felt that the zine needed at least a few more years of exposure and needed to get better yet. Well, the past few issues are the best ever, so I will not be surprised if it is again nominated next year. We shall see. ** Actually, HTT seems to be becoming some sort of focal point zine but I would not heatedly argue with somebody who says that this is only because of a dearth of competition.*

Speaking of fannish focal points, you certainly have a compendium of fannish stuff in here, reprints and all. "Shooting the Shit" didn't deserve its two pages; in fact, Steve Higgins' piece may not have deserved quite as much space as he devoted to it. Steve may think he's being reasonable when he says that a fanzine only qualifies as a fanzine when judged by its quota of "fannish" content. The British perspective on fanzine history may be different, but in this country fanzines certainly developed out of the lettercolumns of the prozines (and, to a lesser degree, the "small press" tradition of this country), and tended to ape the pulps to a degree, certainly to the extent that they ran fiction at first and tended to concentrate on stfnal discussion. (In Britain, prozines never really gained a foothold, so the same conditions would not apply.)

In fact, a reason not often propounded for the supposed dearth of new fan faces may be the withering away of fannish material in the prozines. One reason Ted White is my hero is the fact that he kept the CLUBHOUSE column alive in AMAZING, let alone had the last good lettercol in any of the prozines.

By the way, I'm curious how Higgins treasures "fannishness" in his "pure" fanzines, but thinks fan writers should avoid in-groupish chatter and gossip to write about their boring non-fannish personal lives...at the same time he criticizes



articles that could have run in any magazine as "non--fannish". Sheesh. Like I say, he could have used less space... maybe then the contradictions in his thinking would have been apparent even to him. Mike Gly-er brings up a valid point in reference to the fan Hugos: A

small committed group of fans could always have dominated the Hugo process; I remember a year, not that long ago, when only 16 nominating ballots were counted in the category of Best Fan Artist. What Glyer's figures don't address is what happens in the actual voting process, where it seems the number of winning ballots cast has risen in the past few years. You can get ANSIBLE and FILE 770 nominated, but in years where SFR or LOCUS were in the running, would "real" fanzines win when hundreds of votes were cast? As for complaining when something like THE PHILK FEE--NOM-EE-NON gets on the ballot...let me tell you, you may call these awards nothing but popularity contests, but from my experience covering political races, let me tell you that in a hotly-contested race or one with a smaller turnout, the candidate with the *best organisation* ALWAYS wins. Glyer's suggestion, that the real problem is that fans have complained loudly about the process but never been motivated to take part in that process when their favourite zine's nomination was at stake... is well taken.

Since Richard Geis, who appears virtually nowhere but in his "SemiPro" publication, SFR, received a nomination for best "Fan" writer, it's clear that the present solution is just begging the question. If Geis wins Fan Writer again, what have you really accomplished?

Well, Glyer, not Geis, won Best Fanwriter. I would like to point out, though, that I was one of those instrumental for the rewriting of the categories - and several of the reasons why writers who contributed to the semipros were left in the fanwriter category were, some people felt that this was a logical place for them, we needed the votes of these people, and we could not think of any other solution to the problem.

Well, what you've accomplished is let smaller-circulation zines have a crack at a title, and I don't think there's necessarily anything wrong with that. Even the national wire services make distinctions for their awards for newspapers with varying circulations, on the grounds that a paper serving 5,000 readers may very well be fundamentally different from a paper serving 500,000. Let's face it, the topics covered by the nominated semiprozines are vastly different from those in, say, HTT or IZZARD. Even LOCUS and FILE 770, ostensibly both newszines, have pretty much mutually exclusive beats. (Altho' Glyer is certainly running much of the same stuff as SF CHRONICLE these days, and slower in the mails, too.) So what the hell? Would certainly like to hear the Cantor Position on this issue, in view of recent

developments.

In stead of recapitulating my position here I refer you to my stated position in response to other loccers.

On the plus side, the best result of all this Fan/Semipro hassle is that a genuine semiprozine, WHISPERS, got on the ballot this year. Hoozah.

There are two best results: real seiprozines now have a chance (although small) to win a Hugo - at least they have a chance to get on the ballot -- the other best result being that amateurs are now competing against amateurs.

Loved Langford's piece, even though he impugns the good name of Robert Lionel Fanthorpe, than whom no one could do greater wrong.

Ed Rom's definition of "conservative" certainly is interesting, since most self-styled conservatives have always declared themselves for the individual's freedom from Big Government...which extends to Big Business's freedom from regulation. This is why conservatives flocked to Reagan when he promised to cut Big Government, limit spending, cut taxes, and reduce the deficit. (If they vote for him again on the same promise, they're morons.) Conservatives always characterise liberals as supporters of Big Government, since they support entitlement programs for the needy. Although conservatives may in reality bring about more restrictions, Rom certainly comes off sounding like one in his opinions.

* ED ROM * Robbie, your editorial was rather enlightening to me. If you want to
***** call yourself a media fan, then you are a media fan. Many of us wear more than one hat, so to speak -- I, for instance, am not just an sf fan, but I am also a history buff, a pool player etc. At any rate, a person is first and foremost *himself*, not some label which describes part of the interests that person may have.

Congratulations, Marty, on being nominated for the Hugo!!! It may be, that when we are doddering old fools, the young fans of that day will try starting fannish wars with us for dwelling in the past too much, as we recall such things as *HTT* getting the Hugo and the 6th Fandom Fandom brouhaha....

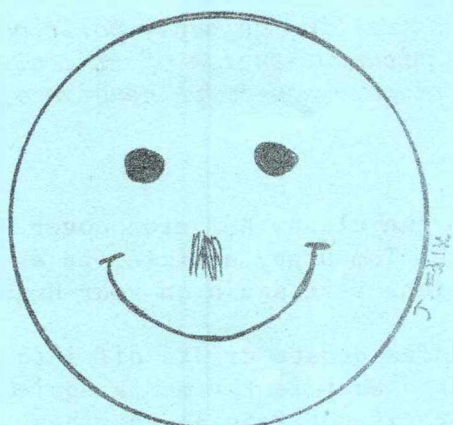
But I am already a doddering old fool.

I really enjoyed Richard Bergeron's column. What a talent! I can't disagree, even a little bit, with his analysis of putridity. Vileness for its own sake can sometimes backfire, as I found out once when I let a roommate of mine read Spinrad's *THE IRON DREAM*, and found that he sincerely agreed with the ostensible viewpoint of the novel! It turned out that this guy had a fetish for uniforms, was into authority (in the sense of being a follower), and was an anti-Semite to boot. The only amazing thing about it is that he didn't actually belong to some extreme right-wing group or the other....

*Which fact you already knew because you already belonged to all of those groups/
~~which~~ ~~which~~?*

Eric Mayer's point about Nixon being a potential Stalin is right on. J. Edgar Hoover had the potential for being another Josef Beria, as well, just as Joe McCarthy was a closet fascist. It's a good thing that our system has as much give and take built into it as it does, because any of those guys, in another country, could well have caused a disaster.

So, define disaster, already. Basically, even though I agree with your view-



HAVE A NICE
TAG

point, I feel that the people whom you name did provide this country with disasters of one or another kind - and McCarthy was not hiding in any closet.

Marty, you are absolutely right: I so espouse the conservative position as regards liberalism. It happens to be correct. Just as much of the liberal view on conservatism is correct.

The conservative view of liberalism may be correct in some other dimension, but not in this one. Liberals do not support Big Government qua Big Government and as the only way of curing society's ills (as conservatives claim - it is their party line and you follow it slavishly) but support government action to alleviate a social ill only if that is the best method of getting to a goal. By an extension of their philosophies ye shall know them: liberal programmes lead to a better life for more people (including greater civil rights for previously oppressed minorities) whilst conservative philosophies lead to the rich getting richer and damn those fuckers who do not have the gumption to be rich. Conservative philosophy is a philosophy of selfishness - at least the results of it in action leads to this. Damn it all man, this is what we have going for us now in this country - Reagan and his policies are the epitome of the "Me Generation. A callous disregard for the non-rich is always a result of these mean-spirited ideas.

I will acknowledge Ian McKeer's statements about socialism and left-wing thought in Europe -- I admit that I have had too much of a tendency to lump the entire left together. But I am still correct when I say that the Left is authoritarian in outlook, no matter who they like or dislike. As far as I'm concerned, Left anarchism is an unworkable fantasy.

The far-left is authoritarian in outlook, but the liberal left is far more non-authoritarian in outlook than are conservatives (even though conservatives profess otherwise, you have to remember it is the conservative who supports anti-abortion laws and other personal-restricting-laws, NOT liberals). Some liberals may throw the baby out with the bathwater, but conservatives will refuse to turn on the bathwater in the first place because the water must be saved for those who can afford it.

This is the second time, Marty, that you have refused to present your point of view and attempt to refute me other than by saying the equivalent of "You're full of shit, Rom!" I think that that's because you know that most liberal arguments are rather easy to tear apart, point by point. I must admit that I'm drooling at the possibility.

Like anybody of a conservative persuasion you prove your lack of thinking ability (and, in your case, by a seeming lack of reading ability) - my positions have been stated many times in just about every HTT. Read what I have written in the HTTs you possess and you will see that for which I stand.

I must reiterate that I am not a conservative! I don't swallow any party line whole.

Oh, but you must have swallowed the entire conservative line as every political position which you have stated as yours (including your misapprehension of liberalism) is 100% true-blue conservatism. The mystery lies in your non-comprehension of this fact.

* MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER * Thanks for HTT 19 which, from the classy Bergeron cover
***** to, well, everything except the Tom Digby article, is a
first-class job. Congratulations once again on your Hugo nomination.

There's one point I'd like to make before the mediafen debate drifts off into inanity. What I don't understand about mediafen is this: what is the media equivalent of a trufan? Have any media fanzines evolved into if not faanish fanzines, personal journals about the world? I get the sense from reading Robbie that if her "scruffy Whozine" forgot to mention the Doctor and started talking about other subjects, the mediafan equivalent of Ted White would denounce her. Or am I extrapolating too much?

Actually, yes, you are extrapolating too much. Not all mediafans are sercon, i.e. only interested in discussions of the subject (like Dr. Who or Star Trek). There are those who descend to talking about themselves, the fans, and their doings. (And the most sercon of mediafans are almost inevitably female!)

Richard Bergeron, once again, creates symphonies of conflict from his ever--inventive mind. While most of the article is forgettable, the sections where RB allows himself to observe and comment about subjects outside of fandom shine with the cold brilliance we have come to expect. I especially liked his analogies between the punk clothes aesthetic--the concept of clothes as a perceptual performance--and costume convention. If Boy George were to enter a Worldcon masquerade, what prize would he get?

The Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo.

Steve Higgins makes several good points, and I think his ground point for distinguishing what makes good fan writing---that it emerges from a shared set of values---is far more intelligent than the usual idea of fandom worshipping Sixth Fandom, Willis, and the like. I'd even like to suggest a comparison with Bergeron's comments about putridity; both the decadent costumers in Trinidad and crudzines are, in their own way, illiterate.

Your last sentence is clever - your previous one is just so much folderol as you fail to distinguish between worship and pointing-the-finger-at-good-examples.

But what does Bergeron see in Diana Vreeland? What hidden pleasures does he find in old issues of VOGUE? The world wants to know.

* MIKE GLICKSOHN * Congratulations on HTT 19: it is easily your best (and most unusual) issue. It is unusual because somehow or other you've managed to sneak in some exceptionally well-written and interesting material (one could even say "timeless") and keep the putridity to an absolute minimum. Could it be that you've been reading what Bergeron had to say? Let us hope that this indicates a trend away from your self-professed aim of being a sort of amusing cesspool for fannish tastelessness and towards a more worthwhile and lasting sort of major focal point genzine.



Yes, HTT does seem to be turning into some sort of focal point genzine (and, for that, many thanks should go to Richard Bergeron, some of whose services to HTT have been publically acknowledged). But do not take this as any turning of our backs on putridity.

On overall impression the issue is a good one, even if it is too damn big by far. The silkscreened cover is a most impressive start to the issue and even the general layout and visual appearance of the zine seems to have taken a step upwards. In the past, those of us who have been fans of HTT have frequently found ourselves on the defensive in our attempts to explain just what it was about the zine that attracted us to it. With this issue, I think you've reached the stage where no regular participant in HTT need apologize for wanting to be part of what you're doing.

Too big? Hah! Not big enough, given the amount of good material which we are now receiving and keeping (and we are returning lots of material). About 20 pages of material which I wanted to place in this issue (#20) is being held for future issues because of lack of room.

I'm a bit baffled by Robbie's vehemence in her editorial. It seems to me that in recent issues by far the harshest comments about media fans to appear in HTT have come from *Marty*. So while I agree with Robbie's premise I think her statement of it is far more strident than is needed. (I also believe that primarily what we have here is that old fannish bugaboo of failure-to-communicate-due-to-dissimilar-dictionaries. In other words, if Robbie says "media fan" she means it in a general sense of someone whose focus of stfnal interest is visual: when some of the loccers say "media fan" they are using it in the very specialised sense of that part of media fandom which "invades" "our" conventions in a parasitic way and gives media fen in general a bad name. It's the old problem of each person knowing what they mean by a given word but there not being a concensus as to what the terms actually refer to.)

As you can see from her editorials in #19 and in #20, Robbie is a very sensitive person. She knows my quirks and foibles and ~~theoretically~~ can live with them, but she is very quick to take annoyance (as it were) when others spout off. Also, as fanzine fandom is a secondary, not primary, interest of hers, she is quickly bored when fanzine fans talk shop. After all, we fanzine fans can be quite baroque and in-grown in our conversations (both on paper and in person). *sigh*

Thom Digby is one of the most creative writers and thinkers I've encountered in almost twenty years as a fan. His short quotations scattered through this issue show that. His "Beginner's Guide", however, is possibly the most stupid, pointless and asinine waste of paper I've ever seen Thom responsible for. It almost reads as

if he set out deliberately to "write down" to HTT's former level and threw away all the special talents that make his writing so worthwhile. What a shame.

I've read the Higgins piece before and am very ambivalent towards it. I think Steve makes some good points but as a whole the piece is muddy, the prose is turgid and frequently completely ungrammatical and the overall effect is laboured. Steve seems so fearful of being labelled among those fanwriters who write poorly that he's overdone it trying to prove his stylistic skills. I have the feeling he could have sat down and rewritten the entire piece in a simpler, more direct prose style and communicated his ideas and his concerns much more effectively. This is essentially an article of content but the way it is written obscures much of what Steve is trying to say. I applaud his ambition in even attempting such a piece but I don't think he was able to pull it off. And that's a damn shame because many of his observations are very accurate.

For the first time in quite a while I find myself agreeing with Taral. I'm not sure his figures are completely reliable but they probably aren't out by *too* much and his point is very well taken. Oddly enough, I've always thought the problem was the other way around! When I used to publish regularly, I always found there were never enough good artists to go around the number of fanzines being published. Of course, as a faned I was also interested in interior art but it was always difficult for me to get *all* top class art for any given issue. I'll be interested to read what other fanartists have to say about Taral's comments: are covers really all that fanartists faunch for? can interiors really be so quickly dismissed? do artists agree that there aren't enough good fanzines around or do they feel there are too many damn fanzines making demands on their time and talent? Interesting column, even if Taral does look on fanzine writing as an annoying chore. As a writer/editor and most definitely non-artist it provided me with a viewpoint I'd not considered before. One can't expect much more than that.

Glyer echoes a complaint that I've made many times in recent years, namely the uninvolved of fanzine fans in Hugo balloting. The standard answer is that most fanzine fans can't (for that read "won't") afford the cost of joining today's expensive worldcons just to vote for a real fanzine for a Hugo. To me that's hogwash: even at twenty bucks to join there won't be many fans who couldn't scrape together the registration if they really cared who won the awards. That many fans feel the cost is too high is an indication of the low regard in which they hold the Hugos. I can't deny them that right, naturally, but I wish they'd at least have the honesty to simply say "Voting for the Hugos isn't worth twenty of my dollars, even though I get all the progress reports and the programme book as well." This "I can't afford it" crap is pussyfooting around the issue. We, we shall see what happens this year: I voted (but not for HTT in first place, I must admit) and if THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE--NON wins then fanzine fans will have nobody to blame except themselves.

The acquisition of Bergeron as a columnist is a major fannish coup and one that should elevate HTT considerably above its previous issues. I really enjoy Dick's writing and his views on fans and fandom and I hope he'll be a regular feature for some time to come.

Enjoyed his essay on vulgarity but I'm not sure his insights apply to HTT. It strikes me there's a big difference between "putridity" which is what Marty strives for and "vulgarity" which is the *controlled* exercise of tastelessness. Marty never struck me as exercising control, with the single exception of the Langford cover which Bergeron correctly selects as a perfect example of acceptable vulgarity. Still, when the final curtain is run down and all the scores added up, I think I agree with Dick that there are better ways to be remembered than for lowering fannish tastes to new depths. It's material like this column by Bergeron that will make HTT a fanzine to collect and save, not articles about shit.

As I'm sure Dick realizes, the satisfaction one gets from publishing a fanzine is an entirely different sort of satisfaction from that obtained through interacting at a convention with fellow fans and fannish friends. Ideally it would be nice if we

could all afford to indulge our desires in each direction but if it comes to a choice, one can hardly fault someone for selecting one form of pleasure over the other. Dick is an unusual fan in his ability to exist quite happily without personal fannish contact. There are few such people around and if the desire of most fans is for (you should excuse the expression) hands-on experience with their fellow fans then the rest of us will just have to accept that aspect of human nature and put up with fewer fanzines. It's not all bad, though: as soon as I finish spending a week reading and loocing HTT I expect to actually be able to read some science fiction!

By far the single most brilliant, entertaining and enjoyable article in the issue (and very possibly for the first half of 1984) is Dave Langford's masterpiece of wit, wisdom and wocked wordsmithing. This is the sort of article that *will* be reprinted years from now and stand up well because the style is so powerful that it takes care of any of the content we may be unfamiliar with. I've only read a couple of the books Dave lampoons so savagely but I found myself bursting out loudly with laughter all through this *tour de force*. To put it mildly, this "speech" was "enormous---incredible---incomprehensible, superb, colossal, brilliant" and a couple of other pages copied verbatim from Roget's. This is, far and away, the most entertaining fanzine contribution I've enjoyed in many many months. Goddam it, how can Geis win writing awards when there are artists of this calibre in the field?!

Any FANTHOLOGY - 1984 will be considerably diminished if Langford's piece is not included therein. No wonder Dave keeps being nominated as Best Fanwriter year after year. A shame, indeed, that he has yet to win.

When Andruschak writes things like "that faint aura of something that a Socialist Government would actually publish" I find myself thinking that I didn't like the sod when I didn't know he was an alcoholic and I still don't like him now that I do know. A jerk is a jerk, whether he has personal problems or not. I applaud Andy's attempt to dry himself out and I wish him nothing but success (hell, of all active fans I ought to be about as sympathetic as anyone) but I refuse to use his problems as an excuse for his being a fugghead.

Ted White is often accused of getting his facts wrong (frequently because he has made mistakes) but it's hard to imagine how anybody could argue with his calmly reasoned analysis of the fate of AMAZING. Score one for Terrible Ted and zero for Dismal Darrell.

I was amused at the sight of poor Brian Earl Brown suggesting that it was time to put the Joe Nicholas punching bag away. From everything I've been reading in fanzines lately it would seem obvious that the Nicholas bag was remaindered some time ago and replaced by the latest hot item, the Kick-It-While-It's-Down-'Cos--It'll-Never-Get-Up Brian Earl Brown doll! I feel a quiet pride in having just published a twenty two page fanzine that never once makes derogatory mention of Brian Earl Brown. I think I'll send him a copy just for a change of pace ~~from things like~~ *HTT*...

What? You just published a fanzine that was not up-to-date with the latest gimmick? You must be mired in Sixth Fandom.

On the other hand, I can't quite accept his suggestion that Dr. Who can be sufficient to stimulate anybody intellectually. Entertain, perhaps, amuse, enthrall, captivate, all those, but hardly stimulate intellectually. I can accept that Dr. Who could provide the basis for a complete and happy pseudo-fannish existence but in return all I can think is that anyone for whom such a *limited* range of ideas and material can be completely satisfying is someone I probably wouldn't get along with too well. And if that's elitist, so be it.

Uh, oh - I think that Robbie is going to disagree with you on the next page.

Limited? "Doctor Who", in 22 years, has covered topics ranging from mythology and history (is one real? can the other be changed safely?) to future worlds based on all sorts of technology and with all kinds of backgrounds (a planet where robots outnumber "humans", a planet where robots are in charge, one where the explorers have reverted to primitives, one where the universe of anti-matter meets ours). Some of the ideas are patently absurd - or are they? Trying to see if such ideas could can be very intellectually stimulating; not to mention all the time paradox questions the show always brings up.

As someone who has several thousand books on shelves (and will shortly have even more fanzines in boxes on shelves) I can partly sympathise with Marty's views but as someone with about 50 framed sf and fantasy paintings on the wall all I can say is that it's a good thing Marty chose to marry Robbie and not me. Think of all the arguments you avoided, Marty. And there are probably other benefits as well...

Yeah - it is too cold up where you live.

It's all very well for Patterson to say "Briefly, Rusty tried some very nasty power plays..." and leave it at that but as someone who has known Rusty for years and worked very closely with him I find that very hard to accept. For decades Rusty has had a reputation for reliability and levelheadedness and I don't like to see that swept away by a single unsubstantiated off-hand remark. I think Patterson owes a little explanation before he besmirches the reputation of someone who's given as much to fandom as Rusty has and over such a long period of time.

* TONY ALSOBROOK-RENNER * It was nice to read Dick Bergeron making the same points
***** about CORFLU that I made in EGOBOODLE. Bergeron states
his case much better than I did, of course. And the
cover was wonderful! More, More, More!

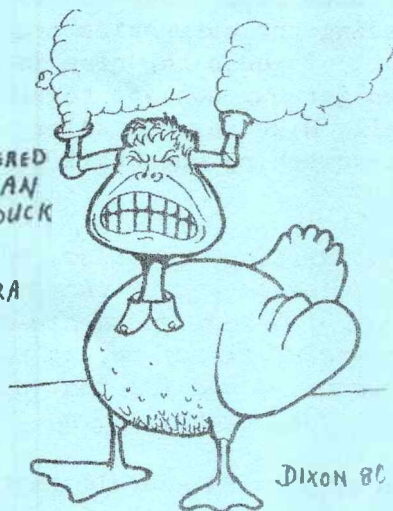
* LEE HOFFMAN * I'm not sure whether I should congratulate you on the Hugo nomina-
***** tion or not. All my instincts are shouting Hooray, and It's about
Time. But there is a dkeptical fannish voice inside my skull
saying, Just how much does a Best Fanzine Hugo REALLY mean anyway. It's a nice
piece of Egoboo, but there are others much more truly *significant*.

I *do* know whether to congratulate you on getting Bergeron for a columnist.
CONGRATULATIONS!

BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO SHOOTING THE SHIT was excellent. Very fannish. Very funny.
Very nicely thought out. Good stuff.

I would seriously question Rich Bergeron's assertion that I "have spent far more on conventions than on fanzines in recent years..." The last convention I could afford to attend at my own expense was SunCon in 1977. Since I gave up working for a living, devoting my time to activities of no Redeeming Social Value, like reading fanzines, I have been living on about a third of a pittance a week, and have made it to five conventions (with a sixth coming up in November), all of which were kind enough to make me a guest, provide me with my membership, transportation, crash space and at least a part of my nutritional requirements. Unfortunately my book-keeping is not all one might wish, and I can't quote figures, but I'm certain I spent far less on all five conventions than I invested in the last issue of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY. That's the 1981 issue. The one that actually was published, but disappeared somewhere in the maw of the post office, leaving most of the mailing list with the impression that I had dropped them from it. (Though I suspect that the guest publisher, Dan Steffan, invested far more in the issue than I did. As one of the few fans who actually saw a copy, I can say it was quite a nice zine.)

ANGRY
STEAM-POWERED
QUASH-HUMAN
MUTANT DUCK
WITH A
HOOVER ERA
COLLAR



I don't know the other people Rich cites. Maybe I'm just perverse. But attending conventions really does evoke the fannish spirit in me, and inspires me to increased fanac. I may not be publishing often (and maybe the way I SFFY these days doesn't count as publishing at all), but I am writing a regular column for MICROWAVE, and every once in a while I actually do write one of the many LoCs I plan writing to fan editors who are kind enough to keep me on mailing lists despite my lengthy silences. I am far more active in fandom, and feel far more fannish, now than I did during the years when I wasn't getting to conventions at all.

The filler on p 49 is terrific.

* AVEDON CAROL *

Gee, I think of myself as a fanzine fan, although I watch TV, go to movies, play video games, fool around with computers, and even make videotapes and films occasionally. I've even played D&D on certain 4th of Julys (it beats driving in D.C.). I like to watch Doctor Who on the tube. I even watch STAR TREK re-runs. I love sky-fi junk TV. Most of it really *is* garbage, but I think a lot of fans turn it on compulsively, just to see what they do with it, or maybe just to watch some skiffy images, or something. I think most of us probably even discuss it from time to time, or at least have done so. I don't think that's what makes someone "a media fan" as opposed to some other kind of fan. To me media fans are the dead bodies and mannikins, like--travel hundreds of miles to watch movies or video tapes? Complain because the con doesn't have enough programme items scheduled? Run around in Federation Star Fleet uniforms? This is not what I'm in fandom to do. I can watch those movies and tapes all by myself, there doesn't even have to *be* fandom for me to do those things. I'm in fandom for things that require there to be other people on the other end -- people to talk with, people to send fanzines and locs to and get fanzines and locs from, people things. For the life of me, I can't understand why people bother to congregate in hotels to do things they could do much more comfortably in their own homes.

The "Doctor Who" convention I attended before L.A.CON II had an art show, a dealers room, panels - all normal convention items. The panels covered costuming, creating worlds, "Doctor Who" (writing, being in, etc.), make-up workshops, writing workshops -- all "normal" enough subjects just replace "Doctor Who" with sf writing. The attendees were there not just to view videotapes and films (those two rooms were the smaller rooms at the convention center), they were there to see some of the people involved with the show -- actors, producer, writer -- and sf, to talk to fans like themselves, to see the art of other fans, to pick up items from the dealers room, to take part in and attend the masquerade, to party, to hand out copies of their fanzines -- all sorts of things, mostly not easy to accomplish in your own home (parties and seeing other fans certainly can be).

Well, I thought the Fanzine Hugo category would be an interesting experiment, but I've been suspicious all along, I must admit. Having seen such figures for

nominations as Mike gives previously, it's always been pretty obvious to me that most of us ought to have Hugos by now without messing the categories around. Or at least we all should have appeared on the ballot. I guess the clue is that 176 different titles were nominated--maybe we ought to get our own act together, instead of fiddling with the damn WSFS rules... Well, Mike reaches a large audience--he could always do a list of likely contenders or something when balloting time comes around...

Sure, and leave himself open to charges of favouritism, nepotism, ~~chill~~ ~~ablesting~~ and other such nonsense. You know fans, Avedon - give them a chance to be contrary and they will take it, give them a list of "recommended zines" and they will then purposely nominate others. It would not help, therefore, to recommend zines he thought were dogs as there are too many extant zines for that ploy to work. Fans will go their own way, regardless. Probably a good thing, anyway.

And if Dick Bergeron didn't waste money on moving to PR and all that, I guess he could put out more fanzines, too...

As always, I find Bergeron here most interesting where he talks about his own life (with only a few jarring notes when he throws in a couple of his fannish obsessions). I assume he is purposely mis-reading Lee (after all, with the Falwell types running around treating AIDS as the just deserts of godless faggotry, a lot of us could appreciate the irony, in a black humour-ish sort of way), but it's to good effect, since it set him talking about something he felt deeply about, with some real, cleanly understated emotion. Having given aid and comfort myself to the survivor of an AIDS victim (they had worked closely in the gay community, although they were not lovers or kin), I appreciate seeing it expressed.

Richard did not purposely mis-read Lee - he explains all in his column thisish.

* ERIC MAYER * Thanks for HTT 19 which seems the finest issue so far. The cover by
***** Richard Bergeron is marvellous. Fans often speak of taking advantage of fanzines to write noncommercially, yet few fan artists recognize that fanzines give them the option to do something other than commercial--illustration.

Two pieces struck me most forcibly this time - Robbie's editorial and Richard Bergeron's column, especially his paragraphs on the predominance of conventions. The two are interrelated for me, since it has recently been put to me that I don't attend cons.

You would think that Fandom, which considers itself a collection of broadminded people, would operate by attempting to include people, but it seems to operate more by exclusion. You are *not* a fan if you like Dr. Who, if you don't adhere to this or that standard, if you don't go to cons etc etc. It would appear that many fans have a mental image, very precisely detailed, of what a "fan" is and if you don't fit that image, well, either you're not a fan at all, or not as good a fan as they are. (Oddly, that image usually resembles themselves!) I certainly can't explain why liking Dr. Who is not "fannish" any more than I can explain why raising a family and not going to cons is not "fannish". I would've thought that publishing a fanzine was sufficient to qualify for the club. Apparently it is not.

Much can be explained by understanding that fandom was founded by fanzine fans (even though they were not that at the time) and was "dominated" by them for a long time - and now they find themselves a minority in the hobby-activity which they directed/ran/influenced for so long - and being neglected, considered irrelevant, or not even thought about by the majority of present-day fans. Many consider this a galling situation and they hit out at any convenient target.

I think my problem is somewhat similar to yours, Robbie. You were expected, upon becoming a fan, to strive to fit the image. Probably some people are puzzled, even put out that you have snubbed them, in effect, by failing to give up your media interests like a good fan. I've gotten the impression that people have felt this way about me. Have felt that if I were really sincere about being a "fan" I would, as a matter of course, alter my lifestyle so as to attend conventions like real fans do.

Perhaps the reason Fandom seems more and more to operate upon principles of exclusion is that it is becoming less and less a creative community and more a social club or a political organisation. A creative group would embrace anyone who had something to offer. A club, or a political group makes its members seem more important, the more exclusive it is.

Fandom around Los Angeles has gotten entirely too social: parties, picnics, parties, bowling, parties - as a person who is friendly with all of these fen I find it impossible to ignore these activities completely, especially as these activities are very appealing to Robbie. Much of the time, though, I just remain the "grouch" and stay home and type stencils. Sometime thinking, at such times, that life was a lot simpler when I was a semi-hermit-like single person. I would not go back, though.

I certainly shared Richard's feelings about fanzines becoming in many cases subordinated to conventions. I've begun to wonder whether conventions are the real *raison d'etre* of fandom, with fanzines becoming secondary - something fans are required to do, in addition to going to conventions; sort of meaningless anachronism, surviving because of tradition - like the post-holocaust survivors in old sf novels carting around ancient gadgets whose function they can no longer guess. FANs "worship" the idea of the perfect fannish fanzine, without any real appreciation of the creative impulse that might lead to it.

It does often seem that fanzines are just convention substitutes. Certainly, there should be a large measure of simple socialising in fanzines, but there appear to be fewer and fewer zines produced for their own sake lately. It's especially distressing when you consider how much more it costs to attend cons. And still, fans would rather attend cons.

Of course convention attendance with regularity pre-supposes a lot more disposable income than does fanzine publishing on a modest scale. It presupposes, for the most part, a certain lifestyle (ie, not a job with limited vacation and two toddlers). It even presupposes that the "fan" has a certain personality, is comfortable in crowds (for instance) or at parties. None of these traits are required to publish a fanzine, so the insistence on convention attendance is just another exclusion, like the insistence on not being a media fan. It narrows Fandom.

Now, I've been speaking in generalities. It could be that the fans who do think the way I've outlined will end up excluding themselves eventually from a fandom that is still vital and creative and doesn't ask to see your papers every other week.

* SALLY A. SYRJALA * Reading through HTT's contents makes me wonder at the underlying reason why we all read fanzines. Sure, it is a means of communication, but we can communicate through other forums like AT&T would have us do. Reading through this issue makes me think alot of reading through a local weekly newspaper. Each source -- fanzine and local weekly -- offers a look at a small community with whom one feels attachments. They offer gossip about who is doing what and what topics are of current interest to the local inhabitants.

Perhaps I read fanzines for the same reason I am reading ASIA RIP by George Foy. That book is set primarily on the Cape and it is fun to read it and see how another views the area. I do not agree with all the assessments made, but it is fun to read

them and see through the eyes of another that to which I have become accustomed to seeing in my own way.

Robbie addresses the schism in fandom well. It seems fandom can accomodate various races and creeds easier than it can assimilate various types of fans. At first the "jumour" directed against mediafen is amusing. Later it becomes irritating and annoying as the underlying condescending view makes itself apparent. If you want to state that television and film viewing of an occasional nature is an indication of passive behaviour, than can reading not also be looked upon as an activity which blots out "reality" and blindly acpts the universe of the author who created the book? What is the basic difference, except snobbism.

The difference is as basic as that between literacy and illiteracy, between fundamentally different mindsets (or way of looking at things), between very different ways of deciding just what this hobby activity should encompass. I am not saying that these differences are necessarily irreconcilable, but they certainly do exist and the objections which some fans feel towards others who also consider themselves as part of fandom is most definitely more than just mere snobbism.

There are illiterates in ALL sections of life. There are people who are an embarassment in all groups. It helps to carry on preconceptions to look at them and say, "Ah, *that* proves my point!" Why concentrate on those exceptions? Would it not be better instead to ferret out the heart of fandom to determine what its core element is really like?

Do you really believe that fans can agree on what constitutes the core element of fandom? Were I a betting man I would lay odds that "media fans" and "fanzine fans" will have different ideas about this - the differing ways which most of us found fandom will give this result. To say not much about how little of the history of fandom is known by most fans. Or cared about, for that matter.

If it has been said of plots of SF books that all the original plots have been used, then why is it said that mediafen lack imagination because they are trying to delve meaning out of that which is as a parable -- simple on the surface, complex in the center. SW has many layers. If you use a mythic orientation and look for THE HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES (as in Joseph Campbell's book of that title), you begin to see the link between all heroes be they King Arthur, James T. Kirk, Aragon or Han Solo. This saga can be used to see what it is that links all myths together into one whole. In so seeing, you can also glimpse a little of that which makes humankind tick -- good and evil. It can show what our aspirations are and how we look to the attaining of those goals.

If one needs mediastuff to learn this then one is, indeed, in poor mental condition. With normal intelligence and average acquity one absorbs this when still young - if one needs the media to teach this than one is too simple-minded for a fandom which is based on brain-power, as it were.



What is ST but a philosophy of the acceptance of differences. Its main idea is that of IDIC -- Infinite Diversity In Infinite Combinations. Fandoms should look to that light in trying to understand the motivating factor which unites all of fandom, not in trying to belittle each sector that is not our primary domain.

Fanzines in mediadom are done with graphic layout which is extremely pleasing to the eye. Should this plus be something which is looked down upon? Style and no substance would make for an empty zine, but there is both style and substance in mediazines.

To say most media fans are ONLY interested in media products is a false assumption. Most of the people with whom I am in correspondence have interests of a wide ranging scope. This is both in the "real" and SF realms. The question could also be reversed and the inquiry made of whether SF fans limit themselves to solely the fan-nish scene or if they become involved in other areas.

A false comparison there, Sally. Fandom is hobby activity and no imputation of lack of whatever should be made because a given person limits his hobby activity to just fandom instead of developing three or four dozen hobbies. Anyway, you should realise that your correspondence is with the literate fringe of media fandom; obviously you are not writing to the vast bulk of the media nerds (the ones who infest the SF cons where they do not belong), the ones who wear the same grundgy media costume during every waking hour of a con. Oh, and I should say this - there is a percentage of SF fans who are just as out of place in fandom as are the above-listed media fans.

Too, there is the tolerance question. Why is there so much bias against media fen? Those who are used as examples by SF fen are not those who could be called active core fen, but those of a fringe type. The majority of those mediafen who are actively involved in the fandom with whom I have had contact are coherent, even literate, as well as being intelligent beings who deserve more than the rash ghettoization of those who advocate "separate, but equal" accommodations. We all have something to give to each other.

It is obvious that you have not been to the sf cons overrun by the vast majority of the media fen whom I have been describing, the ones who flock to the media programming, the ones who buy up the media garbage sold in the dealers rooms, etc. ad nauseum. But then, my view on this is not the only one around here.

Nicely put, Sally. Thank you.

* LYNNE HOLDOM * I really liked Dave Langford's article. Who says you can't get
***** any mileage out of a bad book. I didn't think FOUNDATION'S EDGE
quite belonged with the other, though. I got mild enjoyment out
of that book. The others...well...I never got past the first Thomas Covenant book.
I mean when the most interesting part of the novel is the medical description...
should be putrid enough even for HTT....you KNOW you're in trouble. I never heard
of HABITATION ONE before. Sounds like I was well off. But I got a real laugh out
of the description and blow by blow of MORETA, DRAGONLADY OF PERN. I have a lot of
friends who are Pern fans and who have been urging me to read this. I kept falling
asleep trying to read it despite having made it all the way through DRAGONFLIGHT.
Enough is enough. I refused to even try BATTLEFIELD EARTH. I had bad vibes about
that book probably based on an experience with OLE DOC METHUSELAH by the same author
which has to be one of the worst SF novels ever. It's in the "for this trees have
died" category and it was written before Hubbard messed up his mind with that reli-
gious nonsense. Sounds like religion has neither improved nor worsened that, you
should pardon the expression, talent.

I do not consider myself a media fan though I watched STAR TREK and have seen all three STAR WARS films. I have even seen DR WHO which can be dumb but doesn't seem to reach the depths reached by "Spock's Brain" as one example. At one time I was even known to say "Trekkies, ugh!" However...I do a Darkover zine. Now, in order to be a Darkover fan, you have to be literate since the Darkover novels exist only in written form....at least at the present time. I have discovered that there is a great deal of overlap between Darkover fandom and media fandom. I do better selling my zine at media cons on a per capita basis than at regular SF cons. I do very well at Media West as one example. People who do Pern zines tell me similar tales. Now most of the people who buy both my zines and Pern zines (which are also based on written material) have to be literate to have gotten into the fandom. I haven't quite figured out just why Darkover and Pern appeal to so many media fans but the appeal is there. (There are also Darkover fans who wouldn't be caught dead associating with media fans but that's another matter.)

I do not consider what you have just written as a negation of what I wrote to Sally. Remember, I have not claimed that ALL media fans are illiterate, just the vast majority who infest SF cons. Now, you yourself have just commented about the appeal of Darkover and Pern to media fans - in the eyes of MANY sf fanzine fans there is little difference between Darkover, Pern, all other single-author fandoms, and media fandom. To those who hold this view it seems that such single-minded devotion (usually, although not always, to the exclusion of better quality material) to minor and mediocre fringe material is WIERD. Sort of like being served a \$4,000 gourmet meal and spending the rest of your life enthusing about the silverware.

In fact thinking it over, it seems to me that a LOT of the foibles you ascribe to media fans are also present in Darkover and Pern fans.

Now you know why.

I agree that Americans do have a wide streak of altruism. (So do New Zealanders by the way.) The Marshall Plan was inspired in part by a desire to help Europe rebuild. I can remember as a grade schooler packing up Red Cross boxes with soap, washcloths, toothbrushes etc. (we would each bring one item) to be sent to displaced Europeans. We were told we were helping people and we believed we were helping people. Years later one of my college roommates of Latvian descent told me that she was a recipient of such packets and they were a high point to her, living as she did in a DP barracks. New Zealanders did a lot of work in Cambodia with their equivalent of the "Save the Children" and were absolutely appalled at the Pol Pot regime. Most of them have never again heard about or from the people or children they helped. For that matter our elementary school "adopted" a "Save the Child" in Czechoslovakia. We put him through high school and I can still remember the principal reading the letters he sent. I sometimes wonder what happened to him when the Communists took over.

Most Americans, judging from my neighbourhood, aren't even aware that a world exists outside of the USA and Canada unless they are ethnics in which case Italy, Ireland, Poland, etc. also exists. Most wish that we would leave them alone and vice versa. An exception may be made in certain cases. I.e., the woman next door who is of Italian background, did some collecting for victims of the Italian earthquake. There is also a large Polish contingent which keeps petitioning the government to put pressure on the Polish government on behalf of Solidarity and so on. The Irish send money to the IRA which keeps the conflict boiling on and when the then President of Ireland told them not to, they hung him in effigy. (Probably next to Thatcher.) England is known chiefly for its rock groups, not the BBC.

* ROY TACKETT * Thanx for sending
***** along HTTXIX which
 is, you realize,
terribly difficult to pronounce.

Congratulations on being nominated for a Hugo. (I am somewhat bemused that Craig (whoever Craig may be) should ring you up to ask if you would accept...strange things...)

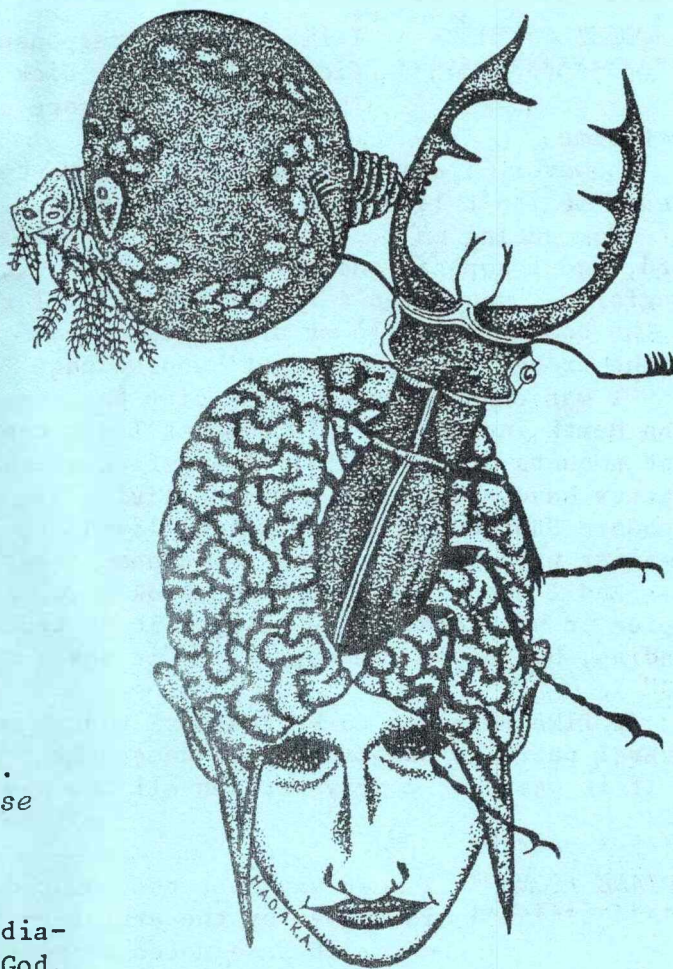
The Craig who called me up is Craig Miller who was one of the three members of the Hugo subcommittee (a subcommittee separated, according to the rules, from the main conglom because three of the conglom members were potential Hugo nominees). It is common, I understand, to see if nominees will accept their nominations before the list is announced - this way the next person/zine/whatever down the list can be elevated to the short list if somebody says no. Anyway, Craig was somewhat flippant because he knew me and he knew that I would like the news that way.

Let me say that I think the term "media-fan" (and "mediadom"??? For the love of God, ~~Not!!!!!!~~ Sally Syrjala....) is an unfortunate, silly, and stupid designation. Media-fan, fanzinefan, blahblahfan. Horse manure, as HST once said (mostly he said "horseshit" but he was addressing a conclave of little old ladies that time). We are all science fiction fans on this bus. And it doesn't matter if one prefers books or magazines or movies or (shudder) television shows. If you ain't a science fiction fan, get off the bus.

This whole argument seems to have grown out of the perception by some that movie and television science fiction is, on the whole, an inferior product. It therefore follows Mr. Spock's logic that people who enjoy that sort of thing are themselves inferior. There is a lot of inferior written science fiction floating around, too. I think a lot of the friction could be eased by tightening up on conventions, particularly the Worldcon, in the sense of putting the emphasis on science fiction and eliminating the sideshows. Science fiction. Visual or written. Get away from the emphasis on wow, Star Bores cost a hundred million dollars to make with all those great special effects and has all sorts of "stars" (that no one ever heard of before or again). Who cares? Is it a good story? Is it good science fiction?

OK, on those terms then, ALL of that media shit (the visual garbage), at its best, is less good science fiction than the label of any bottle of ketchup. So we will then get rid of it and thereby tighten up conventions, verstest?

Otherwise I enjoyed the Entropy Reprint and Langford's reviews.



* ROBERT WHITAKER *

I like Marty's response on his feelings toward the sort of fiction Philip K. Dick wrote that he did not enjoy reading. This response is more coherent than his frivolous remarks

last time.

However, I still don't agree with Marty, but it is evident that no matter what I say, it isn't likely to change his mind.

Commenting on L. Ron Hubbard's BATTLEFIELD EARTH was probably a chore for Langford, and I hope it answers some of the criticism that John Hertz kept leveling at Langford: "you haven't read the book". I read sections of it while standing around in the bookstore while my arms grew tired: I was always appalled at the awfulness of the prose. It is an eight hundred page Tom Swift novel.

I was annoyed by the publicity that the book received. Any science fiction fan, John Hertz included, could name at least ten writers more deserving than Hubbard of vast amounts of publicity. A substantial number of the "major" science fiction writers have never made a direct living off of their own writings. (I think of Theodore Sturgeon, who has seldom lived off of his own income from writing. Fans familiar with other writers could name their own case in point.)

And I don't think that the book's value could be summed up by the number of copies it has sold. Crap sells. It is true that a number of best sellers are worth reading, but often the case is: "it was a nice book, but who's going to re-read it?"

I like my books to be the sort that I would like to re-read. And reading several pages in Hubbard's opus caused me to put it back. I wouldn't have enjoyed it if it was that poorly written all the way through.

* DIANE THOME *

I must say that the cover did not excite me this time, even if it is signed by the artist -- except for Escher and some Dali, I'm not much fascinated by modern art.

As for "Fangdom", I don't feel revulsion when I think of this fanzine. It's just unique. I'd agree with the quote by Diana Vreeland on vulgarity that Bergeron cites -- its vitality is necessary. And of course, vulgarity is best when it has a point. (So is most anything.) And, a little repulsiveness can go a long way -- too much will jade people's sensibilities to what is being done. It's supposed to startle and repulse; nowt turn into something ho-hum. And how, Marty, I think your zine works -- you don't need to sanitize it.

* DAVID PALTER *

Thank you for HTT 19, a truly beautiful issue. The cover is astonishing; I have never seen printing of that quality in a fanzine before, and the effect is most striking. It is even more remarkable that the same person to produce this cover for you also wrote such an excellent article. Suddenly I know why Richard Bergeron is a fannish legend.

Bergeron discusses with clarity and insight the nature of putridity as a fanzine motif, and I tend to agree with him that while I have only a limited interest in putridity, HTT has many other attractions which offer good reason to participate. It is interesting as well to note that this particular issue has very little overtly putrid material; the only egregiously tasteless contribution is Pete Lyon's illo on page 69. In fact, whether you acknowledge the development of not, it is pretty clear that in recent issues putridity has ceased to be the major emphasis of HTT -- which is a healthy thing. If putridity remains as a minor theme, that's fine. In moderation, putrid writing or drawing serves as an affirmation of our freedom to discuss anything, no matter how supposedly taboo; it is good to observe that we are not slaves of conventionality. But a little bit of this goes a long way.

Dave Langford's book review article is fascinating. I believe that these are the most expertly executed killer reviews I have seen. Absolutely deadly. Dave Langford is meticulous and ruthless in unearthing for us the worst aspects of some severely flawed novels, and displaying them in a harsh and unforgiving light. The criticisms are, in fact, completely accurate. Some redeeming features can be found, however, in at least some of Dave's victims. I will not attempt to suggest any mitigating qualities for HABITATION ONE or for MORETA.

I would agree with Langford that L. Ron Hubbard's cavalier disregard of scientific plausibility is unfortunate, in BATTLEFIELD EARTH. The plotting admittedly rests upon some of SF's oldest cliches. I still enjoyed the novel. While it consists of possibly the most elemental of all SF archetypes - heroic Earthman saves the world (and universe) from evil aliens - in terms of sheer story-telling it is the best rendition I have seen of this ancient and venerable theme. For a long time the Lensman Series by E.E. Smith stood out as the world's outstanding work of pure space opera (and Smith's pseudo-scientific finagling is no more plausible than that of LRH) but it has finally been outdone by BATTLEFIELD EARTH. The only real oddity about this novel is that it was published in 1983, instead of, say, 1945, when it would have fit in much better with prevailing literary tastes (and incidentally, had it been published at that time it inevitably would be remembered today, and forever, as one of the greatest of SF classics.) It is the most perfect expression and crystallization of the space opera sub-genre. Of course you may not care for space opera; personally I can enjoy it when it is well done, just as I can enjoy any style of SF, even the most esoteric and experimental material (such as the novels of Ian Watson) when it is well done.

Regarding Robbie's editorial, "We're All Fans....Aren't We?" I agree completely. While it is clearly true that fans fall into a number of sub-categories of fandom, there is absolutely no reason for any animosity between such sub-categories. Although I personally am more interested in some types of SF than in others and am more interested in some types of fannish activity than others, I do not have any objection to the SFnal preferences of others and I freely welcome them all as members of fandom.



I also consider filk music to be a respectable fannish interest, and I am a bit taken aback by Mike Glicksohn's comment "I'm wondering what the hell I'll do if a fucking filkzine wins the (Hugo) award..." How's that for intolerance of a fannish interest other than one's own? Mike doesn't even care how well done THE PHILK FEE--NOM-EE-NON may be; the fact that it pertains to filk music is enough to make it abhorrent to him. Filk music can, in fact, be as enjoyable as any aspect of fandom. I enjoy it immensely, myself, and have a large collection on cassette. I also have read the PHILK etcetera and consider it to be a good fanzine. I cast my Hugo vote for HTT, but I would not feel any great horror if PHILK were to win it. It is not an unworthy choice.

* DON D'AMMASSA * I'm going to begin this relatively short LoC on HTT with an apology to Joy Hibbert. After criticizing Joseph Nicholas for his deliberately provocative ad hominem style of argumentation, it was certainly hypocritical of me to be as nasty to Joy as I was. I still believe that my arguments were valid and hers silly, but I should have been politer about it.

On the other hand, Sheldon Teitlebaum seems to have made the assumption that I am pro-Arab, anti-Israeli. I'm not going to present all of my credentials as a long time supporter of the state of Israel, including my support of virtually all of the military and political steps that country has taken. But I do stress the "virtually all". The Israeli government is just as likely to make misjudgments as most others and sometimes I disagree with some of their policies and actions.

I assume Sheldon meant to be sarcastic when he drew the simile that if I really thought the Moslem population of Lebanon should succeed the Christian government in Lebanon, then I should also support Cuban succession to power in Miami. Well, first of all, I did not say that the Moslems should succeed the Christians; I said they should share power. Those Cubans who accept US citizenship in Miami should also share power in the government of that city. If Sheldon is saying that the original settlers should continue to rule, even if they are a minority, then we would have Indians ruling the US and Palestinians ruling Israel. After all, the independent Lebanese state and the independent Israeli state are both relatively young.

* JOY HIBBERT * I was very pleased to see Robbie's editorial. I'd wanted to say something like that myself, about the people who are trying to define her away, but knowing how much many women like being insulted and bossed around by their husbands friends I didn't like to say anything, in case you (Robbie) are one such person. After all, you've never stuck up for yourself before. Why should you want to be a fannish fan? People who define themselves as fannish fans are often very conscious of the need to behave 'fannishly', while the more rounded (as in all-round) fan can just be themselves. To paraphrase the well known sfnal jingle: "Mediots are boring" they bellow till we're deaf,

"But she seems interesting"- "well, then, she's a fannish fan". Seems to lose something in the translation. But you probably get the idea.

Uh, Joy, I have stood up for myself....often. But I prefer to do my arguing in person. ~~This may be because my favourite part line of defence is a good right to the solar plexus!~~ I am, however, basically easy-going and was working on the theory that just possibly these people would tone down once they saw that I was not falling into a prescribed pattern of behaviour. *sigh* 'twas not to be.

Liked Jim Harmon's article. Subcultures are no good when they become mainstream culture, well, subcultures like fandom aren't anyway. This is presumably the reason, or one of the reasons, for the abuse of the media fen: the subculture is getting so big it's having to split and fight itself. Like Christianity: Catholics and Pro-

testants believe similar things, as fannish and media fans enjoy similar things, but feel the need to get at each other anyway.

Pascal: I imagine that he and Robbie lapse into English because you know you're talking to another fan, and English is the language of fans. I understand that a lot of European fans learned English solely to be able to read sf (and later, fanzines), is it the same for Quebecois?

Actually, in Quebec it was essential to learn English just to be sure you could work somewhere other than the bottom of a mine or the depths of the forest in a lumber camp. It's a bit better nowadays but I still remember how it was. However, both then and now, one thing abundantly available was French literature; fiction, history, SF - all sorts.

I wonder why Ted White uses the fact that he has a child as an excuse for everything he gets wrong, and a reason why people shouldn't get at him?

Huh?

Robbie, do you get the impression that Mike Hall and various other people see you as a little girl being led by the hand into fanzine fandom by kindly Uncle Marty?

Robbie has not given me any comment to type in here so I will just limit my own reply to the observation that Robbie is a very strong-willed woman who never likes to be lead by the hand anywhere, even if that is where she wants to go.

Perhaps we should look at a few of these people who are criticising my views. Start with Jeeves. Firstly, he's one of these people who defines a sexist woman as one who thinks she's as good as a man. I believe that women and men are equal and should be treated as such, in what way am I sexist? I think sexual stereotyping is a bad thing, but also accept that in current society you have to accept that some people are stereotyped (most people, in fact). Jeeves also seems to believe that the only desire of feminism (only 2 desires, sorry) are (a) to force women to stop doing any housework (when in fact the idea is to allow all women and men a free choice) and (b) to ensure that the male retirement age (65) isn't reduced to something equivalent with the female retiring age (60). He printed some of my locs in his fanzine and completely ignored what was actually written preferring to rant his own prejudices. I think it interesting also, that among a few fairly-anti-sexist men in British fandom he is used as a euphemism for "sexist". One very nice man occassionally says something that can be taken the wrong way, and if challenged on it, he will retort "I'm no Terry Jeeves, my dear". I don't recall when anti-nuclear people didn't alienate people, after all, just a few years after the war a group of female anti-nuclear people were running a 'peace caravan' around Europe. Of course, anti-nuclear people don't alienate "a majority" now: depending on which survey you believe, between 50 and 75 percent of our population want to get rid of cruise. What anti-social behaviour at Greenham? It's common land, and even in Newbury itself, only a small number of very rightwing people are opposed to the camp. Interesting that he mentions Greenham, rather than Molesworth - but then Molesworth is mixed, and thus semi-respectable. It's interesting to look at the assumptions behind his letter. "Scruffy behaviour" is what he considers important about anti-nuclear people, the appearance, rather than the politics. Reminds me of an anti-Greenham report I read whose basic argument seemed to be that Greenham was a bad idea because the women weren't bothered about looking "pretty". Or as Chris Anderson so aptly put it "Nuclear weapons are a safe and viable means of defence because some of the people against it are bent shots". Jeeves is one of these interesting people who genuinely believe that we fought WWII to make the world safe for democracy and are now working to make Britain as much like Nazi Germany as possible.

On your last sentence, let me quote a favourite word of Harry Truman: "Horse-shit!" Jeeves does support a person whose policies I do not like, Margaret Thatcher, but the Iron Maiden is not Oswald Mosely. Despite Thatcher's abysmal political policies, said policies are not Nazi-like (not even early-stage Nazism).

As for Bernard Earp, hell hath no fury like a man scorned. I don't actually remember the incident he describes, but I don't stick up for women when they're wrong, and on a simple matter of money it should be easy to see who is in the right. Bernard enjoys nasty little mindgames, so in all probability *if* the incident described actually took place, he was trying to browbeat the fan into letting him get whatever-it-was without paying. Bernard is also twofaced. In order to get what he wanted from me (guess) he pretended to be anti-sexist and sympathetic to my views. I didn't know him before then, so didn't realise he was lying. Eventually, I got fed up of his slimy personality, oppressive sexuality (he couldn't enjoy sex unless he'd managed to turn me off) and condescending manner, and split up with him. After which he started showing his true personality, writing abusive and inaccurate locs about me to various fanzines. Of course, I can't object to his behaviour, as he gets sexually excited if I verbally abuse him. In fact, I suspect he's writing all these locs so I will verbally abuse him. Or perhaps he's embarrassed because he was impotent before I met him (he got better within a couple of weeks) and wishes to destroy my credibility so that if I tell anyone this I won't be believed. All this is true. On to the actual accusation against Dave, I don't remember the incident so I don't remember the comment, but there are three possibilities. The most likely is that Bernard is lying again. The second is that Dave said it as a joke. The third is that Dave and I had just had a row or suchlike. Dave read bits of this issue while I was away last week, and mentioned Bernard's accusation, but didn't mention recalling the incident. In fact when I asked him about it, he said he didn't remember. Hell hath no fury like a man scorned.

Don: looks like I've been failing to sprinkle my letters liberally with "perhaps" and "maybe" again. My comments on the use of 'American' to mean "USian" and to hear Americans reactions to it was purely speculative, as I thought I made clear, as I was considering whether non-US Americans feel the same about being lumped in with USians as Scots/Welsh/Northern Irish feel when people use British and English interchangeably. It is highly offensive of Don to suggest I'm too stupid to recognise authority when I see it. If I was totally against all authority, then it doesn't matter if it's Soviet/US/British, it's still bad. In USSR, if I wanted to cause trouble, I would wear the same badges as usual (which are none, but I take it as a hypothetical point). However, Dave and I hope to go to the Soviet Eurocon in a year or so: I'll try and remember to send Don a photo of me while I'm there, so he can see what badges I would wear (probably just my SeaCon committee badge, BeneluxCon badge and one or two for forthcoming cons I support - nothing very political there).

Marty possibly doesn't fit the average fan mold, from the job viewpoint, because, as he says, he was quite old when he entered fandom. So his work-life was probably pretty established and couldn't be easily changed. Besides, I get the impression he sees his job less as a job and more as a holy crusade.

Gah!!! I discovered fandom just before my fortieth birthday in 1975. Forty is not "quite old" in fandom. As for a settled work-life - my shop went bankrupt a little over seven years ago and since that time I have been working for somebody else. My job is not a "holy crusade" even though it is more than just a job, it is a career I enjoy. I am not out to convert the world to smoking but I do get a might bit peeved when anti-smokers, in the name of public health and safety, use sloppy science to infringe on the freedom of others. By the way, any kind of popularised sloppy science gets up my dander. Out-and-out pseudo-science, also. And a host of other stupidities. And MOST when they cause infringement on human freedom.

* DAVE ROWLEY * When I read HTT 19 I was very pissed off by the impression of me
***** by Bernard Earp's loc. I would have thought that he knew me well
enough to tell when I'm joking, if indeed I did say those words,
which I don't remember doing.

* JOHN BETANCOURT * I read Ted White's letter with a measure of interest. However,
***** I wish to point out a couple of things he seems to have over-
looked -- namely, that Schweitzer's comments regarding AMAZING's
decline ~~and fall~~ in circulation under his editorship dealt with the whole of White's
career as editor. It is perfectly fair (for him or anyone) to compare his reign
with Mavor's; but how can he possibly compare his to Scithers' while Scithers is
still there? Every decision Scithers makes will alter in some way his editorship;
it's changing even as you read this.

How can Scithers and Mavor have lost half his readership when Scithers' AMAZING
is still gaining circulation? When he retires, quits, or whatever -- only then will
he have the information necessary to make any kind of blanket statement.

(I wouldn't hesitate to agree with Ted that Mavor was a worse editor than he
was, and that she lost some -- *many* -- of AMAZING's readers with her lack of editor-
ial judgment; I've found much of the material in her issues unreadable by any
standards. But her editorship is over and we can look rationally at what she did --
and didn't -- accomplish, which we can't yet do with Scithers. I also think Ted
gives Mavor too much graphic credit -- I found her issues cluttered and confusing.
(Ted's had a simple elegance in design that I miss -- even in the new AMAZING.))

Perhaps I should mention that I work for George Scithers as an assistant editor
of AMAZING; but I don't think that really matters in this instance. I'd still
have the same opinion -- White's jumping the gun on his criticism and comparisons..
Wait a few years....

*Whilst I think that your major thesis is correct and that Ted should not be
comparing the White and Scithers AMAZING eras I feel constrained to point out that
Ted was defending himself (very ably, I might add, with facts and figures) against
an attack by Darrell Schweitzer. Ted may have gone too far in attacking Scithers
but he showed that he was right and that Darrell was wrong.*

Darrell Schweitzer and I had a great time at the Balticon before last. In one
of the hotel's numerous wide halls, we discussed media and costume fen (they seem
indistinguishable -- just nameless, faceless, costumed hordes) and decided that,
since they were calling regular, generic "normal" (heh heh) fen 'mundanes', we'd
let them have that word and think up a better one to describe them. The word we
came up with, ultimately, is DREB.

I feel that you are being as childish as those whom you despise.

I'm sure there are lots of media fans who aren't drebs. Just as I'm sure there
are drebs who aren't media fans. What about you, Robbie? Do you wander around con-
ventions dressed as Darth Vader? Or Dr. Who? Or anybody except yourself? If so,
I'd be interested to know why.

Well, no, I've never dressed like Darth Vader (even if he is one of my favourite
villains), but I wear a Doctor Who scarf at LASFS meetings much of the time. I have
been accused of being in costume at cons, but usually I just *spiff* up my usual working
clothes with a few touches: trousers tucked inside boots, belt pouch, rings, etc.
Why? Because it feels good to dress up. The scarf? It was a gift from Bruce Pela

*/*which Bruce made on a machine/* just before my taking office as President of the LASFS so it seemed an appropriate move to use the scarf as a "robes of office" symbol.*

The cover was wonderful. Tasteful, even. I trust it won't become a habit?

* DARRELL SCHWEITZER * How could you? This pale husk is hardly recognizable as HTT...

No Schweitzer cartoons? What are you doing? Developing good taste? Do that & it won't be HTT anymore. If you are out of them, this is clearly an emergency situation. Let me know and I'll supply some.

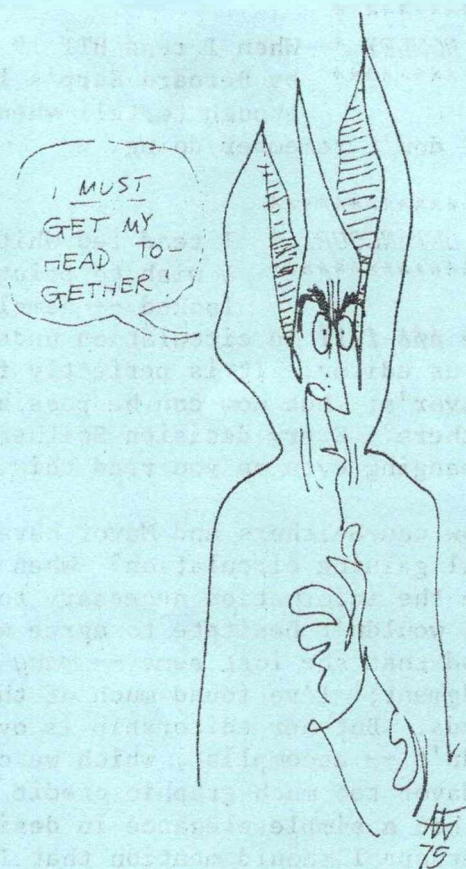
No, I have not had a sudden attack of good taste (although it could be argued that Robbie never had any because she married me), just a temporary case of the way that the ball bounces. As you will note I have used at least one of your cartoons thisish. There will be material of yours in the next issue.

Ted White, to use a characteristic Scithersian phrase, keeps not listening. It is true that the readership of AMAZING is smaller now than it was in his day, but the difference between the Scithers AMAZING and the White AMAZING is that under Scithers, the circulation has been steadily *increasing*. Under White, it was steadily *decreasing*. A loss in readership occurred right after Ted left, in 1979, in the space of Elinor's first three issues, which were indeed, as he says, among the worst AMAZING ever published. But Scithers lost no readers at all. Since he became editor, the curve has been going slowly but steadily upward. That it hasn't been going up sharply is due to inadequate promotion by TSR, but it has been going up. Ted can make no such claim. *He* lost readers at a steady rate. So much for his punchline.

I think that John Betancourt is correct: it is not fair to compare the White regime with the Scithers regime as Scithers is still there. It is quite possible that the rising curve of readership will possibly level out, or even fall drastically, or the magazine even go under before the Scithers editorship is through. So much for your punchline.

As for how he treated writers, Ted has been badly out of touch with the professional community for many years, but he does know perfectly well that Edelstein and I merely differed from the other complainers in that we went public about it. It wasn't much noticed by anyone else? Would he like an annotated bibliography? There is extensive coverage in SFWA publications. There still are occasional mentions. Ted may not know that he has become proverbial, even among the writers who were not active during his years. Today, whenever an editor is exceptionally bad, people ask, "What's he trying to do? Become the Ted White of the '80s?"

No, his reputation as an editor is terrible among writers, new, old, and in between. The field has seen nothing like him since the days of T. O'Connor Sloane's senility.



I might mention that George Scithers now has an inch-thick file called "Appreciation of Manuscript Handling." It consists of letters from grateful writers thanking us for the prompt and courteous way we have handled their submissions. We receive such letters daily. I am sure Ted didn't get a lot like that. I'm afraid he'll just have to remain his own chief admirer, because he didn't make a lot of friends as editor of AMAZING.

Stick to editing fanzines Ted. You're good at that.

* JIM MEADOWS * Richard Bergeron's new column made the strongest impression on me of all the pieces in this issue, and I certainly hope he'll be a regular contributor. I found his writing here to be better reading than the stuff I read in WIZ which strikes me as more of a fannish in-joke that, here on the lonely banks of the Illinois, I am not quite up on. Richard wrote well on the aesthetics of putridity, fanzine fanac versus con fanac...and he hinted of a story to tell concerning AIDS victims that I hope he'll expand on in a future column.

The Entropy Reprint this issue was a lightweight entry for my tastes, but still of interest. Make sure Terry keeps this series up.

Ted White may not have read the Elinor Mavor issues of AMAZING & FANTASTIC, but I did, every issue in the run. I read it with a strange sense of fascination, a feeling that this historic, although not great magazine was nearing its end. FANTASTIC, which wasn't historic, either, *is* dead, but AMAZING shuffles on, so I was mistaken. But yes, the Mavor issues of the two magazines were really bad. During the days I followed Ted White's editorship, I would often read only the non-fiction material, portions of the magazines which showed the touch of a master fanzine editor. So I can't give the best comparisons. Still, I would say that Ted White's AMAZING & FANTASTIC gave me the impression of someone trying to do his best with woefully inadequate resources. I saw some lesser work by good writers, work by undeveloped writers, and just plain pulp and such by people that Ted -- or Sol Cohen -- thought would sell.

* ADRIENNE FEIN * I certainly found a lot of food for thought in Steve Higgins's article. It seems to me quite obvious that fandom is not about any one thing; it is about quite a few different things to the tastes of various people, and it probably actually is about different things at different times, even for any particular individual fan.

Re Taral's article, which may be a book in a few years: Don't some fannish artists have a chance to display their work in portfolios: The slick ones sold at cons are mostly an opportunity for artists who are already quite well known, but editors occasionally publish several pages of art in the middle of a zine, especially for fan artists on the way up. And Alan White's art at the end of the article is quite striking -- and dramatically displayed -- maybe things aren't so bad for artists after all -- Marty, did you *mean* to undercut your writer that way?

That piece wasn't Marty's choice, but mine. It seemed an appropriate place to demonstrate that HTT will use larger art in far more places than just the covers.

PUTridity doesn't have to be calculated - it comes very naturally, and it comes easier (after it's been sent to Masters & Johnson) and easier, and suddenly I am reminded of Agatha Christie's analogy of murder as compared to getting olives out of a jar; the first is by far the hardest, and then it gets easier and easier...

By the way, I've been getting Joy Hibbert's SIC BISCUIT, and there was quite a lot of discussion of the Matrix Cover -- and this is the first time I've seen a coherent explanation of what *happened*, as opposed to people's opinions about it, so I can get some idea of what these people are talking about.

* WALT WILLIS * Thanks for XIX. Class cover, class contents. Pondering over
***** Higgins' suggestion that "the fannish fmz exists by virtue of fan-
don's consciousness of itself as an autonomous entity". I ask my-
self is this related to the Hofstadter argument that infinitively regressive self--
awareness is the unique feature of human intelligence, unreplicable by a computer?
Or is it merely to say we think, therefore we are? We must beware of putting Des-
cartes before die Hofstadter. Mustn't we?

I can believe nearly anything in a Berry article, except that he has edited 35
issues of a journal called Fingerprint Whorled. However thanks to him I note that I
now feel no urge whatsoever to visit Gettysburg or Niagara Falls. Bergeron was best
but I confess to an irrational fondness for your Digby quotes.

*You feel no urge to visit Gettysburg or Niagara Falls? Rats! Now what am I
supposed to do with that Greyhound Bus ticket (connecting those two paradises) which
I was going to send you?*

* JIM HARMON * Thanks to you and Terry Carr for reprinting my old piece on the
***** Utopia of universal love for SF. Terry talked to me about this
piece on the phone, and I could only barely remember it.

I notice that I did hit the target on a lot of points, but I certainly missed
on Ackerman being replaced as No. 1 fan. His infinite number of radio, TV, magazine,
newspaper interviews certainly have made the people who only know one SF writer --
Ray Bradbury, probably -- know one SF fan -- Ackerman, certainly.

For the sake of conciseness, or preference in some instances, Terry left out
huge chunks of my life. I'm married now, to the former Barbara Gratz, a fan, and
have a stepdaughter, Dawn, who is a fan of much SF, and produces a fanzine of sorts --
except it is for the Civil Air Patrol.

The 1983 TOM MIX 50th Anniversary radio series provided me with an opportunity
not only to write the scripts, but to produce and direct the series, and play the
second lead, Tom's sidekick, Pecos (similar to Lucky in the Hopalong Cassidy series).
Although it lasted briefly, doing this Tom Mix radio series represented the reali-
sation of a childhood dream for me. It was the apex of what I could achieve in the
nostalgia field for me, and I'm planning on, among other things, returning to writ-
ing SF.

* ARTHUR D. HLA VATY * Perhaps appropriately, I am loccing HTT the day after some
***** schmuck shot 20 people in a McDonald's. These McMurders,
following Dan White's Twinkie Killings, lend credence to the
correlation between junk food and murder. Perhaps next it will turn out that Mexi-
can food makes you want to kill, but when you try to go out and do it, your car
won't start.

Unless it is a Chevy.

This was an excellent HTT, but I fear it was a bit tasteful. One caca-doody
article, lutrid as it may be, does not make up for pages and pages in good taste,
and I fear that some of your readers may be bellowing, "Where's the barf?"

I sympathize with Taral's complaint of excessive literacy in fanzines. Of
course, there's no central authority keeping him and other artists from producing
zines that are almost all pictures, except for a few bits of text to till out the
spaces in between. (Analogously to "fillos," they could be called "farticles.")

Mike Glycer and Richard Bergeron write well as usual, but the highlight of this
issue, and perhaps the best fanzine article I've read all year, is Dave Langford's

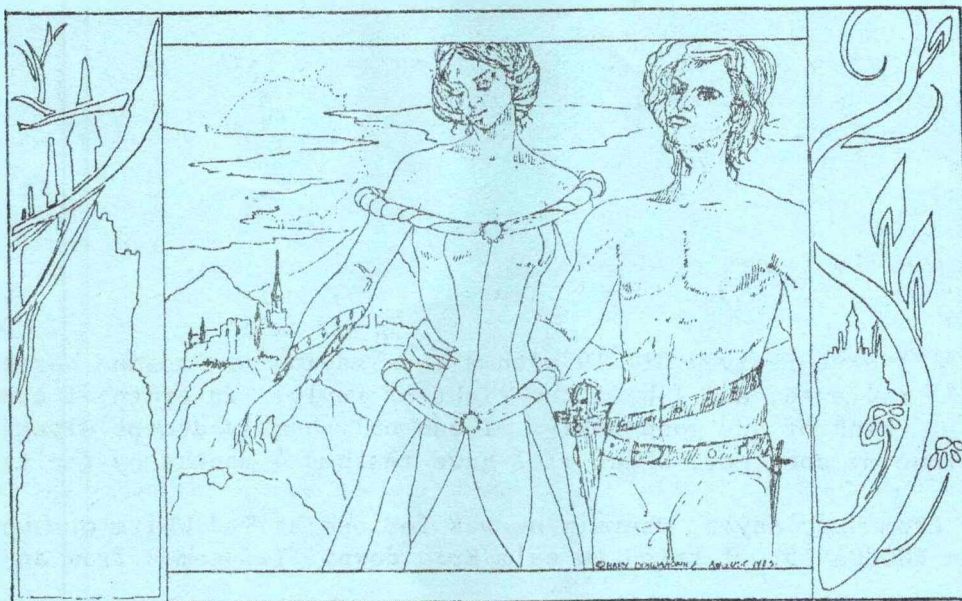
piece. It's easy to be nasty about books; what is not so easy is to explain precisely *why* a book is bad. Dave has done this with great wit and acuity. His work is comparable to the best of Damn Knight's negative criticism, or Dwight McDonald's in the mainstream.

Arguably, Dave's piece is one of the best things ever printed in HTT; inarguably, it is one of 1984's best fanarkles.

I can see that you put my "cheap shot" in the WAHFs. I hope you will consider at least some parts of this letter expensive enough shots to put in the main body of the Monster.

* MARY BOHDANOWICZ * I seldom write letters of any kind to fanzines, preferring
***** to let my artwork speak for me. But I must take exception
with the letter written by Pete Lyon concerning my artwork
and that of several other artists. What bothers me is not the fact that he did not like my work but the basis on which he made that judgement. The illustration appearing on pg. 63 in issue 18 was not media influenced. The drawing is in fact titled "Concubine" and is 6-7 yrs. old. The most prevalent influence on my fantasy artwork is Aubrey Beardsley, Kay Nielsen, Edmond Dulac & other illustrators of the Golden Age of Illustration of the mid to late 1800's. If Pete insists on doing art criticism he should do so in the same vein as those illustrators who are farther along in their careers. What new illustrators need is sound advice and instructive criticism, not unsubstantiated accusations. All the people he mentioned have talent in varying degrees. We cannot all be Steve Fox or Joan Hanke-Woods overnight. The craft takes years to study and perfect. I firmly believe Pete owes us an apology.

A large bravo goes to Robbie for her brave editorial in issue XIX. Like Robbie I too love Star Trek and Dr. Who and consider them all part of Science Fiction. I also read a great deal of sf, fantasy, & mainstream literature. I hate being made to take a defensive position on all of this but it's all getting quite sickening.



I do not send media illustrations to HTT because it is not an appropriate market for them in my opinion. What amuses me is that the one "media" illo in 18 was overlooked by Pete who failed to notice the Star Trek cartoon by Mike McGann on pg. 75.

 * ELAYNE WECHSLER *

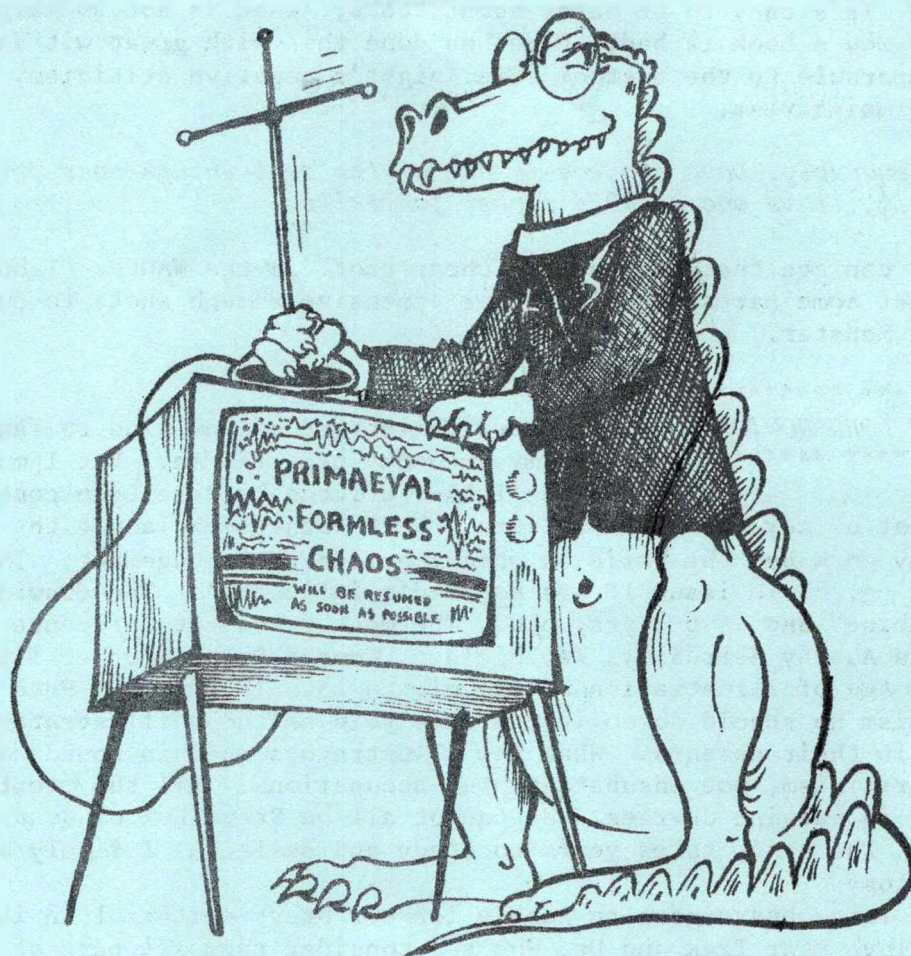
Thom Digby's "shit-shooting" article was quite funny, as were all his brilliant little quotes you interspersed so well throughout the zine! I found John Berry's travelogue about as interesting as a travelogue, but I *adored* Dave Langford's style and wit! He may be a fan writing about sf and sometimes fandom, but the piece held my interest *despite* its in-joke sojourns (few of which I understand), not because of them. His reviews even worked well when I hadn't read the books in question, and that's the mark of a pro!

Well, Dave Langford is a pro!

 * HARRY ANDRUSCHAK *

I have received HTT 19 with a mark saying my fanzine has been reviewed, and I have the right of reply. In truth, I cannot think of any good reply. I can only humbly accept Glycer's encouragement to continue my sobriety, which will have reached 4 months by the time you get this.

I got a letter from Eric Mayer, wherein he was furious at Ted White and what he wrote about me in EGOSCAN 5. I tried to calm Eric down. Ted comes from an older



"... IS THAT ANY BETTER?"

generation in which alcoholism was the result of a moral defect in character, a weakness of will. Many people from that era still do not accept *the disease concept of alcoholism*, for all the fact that it has been endorsed by the American Medical Association and most Church groups in the USA.

Andy, Ted White is in his mid-forties, younger than I am and not much older than you are. His comment about you in EGOSCAN was on the order of "now that I know that Andy wrote all of that fuggheaded material while drunk I can accept that he was not really responsible for it" a statement which is a lot more generous to you than that of many people.

* A. CANUCK * In respect of Tom McWhatsisname's recent dissertation on the shooting of shit, I find it regrettable that he would have neglected several important, and (may I say) highly satisfactory methods of so doing.

I myself prefer catapults. It is advisable, of course, to use an outdoor range if you adopt this method, but it relieves you of laborious excuses to washroom attendants, and it gives that beneficial Fresh Air Feeling that Californians so value. You can do it in jogging shoes, and a T-shirt complete with alligator is very proper attire. Alligator shit is optional.

Mangonels, called by Vegetius ongers, work best. They let go with a satisfactory blang noise, have good range, and heave the stuff in a very pleasing, slow trajectory. It also mounds beautifully in the scoop or sling. Cheiroballistas, tension or torsion, are not so good. There is a tendency for them to spread the shit all over the slide-rack, and it disperses in flight. This offsetting any advantage of a quicker rate of fire. The Ninth Legion once tried auto-loading shit-shooting ballistae but it didn't work and the rest of the Army said it was why they disappeared in Britain (or America) like that.

* IAN COVELL * If anything I've said has contributed to Robbie's point about her "no longer being" a media fan, I withdraw it. Two things are clear to me, both based on the fact that I *still* amn't sure what a 'media fan' is. I mean, I never miss an episode of Dr. Who, and haven't for over twenty years, I also watch most sf series (though neglecting obvious rubbish like GALACTICA and now STAR DREK). Am I a media fan? Somehow I've gained the impression that the approbrium heaped on 'MF's is because they *only* read, watch and talk about media - tv & films - sf. If so, it's a waste; if not, then who *isn't* a media fan?

I am not a media fan! I have probably watched one each of the various media-shit series to come along, mostly to see if they will ever get it right. I have never seen anything worth sitting all of the way through, let alone watching it again or anything else in the series (if it is a series). Read about it? HAH! Watching grass grow is more interesting.

Steve Higgins' article is like taking a holiday in a remote part of the world and meeting your next-door neighbour holidaying in the same place. How can so much go on that I don't know about? Well, on balance, I'd say the zines in the UK just don't get around as many fans as the zines in the US. There is a *type* of cohesion in US mags undetectable in the British; of the half-dozen or so UK zines I get, there's virtually no overlap except reviews. (The one thing that stands out as incorrect in Higgins' article is his remark about John D. Owens, who *doesn't* dislike fandom; he dislikes aspects of certain sections of UK fandom; the qualifiers are the most important part). I had to read this article twice because by halfway I'd lost track of whether it was an article, a review, or a polemic. It becomes clear by the end (it's a polemic) but I wonder how many people skipped parts of it to

hear that ending. Unsurprisingly, I disagree totally with his conclusion; I still say there *is* no 'best' way to do a fanzine -- I grant him every human life is important (I said as much less than a week ago; no-one is negligible; no person alive is of 'greater importance' than any other; everyone deserves respect even if their capabilities are not of interest to you) but I fail to see why reproducing real (-time) life is of greater import than speculating on topics or reminiscing about favourite books/films or screaming hatred at certain politicians or just saying 'Hi, how are you'. I'll lay odds that Steve Higgins reads mostly mainstream books with a smattering of sf.

I much enjoyed John Berry's ($\frac{1}{2}$ -)article; my meagre imagination failed at how you can spend three days discussing fingerprints (they corrupt the smooth ends of your fingers; they can be found by blowing talcum powder across smoother surfaces of objects you have touched; criminals have more than ordinary people) but I'm only an sf-fantasy fan. Little snippets (like 'senior citizen' meaning fifty five years of age rather than our 60 (for women), 65 (for men) -- and did *you* know that sexual discrimination was so blatant in that respect?) jumped out at me. I'd still like to visit the States one day and articles like this might make me less prone to mistakes about showers and the like. Of course by the time *I* get there, all this will have changed anyway.. Can't wait for the second half to find out just what it was about Berry's passport that got him such odd looks. Of course, reading about skyhigh towers, ships that try to get as close to massive waterfalls as they can, and hot coffee pouring itself over rather large men who possibly prefer to drink it, I wonder how Berry managed to get back to the airport to find out..

The first *I* heard about the MATRIX cover (Pergeron, 42) was when Joy Hibbert sent a fanzine containing parodies of it. From what I can now gather, the cover itself doesn't make any real sense (does it?) and was probably intended to shock. That may sound naive, but so many have said it was meant to *offend*, that is, to cause revulsion in the viewer; that presupposes the editor had chosen his target, I'd rather have said he was making a nebulous comment about something or other which the viewer could interpret in whichever way he or she decided. Basically I think too many people saw 'man standing/rect, woman prone' as instantly male chauvinist, and refused to see beyond that.

Bergeron's point about fanzines vs conventions (costs) does raise the interesting point about UK fans; nothing is cheap in this country (and it recently got even more expensive when the pound began its 'black hole slide' against the dollar, halving in four years its value, reaching its lowest value *ever* last week) and printing costs and postage have ever been high; in the States you can fight to obtain discounts on postage by (?) juggling content or type of reproduction or whatever, here, there is only the one system. What I'm trying to say is the number of people who can afford to attend cons (train and bus travel is also expensive) (as is accommodation) and then produce a fanzine to write about the con *seems* to be low and maybe the drop in the number of fanzines in recent years can be traced to the increase in numbers at cons..?

I'm never quite sure whether humour about 'sickness' - pace AIDS - should exist at all; some people say you can either get suicidally depressed about such things, or just see life as some sort of joke and find everything amusing. There has been something inherently ridiculous in the last five years, which have brought us Thatcher, Raygun, the Falklands, a disintegrating economy, increasing police powers, a more rigorous censorship code, more use of the 'Official Secrets Act' (some of the documents from our country which are available in your country under your F O I act would actually get a Britisher prosecuted if he handled, or broadcast any of them), earthquakes, eruptions, floods... and AIDS. The perfect censor's disease. It was just what the 'MM' had been warning us about -- and there it was. It just fitted the years so miraculously well, it had to be some kind of joke.

I find the end of Bergeron's article specious in the extreme; humour always breaks someone's tabus; should we outlaw humour? If 100 people can be found to say

they found a certain article/story/joke/comment personally offensive, should its author be denied access to pen and paper forevermore? It seems to revolve around the difference -- see above -- between 'to shock' and 'to offend'; jokes are based on shock, they rely for impact on the unexpected, but not all jokes are *aimed*, that is, they are not intended to offend. A pity that Bergeron, at least at this stage, can't see the difference.

What amazes me about ENTROPY REPRINTS (not E- RECYCLES?) is how Carr still has copies of fanzines from 1950! I'd be interested to see what you, Robbie, thought of Harmon's vision of a totally media-sf-fanned society? If that's what it is. I repeat, I like sf series and sf films and sf books, not enough to reproduce or continue them (as with Dr. Who or ST fans) but enough to watch. Am I am 'media fan'?

Let me see if I can *clarify* this for you. Just watching is not media fannishness. Watching, reading everything available, discussing the plots, characters, production crew, actors, etc. -- all this is part of media fannishness. Dressing up as the characters of the favoured shows, drawing and painting subjects inspired by the shows also come into it, but not all media fen are able to go those two routes.

I have to say that Pete Lyons' cartoons, especially on p69 are stunning. And outrageous. Of course, that p69 cartoon is also very close to the spirit of the Swift book. Unboulderised, sex - albeit queasy heterosexual encounters - form rather rabid cores to the works.

WAHF -- Locs are still arriving; however, with this being the 44th page of Nessie and with time being what it is, I have taken the latest letters and added them to those destined for WAHFing. Beginning with *Bill Harris, Jr.*, who wrote, "The best of fannish writing was epitomized in Berry's & Bergeron's articles". *Richard Rostrom* locced mostly on #18 but also said about #19, said that Dave Langford's "...jeremiad against schlock SF...almost entirely justified." "Almost, because I have one slight quibble. Nuclear bombs have very poor armour penetration ability." It seems that he has just volunteered to report from ground zero whilst ensconced in a tank. *Vicki Rosenzweig* sent along a putrid joke, "A bear and a rabbit were taking a shit in the woods. The bear asked the rabbit, 'Does shit stick to your fur, little fellow?' The rabbit was a little puzzled but answered, 'No', so the bear said 'Good' and wiped his ass with the rabbit." *Jean Lamb* said, "McCaffrey's names aren't silly if you use Xanth as an example" which must have made some sort of sense to her but I consider it a semantic nullity. *Pascal Thomas*, on a heartening note, wrote, "Well, I am comforted in the opinion that thick fanzines are evil; a plot against my well-being and vital fluids." Am I supposed to bleed for him? *Bob Lee* smartassed, "Imagine that. I seem to have actually rendered both of you speechless with my last loc. Well, the *MINISCULE* portion of it you pubbed, anyway. It's SO CUTE, the way you burble." Keep this up, Bob, and we will continue to have interesting times in the WAHF column. *Dave Langford* wrote, "Liked Bergeron's column, though certain of his comments on AIDS represent the same raising of the argumentative stakes to overkill which is later found in his Anti-Avedon nonsense." A second note from *Dave* says, "Second thoughts. If you should want to print my little comment on Dick Bergeron, it needs editing to stand alone: open with 'I enjoyed Dick Bergeron's column, though with the infallible clarity of hindsight I notice that certain of his comments...'". As the WAHF column is mostly devoted to smartassery I have now probably managed to annoy both Dave and Dick. Snicker. *Gary Ferguson* dropped his pants and wrote, "As for Digby's lamentably fecetious piece with its unwarranted potshots at the fine old sport of shit-shooting, I can only believe that he was crapulous when he wrote it and you far too accommodating (or eager to go down in the anal of fandom) when you agreed to print it." No brown-nose, he. *Bruce Townley* sent a postcard saying, "Thanks a heap for HTT #19." Is Bruce a clone of Gary or Thom?

Jeanne Mealy sent a card saying that she really had nothing to say. *Tony Cvetko* wondered, "Will Digby write an "advanced" guide to shooting the shit?" *Ben Indick*, who again failed miserably in his continual attempt to draw pictures of Robbie and me, wrote, "...by golly, a genuine original signed serigraph cover! And beautiful too!" *Sheryl Birkhead* not only sent us some illos but also loded, saying, "This is the first HTT I've seen and I must congratulate you on a fine package. The innards are balanced and something for everyone." Yes, a kidney for Andruschak, and the shit gets sent to everybody. *Adrienne Losin* out from the voodvork came - actually, from Mildura in Victoria - telling us that the February HTT got to her at the end of August. *Ann Nichols* sent a card not complaining that I had sent back to her a contribution to HTT. *Kim Neidigh* sent a letter delineating the political games played in a Star Trek club. *Sharon Lee* enthused, "My god, children, it's BEAUTIFUL! All this in trade for poor little 'Rue? Bergeron's cover is lovely. Of course..." Yes, Mother. *Tom Weber, Jr.* wrote, "Congratulations, both on securing that fine Bergeron cover, and for producing without a doubt the best issue of HTT I have seen." And I am supposed to write a smartassed reply to THAT? But he goes on to complain about people putting punctuation "into people's names, where it doesn't belong". Well, buster, in the English language your name gets a comma after "Weber" and a period after the "Jr.", like it or not. *Dennis D'Asaro*, sending us still another change of address, wondered if I had "shorter hair and a button nose in some previous life?" (I should point out that Dennis paid me a surprise visit at my shop this past Summer.) Well, Dennis, I did not start wearing my hair long until I was almost 40 - I got tired of having my hair shorter than my nose. *John Betancourt* sent a typed copy of an ad from the Fandom Directory, said ad starting out, "CLAUDE DEGLER - OLD TIME FAN IS BACK AGAIN!" Maybe we should run him for TAFF. *Leslie David* said that she is soon leaving Korea and will be again stationed in Virginia. Hmph. I did not know that there was any difference 'twixt the two places. *Tom Dunn* sent an acknowledging postcard, *Tim Jones* sent an acknowledging note, and *T. Kevin Atherton* (who parts his name on the left) queried, "Is your David Langford the same David Langford who wrote THE SPACE EATER?" Well, I do not think that Hazel is ready to give Dave to us (nor are we probably ready to have him); so, even though the Langford who wrote our article is the same pro writer who wrote THE SPACE EATER, he really does not belong to us. And so endeth Nessie and another WAHF column. I have not run out of smart-ass comments, just targets. Temporarily, of course.

T-SHIRTS

HELP SUPPORT THE BRITAIN IN '87
WORLDCON BID!! Buy T-shirts!

All T-shirts are white with the artwork (the same as that illo over there on the left) in black on the front.

Specify size (small, medium, large, extra-large)

\$8.00 in person -if I send it to you
add \$2.00 shipping (sent UPS only, so no
P.O. Boxes, please. make out cheques to:Marty Cantor



NATTER - by Marty Cantor

Some of you may have noticed that this issue is out rather a bit later than usual. Well, both of the previous issues were a bit late, and that was due to working on Worldcon. Now that worldcon is over - well, you see, Robbie was rather seriously burnt out by working on the con and we did not get started on this issue as soon as we usually do. On top of all of this we have been rethinking our priorities and have made a few changes. In the past I would let *nothing* except sleep, eating, work, and LASFS meetings interfere with HTT production when it was time to put out an issue. Now, well, we have decided that not *all* social commitments will go by the board when it is time to produce an issue of HTT. Despite that, though, there will still be times when Robbie will be bowling or partying whilst I grump along at the typer - this is still *my* main interest in fandom.

HTT started as a quarterly - and stayed that for a few years. It then went thrice-yearly. It will still, probably, stay at that schedule, but do not be surprised if it comes out only twice during some years. We intend to be a little bit more relaxed in our production schedules.

Do not, though, be dilatory in locating us - our concept of a "relaxed schedule" is considerably more hectic than that used by most fans. Remember - both Robbie and I are workaholics.

Since I typed the editorial in this issue I have had further input of information about the TAFF brouhaha and I have been doing some thinking. The following is just *my* opinion - Robbie is at a party as I type this (I will be seeing her there in about 3 hours) and I have not talked this over with her - this is what *I* think about this matter.

Richard Bergeron perceived a problem with TAFF (and its current US administrator) and wrote about it rather forcefully. I think that he reacted a little bit strongly. What really bothers me, though, is the heated OVERreaction which he is getting from some quarters (although not from the US administrator, at least not in any written form which I have seen).

One of the worst things about all of this are the multi-copies of DNQ letters which seem to be criss-crossing the country. Temporarily the fannish institution of DNQ seems to be going by the board (so, everybody, govern yourself accordingly). I give my columnists carte blanche - they will not be edited for content. In Bergeron's column in this issue he quotes from Avedon's DNQ letter to him. When I first received it (the column) I was put into a temporary quandary - do I censor Dick, do I reject his column, or do I print it as is? Not an easy decision as any of the alternatives required that I violate one or another of my principles.

I resolved my dilemma by deciding to print Dick's column in toto. I do not like doing so but the portions of Avedon's letter which Dick quotes prove his allegations against her. Unfortunately, though, I do not think that having the case proven will stop the acrimony that is now flooding ever-larger circles of fandom.

Let me make one thing plainly clear: if anybody sends material (letters) to us we will honour ALL DNQs directed towards us.

There are people whom I like and respect on all sides of this question and I dearly hope that I can come out of this with friendship remaining (although I am afraid that my printing of Dick's column will make this difficult).

I am afraid that all fandom may be plunged into war. Already, one friendship of many decades' length has been fractured. Bergeron is being unfairly villified and is having unbelievable nastiness written in his direction. Misrepresentation and innuendo poison the air. A wouldbe peacemaker has been shat upon.

I am feeling very melancholy.

---Marty Cantor

ADDRESSES

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